



THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Christmas
1908.

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Who is Santa Claus?

By ROY ROLFE GILSON.

THERE is a sweet time when youth returns to us,—spring, when even old boughs awake and old hearts blossom anew, There is another season not roseate, but white,

when we are children,—when in the coldness there is a sudden warmth once more, when the air is musical though the birds have vanished, and Innocence, whom we have mourned so long, comes back again in the lighting of the fir tree.

In this blessed season, Love is no longer the little May-day archer with his quiver full of sighs. Wily huntsman of human hearts, he knows where he shall find us now, in the kindness of the year,—not under greenwood boughs but under roof trees, by our blazing fires,—and there he stalks us, whole families at a time, descends stealthily to the sacred hearthstone in the dead of night, when the house is barred and only the chimney is open to the sky, and all are sleeping. He comes; but lo! no naughty little boy: a man, full grown!—a repentant and reputable Cupid, this (he has altered his very name), a leading citizen, a deacon in the church; in short, a family Love, a benevolent grandfather Love, bearded and mantled against the cold, and with a mighty quiver at his back stuffed full of toys. Such are the darts he carries now, and thus men say, Love, the true parent of us all, visits in his kindly winter the children of his ardent spring.

It is indisputable that from Love those presents come which children find in their Christmas stockings, and hanging on their lighted trees. To call him Santa Claus is but to give him his Christian name. Beware! call him Saint Nicholas, if you choose, but remember that he is Old Nick still. Next spring he will be the pagan god again, half-drunken with the scent of flowers, and at his old, old havoc under the lilac tree. He is a sad and perennial apostate, this fellow Love, and not by any manner of missionary zeal to be converted till



A Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year to all.

A Christmas Glee

By Edmund Vance Cooke

<i>Bind the boughs of jolly holly</i>	<i>Raise a festal Christmas-tree</i>
<i>In a girdle 'round the Earth;</i>	<i>With the stars for candles;</i>
<i>Love is wisdom, hate is folly;</i>	<i>Love the Santa Claus shall be</i>
<i>Christmas brings another birth.</i>	<i>And bless each gift he handles.</i>
<i>Deck the world from pole to pole</i>	<i>Mother Earth is beaming now;</i>
<i>And garland it and wreath it;</i>	<i>Not a joy has missed her,</i>
<i>Mistletoe above the whole,</i>	<i>Mistletoe is on her brow</i>
<i>So kiss the world beneath it,</i>	<i>And Santa Claus has kissed her.</i>

the frost reddens his tender skin. Thus annually he renounces pleasure and becomes a Christian—until next year. Thus also men, his children, are of their father pagans from birth

as long as life is warm; but at the first shiver of their approaching winter they call on heaven to send down its everlasting cheer.

Love's underfathers partake of his conversion. His autumnal saintliness descends upon all thoughtful and repentant paternal souls, never more surely than in those firelit hours when they gather their children about their hearths; and never more deeply do they feel this spell than on that holy eve with its memories of Bethlehem.

"But you never saw Santa Claus!" cries Unbelief.

No, nor ever saw God, yet we believe in Him; nor ever saw angels, though on Sinai and in Gethsemane, on the heights of life as well as in its deeps, a glory blinds us and we hear a rushing as of wings.

What men observe they must account for. Long ago, finding Love haunting their winter hearths, but a love different, an older, kinder, more paternal spirit than that fierce young huntsman of the May, they straightway traced him up the chimney,—traced him to his sky-source, just as of old they had traced God from His seen earth to His unseen heaven. And now, in this lesser quest, they found him at last whom they were seeking,—ruddy like their household fires, rotund and jolly as their Christmas cheer,—and they called him Santa Claus, which to this very day means Hearth Love, Winter Love, Christmas Love, Father and Mother Love: Love that loves children,—that loves to delight them, loves to surprise them, loves to steal softly in the night to watch them sleeping, even as of old shepherds, they say, sought Him who was cradled in a manger, under a star.

Thus Santa Claus comes, year after year, to his little children;—and will come always, till the last stocking has been hung.

Makes Kitchen Work Easy and Pays For Itself Too

Look At It In The Picture

Getting dinner—or any meal—takes only half as long when you have this Cabinet in your kitchen. Everything is so handy that cookery is a pleasure instead of drudgery. There's far less mess to clean up afterwards—it's so easy to keep the kitchen tidy—and the cook saves so many steps. Compact, sensible, and work-saving.

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You can pay for the Chatham Kitchen Cabinet a little at a time,—stretch the payments over many months—so it buys itself while you use it. After it has been a week in your kitchen you will wonder how you ever got on without it.

This Cabinet actually is, and I GUARANTEE it to be, better, more compact and more labor-saving in design than any other made. It costs less. It is more complete, more convenient, built better—a great deal better.

The wood-work is the finest selected Canadian chestnut, beautifully finished in rich, lustrous golden-brown.

The bakeboards, drawers, flour-bin, are snow-white basswood—the shelves, hard, clean maple—knobs, handles, catches, heavy red copper—every part the best material money can buy.

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It couldn't be made more complete. Large enclosed closets for heavy utensils; plenty of shelves; shelf rack; two big drawers;—17½ inches wide, 5 inches deep; three small drawers; three cupboards; two big bins—self-moving; the whole thing 6 feet high, and mounted on double-acting rotary castors—easy to move around. Top is made of extra-heavy, polished zinc that will wear for years and be easy to keep clean all the while. Six aluminized canisters supplied free with Cabinet.

Take it on trial.
Pay for it a little at a time.
Nothing like it elsewhere.

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Take and try it in your kitchen,—see the work it does away with, the time it saves, the bother it puts an end to,—see how sensibly planned, how excellently built, how well worth its small cost it actually is. Indeed you will be well satisfied if you buy a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet. It is a most practical convenience.

Get My Long-Credit Offer

The drop-leaves (they'll hold a heavy man's weight) just double the table-top's area. Nothing is in the way,—nothing opens on the table's level.

The whole top is polished metal,—sanitary, clean, waterproof. All the fronts of drawers, doors and bins overlap,—that makes them dust-proof, fly-proof, CLEAN. All the inside parts are finished satin-smooth,—not a crevice nor a seam to harbor dirt or insects.

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A CHRISTMAS PRAYER



WY GOD, who hast mercifully and patiently led me through this busy year, giving me more than I have deserved or even desired, give me at this Christmas time the grace of JESUS CHRIST. Let the gracious spirit of JESUS, ~the spirit of the little child,~ as it knocks today at the hearts of men, enter my life and bless it. Let duty become touched with beauty, and justice be forgotten in love. At other times I ask that I may do my duty. Today I ask for more: that obligation may be changed to opportunity and duty done with joy. At other times I ask that I may walk uprightly. Today I pray for grace to bow myself to others' needs. Let my ears hear the cry of the needy; and my heart feel the love of the unlovely. Give my hands strength, not to do great things, but to do small things graciously. Let my gifts today be not a sacrifice but a privilege. Let me accept kindness with humility. Heal the wounds of misunderstanding, jealousy or regret that scar my heart, and let the gentler air of the Christmas spirit touch my life, as the cold of winter is touched by the gentler days of spring. As the old year ends and the new year begins, grant me peace with the world and peace in my own heart, that those I love and those whom I may help may have sweet joy and rest.

Amen.

Notice to Subscribers!

The Subscription price to the Western Home Monthly is 50 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is One Dollar a year, while subscribers who reside within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States, are requested to send 25 cents extra to defray delivery charges.

Remittances of small sums may be made with comparative safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter, P.O. Money Order or Express Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

We always stop the Paper at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

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1907.

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Twelve Post Cards and Post Card Album

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**The Western Home Monthly who will send us
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Every present subscriber to or reader of The Western Home Monthly can, if he (or she) will secure one new subscriber to the paper for one year. This may seem a broad statement, but we think it hardly possible that there is anyone who has not at least one friend, neighbor or acquaintance who would subscribe for this magazine if shown a copy and asked to do so. It is a very easy and simple matter to secure one new yearly subscriber for The Western Home Monthly, and in order to persuade as many as possible of our readers to do it during this winter of 1908-09 we are about to make an exceedingly liberal and attractive offer. It is as follows:

To every present subscriber or reader who will send up one new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for one year at Fifty cents, at any time before March 31, 1909, we will send Free by mail, post paid, Twelve Beautiful Post Cards and a neat Post Card Album, bound in boards, suitably printed cover, and, having spaces to hold 24 cards.

The twelve post cards are of fine quality, beautifully printed, no two alike, and include views of schools, parks, public buildings, etc., etc., in Western Canada, a real nice post card to send to your friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada, and embrace the following groups of Winnipeg views:—

GROUP I.	GROUP II.	GROUP III.	GROUP IV.
Looking North from City Hall	Looking South from City Hall	Assiniboine Park	Roslyn Road
St. Mary's Church	Wesley Church	Portage Avenue	Kennedy Street
Central Congregational Church	Medical College	Princess Street	Government House
Manitoba College	Wesley College	Armstrong Point	Court House
University of Manitoba	First Baptist Church	Wellington Crescent	Royal Alexandra Hotel
Grace Church	St. Stephen's Church	Fort Garry Gateway	Fort Garry Court
Victoria School	General Hospital	Government Buildings	The Assiniboine River
Normal School	Carnegie Library	Manitoba Club	Mr. John Gall's Residence
Deaf and Dumb Institute	St. Andrew's Church	Old Post Office	Assiniboine Park
Sacred Heart Church	St. John's College	Canadian Bank of Commerce	Redwood Brewery
Mulvey School	Norquay School	Eaton Store	Bannatyne Ave. East
Land Titles Building	Machray School	Mr. W. Whyte's Residence	Residence of Mr. F. M. Morse.

Each set of cards is entirely new, never before offered by us, all printed nicely and the subjects are the most attractive we have ever seen.

It is quite impossible for us to split up these groups and accordingly subscribers are debarred from selecting some cards from one group and some from another.

This is a wonderfully liberal offer and no reader of The Western Home Monthly should fail to take advantage of it. To secure Twelve fine Picture Post Cards and a Post Card Album for the slight labor and trouble required to obtain one new yearly subscriber at 50 cents is indeed great pay for very little work. Such an offer is possible only from the fact that we make the cards ourselves in very large quantities.

To secure the twelve post cards and album, all you have to do is to take a copy of a recent issue of The Western Home Monthly, show it to friends, neighbors or acquaintances, call attention to its merits, attractions, and very low price, and ask for the subscription. As soon as you have secured it, send us the name and address with the 50 cents, and state that you want the twelve post cards and album as premium.

They will be sent you promptly, and when you receive them we are sure you will feel well repaid for your time and trouble. In your letter do not fail to say that the subscription is for The Western Home Monthly, and do not fail to give your own name and address as well as that of the subscriber. Do not be discouraged if you do not get the subscriber at the first house you visit; keep on until the subscription is secured—the reward is well worth the effort. If you want more than one set of the cards and album, and can get more than one subscriber, do so; we will send you a set of twelve and an album for every new subscriber you send us.

We have mentioned a new subscriber, but if it should be one who has taken The Western Home Monthly at some time, and has failed to renew for this year, it will make no difference, anyone not now a subscriber to this magazine is eligible. Please bear in mind that this is a special limited offer, good only until March 31st, 1909, hence must be taken advantage of before that date. You may select any one of the four groups.

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Send One Dollar To-Day

Christmas, 1908.



THERE is no denying that the Christmas season is a time of disbursement. That is part of the joy of it, but except in the cases of persons whose philosophy has been rarely perfected, it is a joy that is inconveniently dependent on possession of the means to disburse. This year of 1908 has been, generally speaking, a good year. Generally speaking, business has been good. Crops have been good and brought good prices. Wages were never so high. The great mass of Christmas keepers are more fit than usual to taste of the joys of Christmas disbursement.

And yet for many families it has been a year of pecuniary loss, and for many a year of foreboding and anxiety. But abundant Christmas cheer there will be for Canadians in general this year, and the mails and the express companies will be overwhelmed just as usual, or more so, and the foreign mails will carry more drafts and postal orders than ever over seas, and the toy shops will boil over with children and their belonging elders, and turkeys and the other appropriate products of the holiday season will be very numerous and higher than ever before, as will cranberries, too, likely enough, though there were reports of a wonderful cranberry crop this year down on the Cape.

Christmas Dinners for Seven Millions.

Turkey! Cranberries! Christmas dinners for about seven million of us this year! That is many stomachs to be filled, but a wonderfully large proportion of them will be filled. Current writing about eating tends largely to directions how not to do it. The diet reformers and folks who explain how to be strong and happy on next to no food are bold and frequent nowadays with their expoundings. But they win more readers than followers, and of the followers they do win they keep but very few, and those of weak digestions. Everybody, except perhaps the diet reformers, knows and recognizes that eating is an important—almost indispensably important—part of the Christmas keeping, and, outside of the great churches hung with Christmas greens and vocal with Christmas music, is there anywhere where the Christmas atmosphere abounds in more penetrating quality than in the great city markets, with their enormous stores of holiday food? It cannot be claimed that butchers' meat and market poultry is in itself pretty to look at, but for some of us common carnivorous human creatures such as keep Christmas and are used to food, there is more of a Christmas atmosphere in the places out of which the Christmas board is spread than in the biggest and closest-packed department stores, or the shops of the jewelers, the book sellers, or even the toy men. If that needs accounting for, perhaps it is because the Christmas association with food begins while we are still very young and open to deep and permanent impressions made by plum puddings, mince pies and cakes. Most of us lose only too soon our first fine rapture of gormandizing, and learn that mere satisfaction of an honest appetite makes more for our happiness than repletion does. Our joy in plum pudding soon becomes to be a little fearful—our ambition ceases to aspire to more than one sector of mince pie. But a feast is a feast even to a prudent consumer, for a feast's success is measured not so much by the cubic contents of the feasted as by the emotions that have been stirred in them. If, as our tale of Christmas dinners eaten extends, it makes more and more difference to us who sits around the table, and less and less difference what is on it, that is a very proper consequence of increasing discrimination. Folks are more than food to most of us—and surely they ought to be—but it is apt to happen that the less food suffices our needs, the more choice we have about that little, so that the less store we set by eating, the more trouble it is to feed us to our delectation.

A Different Problem Forty Years Ago.

The artificers of the Christmas dinners will try to do it, and no doubt they will succeed, but sometimes I think their task is a harder

MERRY XMAS



one than the same task was, say forty years ago. Then there were about four millions of us to sit down to Christmas dinners. Now there are considerably more than seven millions. There will be meat and potatoes and bread enough for all of them, but of some things, that were comparatively common forty years ago, the supply long ago ceased to keep pace with the demand. There seem to be still a few partridges left in our world; a few quail; some few prairie chickens, possibly; a few hundred dozen terrapin; a plentiful supply of wild ducks. Forty, fifty, sixty years ago modest-living folks bought these details of diet without compunction in the holiday markets, and ate them in cheerfulness of spirit, but now they have come to be delicacies of so great a price that modest-living people are usually content to read about them in books.

One day last summer, when the talk turned on Sunday keeping, a judicious person said that her mother's ruling principle in that matter had been that Sunday must be different from the other days. She was not exacting in the details of how her children employed themselves if only the week-day routine was advantageously broken. That is the important thing in keeping any holiday—to make it different from other days, and as much better as possible. Feast days, of which Christmas is the chief, are felt, as has been pointed out, to be profitably differentiated from common days by feasting, and Christmas has been still further marked off and embellished by the institution of the Christmas present. Just as there are persons of a dyspeptical tendency to whom the feasting is not an unqualified joy, so there are folks whose receptive faculties are somewhat tried by the gifts that they receive, and all their faculties harassed by the laborious details of bestowal, and who think that Christmas would be better adjusted to their personal comfort if Christmas presents were abolished.

Persons afflicted with this way of thinking are often entitled to indulgent consideration. They are almost always men, and usually men running in a rut of daily labor, sparing too little of their time and strength for the contemplative side of life, and probably somewhat sordid minded from overmuch thought about ends that must be made to meet. If they think apprehensively of the Christmas season as a time when many more things than usual have to be bought, and wish for some abatement of its traditional incidents, that untoward state of mind may not be so much a fault of their spirit or affections as of the conditions under which they live. Men as a rule seem to care less for gifts than women do. Perhaps that is because they are better able to get for themselves what they want; but anyhow, if the maintenance of the tradition of Christmas presents depended on men alone, it would fail as rapidly as would the tradition of Christmas feasting, if that depended altogether on women. Not that there are not admirable, painstaking, lavish and systematic givers of Christmas gifts among men, for there are; but most of the more notable of them are men who, lacking for some reason the feminine supervision which is naturally their due, make such shift as they may to do for themselves what is done for luckier men by their wives and daughters. For women really put their hearts into the Christmas giving, planning it out many months beforehand, saving for it,

and making many gifts with their own fingers. They make a great labor of it, but it is a labor of the sort that physics pain. And having spent their substance and invested their energies and affections in the presents they make, they can well afford to be interested in those that they receive, and to be delighted to receive them. Few of the things that are the best worth having do we get without working for them. This pleasure that women, especially, have in the Christmas gifts that they give and get is a hard-earned pleasure that they have worked for and won, and if men seldom feel a pleasure of quite the same sort it is partly because they have not earned it.

Living by Proxy.

It is a pity about men that so large a proportion of them come to do so large a part of their living by proxy, putting all there is in them into the jobs they live by, and then neglecting life. Living and making a living are not incompatible, but it is a wiser Canadian than ordinary who does not to a great extent sacrifice one of them to the other. One great office of Christmas is to bring these two great incidents of existence into harmonious correlation; to withdraw men's minds for a moment from bread winning and fortune building and make them dwell upon the motives and the purposes which alone can make bread really worth the winning or fortune worth achievement. The spirit of good will to men, that is the vital element of Christmas, is the soundest and truest spirit of all philosophy. Behind it are the imperishable teachings of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the golden rule. It is the spirit of indomitable optimism, that believes that the world, through whatever tribulations, must grow better because it has faith that the heaven is in the lump—that the path to betterment has been disclosed, and opened for all time. There never was nor will be a law that men should share equally what the earth affords, but there is this great law that Christmas stands for, that puts on every man his share of the responsibility for the common good, and restrains his use of opportunity or power to such gains as he may contrive without injustice to his brethren. Neither statutes nor decisions of courts can ever more than imperfectly indicate what is right or wrong in the transactions of business, but the Christmas spirit in a man's heart will tell him; and if sometimes it does not tell him in time, it will make him feel himself right where he finds he has gone wrong.

The cases of men who have seemed not to have been guided by the Christmas spirit in their dealings come often to notice, and sometimes to very conspicuous notice. Men of the opposite sort get much more notice. There are no stars yet it seems safe to say that there are much the more numerous. There is no scarcity of persons who rather be overruled than whose minds are troubled by the injustice ended by an injustice. Christmas.

Children

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Rosalie's First Christmas in New York

By Elizabeth Howard Westwood.



BECAUSE Rosalie Cummings won the first art prize at the Worcester Female Seminary did not mean that she was destined for a successful artistic career in New York. But Rosalie didn't know this, neither did her admiring family, nor yet the village of Cummingsville, which prided itself upon its young genius. What Rosalie did know was that she loved to dabble in paints, and that she had read fascinating stories of girls in New York who lived in picturesque attic rooms on tea and rolls, and painted masterpieces that rescued them from starvation and won them undying fame. An alluring existence this! When Rosalie packed her paint brushes and bade good-bye to the home of her ancestors, it was with the assurance that when she returned for Christmas she would have made her native village famous throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis.

Once she arrived in New York and found that one-quarter of its glories had never been told her, one-half had never been dreamed. She knew now why her uncle's sermons on the New Jerusalem



"The streets were lined with booths where strident hucksters cried their Christmas wares."

demurred about spending any further time in study, this was, of course, amusing rather than otherwise. It was her father who had insisted on a course at the league, declaring that if there was anything left for his girl to learn she should have it if he had to mortgage the farm.

It was at the league, however, that she heard about the famous students' competition whose generous prizes of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250 were to be supplemented by a half-dozen scholarships.

This short cut to wealth and fame was just what Rosalie had been looking for, and now every afternoon saw her furiously at work upon "The Broken Heart," whose pathetic story was told by a young mother dressed in sombre black weeping over a child's toy in her hand. Had her enthusiasm needed any re-enforcement it would have been more than supplied by the soprano next door, whose lack of engagements gave her plenty of time to serve as model, and whose admiration of Rosalie's talent was beyond bounds.

For there were times when even Rosalie's buoyant self-confidence was assailed by doubts.

"Now don't you worry, Rosy," said Miss Hancock one afternoon late in the fall, as Rosalie turned the nearly finished picture to the wall, and the two prepared to seek supper at a Broadway restaurant. "Even if you shouldn't get the first prize, there are plenty of others. But I wish I was as sure of my ever getting a good engagement as I am of seeing you spend that \$1,000. I brought my friends in to see it yesterday, and they think it's wonderful. The janitress says it makes her cry every time she looks at it. She just realizes what she's lost by not being a mother."

With a prize-winning masterpiece well under way, it was scarcely strange that the indifference of Rosalie's callow fellow-students passed unnoticed.

"They aren't the kind of girls I care to know," she wrote to her best friend at home. "They use so much slang and are not wrapped up in their careers as I am. I often blush at the light way they discuss sacred subjects. Instead of conversing on ennobling topics, they actually gossip about such trifles as getting promoted to the life class and the money to be made in illustrating. As if there was nothing more inspiring to art. Isn't it too bad?"

The advances made by these good-natured but light-headed associates were not cordially received, and even Miss Hilliard, the monitor, did not measure up to Rosalie's ideal of a serious-minded art student. Miss Hilliard had taken an interest in the industrious little country girl who trusted life so innocently. From time to time she had drawn Rosalie into conversation, and one day had offered to get her some children as pupils.

"Thank you," said Rosalie, stiffly, "but I am going to be an artist, not a teacher, you know. I find so little time for my own painting as it is, that I shall have to give up the league after Christmas."

Rosalie was too polite to mention it, but she considered the still-life class at the league far inferior to the course she had already pursued at the Worcester Female Seminary. "It would only be a waste of time," she wrote home, "to stay there any longer. I haven't learned a thing all the time I've been there."

For, with the prestige she would acquire from her prize, Rosalie expected to sail in with her brush and win an enviable place in art circles.

It was not till her picture was off to the judges and Christmas was looming up in the foreground that Rosalie discovered how alarmingly low her funds were. Simple and humble though her mode of existence had been, her expenses were yet beyond the most extrava-



"At the little French restaurant where she dined."

were famous throughout the countryside. He had studied for the ministry in this marvelous city. Everything she saw turned to a romance beneath her eyes. The roost in the old Washington Square rookery where she had tacked up her masterpieces, together with her family photographs, was carved with the names of men and women who had reached the top of the ladder she had just begun to climb. Over the grate where, as the fall advanced, she built a fire of coals, was perched a half-finished statuette of Inspiration, left there by a departed sculptor. At the little French restaurant, where she dined off a marvelous table d'hôte, she could scarcely see her spaghetti and salad for the excitement of seeing well-known artists dine so jovially in the flesh. She spent her afternoons in the Metropolitan Museum, wandering from picture to picture, from room to room, dreaming of the time when her name would be among the elect. In the meantime she was not engrossed in art she caught glimpses of the shops which dazzled her quiet mind and made her long for the life of the Indies. It was then, too, that the young blood of dancing New York began to whirl with the life.

The triumphant symphony one day jarred upon her exalted ears at the art league, when her mornings drawing and painting iridescent vases, and her work with a severity deemed by the most hopeless art critics at the Worcester Female Seminary of the fact that she had



"The shop windows held glimpses of a fairyland"

gant dreams of Cummingsville. Much against her own will, she had left home with what, to the Cummingsville mind, habituated to economy, was sufficient for a year's expenses.

"Now it won't do harm, Rosalie," Aunt Rebecca had said when she added twenty-five dollars to the fund, "for you to start out with a big capital, even if you never touch a cent of it."

"Never touch a cent!" She had barely enough to last until the thousand-dollar prize was awarded to "The Broken Heart." Not that this shortage alarmed her. It was merely annoying, since she was so eager to carry back to Cummingsville a magnificent display of Christmas presents. For the awards were not to be made until the morning of the twenty-fourth, and she left early in the afternoon.

As it was, Rosalie roamed through the streets, spellbound by the sumptuous preparations for the coming festival, enthralled by the exultation of the Christmas-making crowds. These days every window was a bower of greens and holly, every passer-by was loaded down with gifts, the streets were lined with booths, where strident hucksters cried their Christmas wares and forced the busy shopper into buying toys. Forests of Christmas-trees, which had come to the city in great train-loads, sprouted from the dingy gutters. Santa Claus rode, revealed, through the streets, followed by crowds of delirious children. The shop windows held glimpses of a fairyland where Kris Kringle ruled supreme. Nor were the poor forgotten. Dinners and presents without number were in wait for them. The city was thronged with holiday guests. Amusements blossomed on every hand, and the air was charged with a Christmas cheer such as Rosalie had never known. For at Cummingsville this season held no such royal pageant. It was, instead, a solemn occasion. The joviality of its tree and presents was discounted by the presence of sober-faced relatives, while the Christmas service gave it the aspect of Sunday. Indeed, but for the celebration awaiting her home-coming, Rosalie would have regretted missing Christmas Day in New York. As it was, the village was waiting to do her honor, and guests from all the surrounding country were bidden to the Christmas-eve reception. Her alma mater, the Worcester Female Seminary, was tendering her a banquet. The general opinion was that it had been a good thing for New York to be waked up by a girl of Rosalie's talent. The elite of Cummingsville were even planning trips to the metropolis for the sake of seeing the much-talked of "Broken Heart" at the "student's exhibition."

When Rosalie arose the morning before Christmas it was to find a heavy snow covering the ground. Washington Square was a frozen forest beneath her window. Her big valise, stocked with Christmas presents, stood packed and ready for the afternoon train. Miss Hancock, the next-door model, had gone out in pursuit of an engagement, so Rosalie set out alone to her coronation. The sharp air nipped her cheeks and set her blood to tingling.

Once the masterpiece was completed, whatever qualms she had suffered during its creation had vanished, and for days she had been waiting her laurel wreath with the calm assurance of the victor. Night after night the vision of her ovation had come to her in dreams. She strode up Fifth Avenue, unmindful for once of the gay scene about her, beholding only her coming triumph. The admiration of her fellow-students was a luscious morsel, the surprise of her unseeing teachers sweet to contemplate, and the eager recognition from the great among artists rang in her ears like a psalm. So absorbed was she in her coming victory that she cast no glance at the excited knots gathered at the entrance of the gallery. Straight to the office she marched.

"I am Miss Cummings," she smiled at the distracted man behind the desk.

"Miss Cummings?"

"Miss Rosalie Cummings, the artist who painted 'The Broken Heart.'"

"Oh, yes," he glanced over the list before him. "Your picture is ready to send back. As a competitor you are entitled to a ticket to the exhibition, and here is a list of the pictures." He shoved some papers toward her.

That was all! No, not quite; for the

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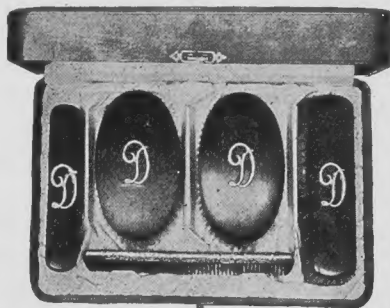
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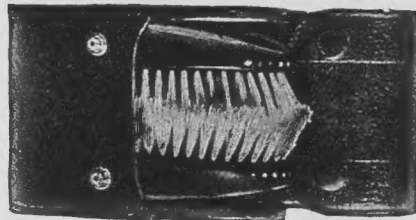
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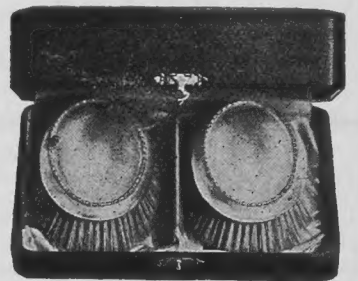
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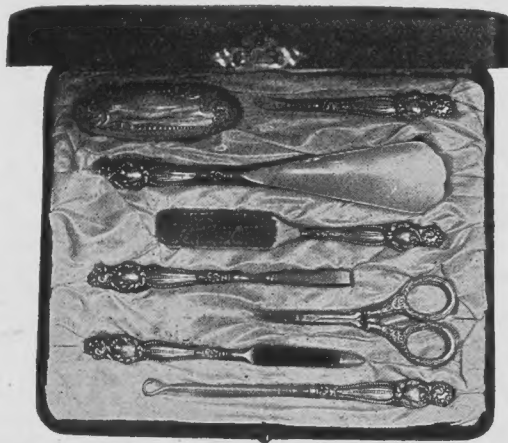
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"Santa Claus strode, revealed, through the streets."

A. D. T. imp waiting for a message remarked to an attendant, "Gee, she must have thought she'd pull the thousand-dollar prize!" At the door a knot of girls from the league were congratulating each other on pictures hung and speaking reverently of the winners of the prizes.

"You don't suppose that little country girl had the nerve to compete, with all her swelled head, do you?" said one girls as Rosalie staggered past.

"Why, she doesn't know a shadow when she sees one, and she never heard of perspective."

In her purse was just enough to take her back to Cummingsville, disgraced for life, the butt of two counties, the reproach of her trusting family.

Vain Rosalie was, and unschooled, but she lacked no grit. The storm mercifully gave color to the telegram she sent, "Can't get home, all trains delayed."

It was late the next afternoon when Miss Hancock knocked on Rosalie's door. Rosalie, red-eyed with weeping, lay face downward on the couch, where she had thrown herself the day before in the abandonment of disappointment and humiliation. Blissful she had been in her ignorance, and her new-found wisdom was a poisoned draught. For through the long, long hours she had seen herself, not with the glowing vision of an ignorant country girl, but with the cynical eye of an unfeeling world. Her pride lay wounded and bleeding.

"I just heard you didn't go home on account of the storm," the visitor announced, after "a merry Christmas," "and I ran in to tell you about my engagement. I got the leading soprano at St. Luke's after all. Isn't it grand? Come on, and we'll go up and see our picture and then have a dinner on me."

A tragic, haggard face looked out at her from the twilight.

"Picture!" said a voice sharp with the bitterness of youth. "It wasn't even hung. My life is ruined. I can never live down the ignominy of this failure."

"Nonsense, child. If that's the way you take it you need a few more hard knocks. Here, put on your hat and coat. Air and food will set you up. The idea of eating out your young heart on

Christmas Day because you didn't make a bull's-eye your first shot."

"It was all very well for the leading soprano at St. Luke's to be cheerful, but Rosalie crawled out of the house as one who had buried hope and happiness. It was the ghost of her dead self which stole through the streets festive with the joys of Christmas Day. Not until they stopped before a wailing urchin did she rouse from her lethargy.

"Sure, and a big boy stole me ticket, and they won't let me into de newsboys' Christmas dinner widout it. See?" he explained.

"They won't?" Rosalie rushed to arms in the cause of outraged youth. "We'll see about it."

Whereupon, to the delight of the urchin and the consternation of Miss Hancock, Rosalie led the way into the big boy's club-house on the corner.

"Dinner for Mikey? Of course," said a fresh-faced young woman whom they met in the hall. "And if you have any pity for two distracted beings, do stay and help Mr. Conant and me run off this howling mob of a dinner. I'm Miss Tindall. Our right-hand men have all failed us at the last moment, and destruction at the hands of five hundred yelling urchins is upon us."

Two concentrated hours of distributing presents, directing waiters, and quelling riots over the possible fourth piece of pie, left the four generals breathless and giddy. In the brief intervals of calm, Rosalie had discovered that Mr. Conant was exactly the type that Cummingsville maidens dreamed of, but never saw.

"Miss Hancock's been telling me," said Mr. Conant, when the last newsboy had gone, and the managers of the feast were resting from their labors, "that you are a cracker-jack drawer and know a lot about dress-making. You sound just like the person we've been looking all over the city for." He presented her with a well-filled plate and took the seat by her side with the easy comradeship born of common dangers and adventures. "Our dry-goods house has just opened a suit department, and we want some one to draw the models. Of course, it isn't high art, but then we'd pay well, and it wouldn't take nearly all your time."



"Rosalie roamed through the streets spellbound."

Rosalie's breath came quickly. "Very well," she said at length when Mr. Conant had discussed details. "Ten dollars at the start would be satisfactory. I'll come in early tomorrow morning and see Mr. Bently. I'd be willing to give up all my afternoons to it, but in the mornings I shall be working hard at the art league."

The Rosalie Cummings who some half-hour later strolled up Broadway with an attentive young man was enjoying an experience whose newness in no way prevented it proving the most delightful of her short life.

During supper it had been discovered that Miss Tindall was a friend of Miss Hancock's cousin, and when the two belated helpers had arrived in time for ice cream the party were on such jovial terms that they refused to break up at so early an hour. When it came out casually that Mr. Conant was not engaged to Miss Tindall, Rosalie pulled a stray curl out of its smooth bandage, re-tied her neck ribbon, and surrend-

ed herself to the exhilaration of the occasion. She and Mr. Conant had so much to say to each other that when they all got seats for a Christmas play it was not strange to be put next to him. At the close of a delicious little theatre supper at the Waldorf, Rosalie was not even surprised to find that same young gentleman escorting her down Fifth Avenue.

"A fellow gets awfully lonesome in New York," he was saying, as they passed under Washington Arch and crossed the square. "But we've had a corking good time tonight, and you must let me take you to the new play at the Empire next week. Why, this is the happiest Christmas I've had since I left home."

"I'm glad of that," said Rosalie, giving him her hand as they stopped before her door, "for it's the most exciting one I ever spent; but, then," with a coquettish toss of her head and a smile, whose significance was lost on him, "it's my first Christmas in New York."

The Western Home Monthly Birthday Calendar.

Tuesday, December 1.

"Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

Wednesday, December 2.

"Can honor's voice provoke the silent
dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of
death?"

Thursday, December 3.

"How often have hearts beat in terror
Over evils that never occurred."

Friday, December 4.

"To smile in victory is easy,
In defeat, heroic."

Saturday, December 5.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not
in the counsel of the ungodly."

Sunday, December 6.

"The secret of our emotions never
lies in the bare object, but in its subtle
relation to our past."

Monday, December 7.

"Perfect love casteth out fear."

Tuesday, December 8.

"He who neglects the present moment
throws away all he has."

Wednesday, December 9.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Thursday, December 10.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly
They grind exceedingly small."

Friday, December 11.

"Who would not give a trifle to prevent
What he would give a thousand worlds
to cure?"

Saturday, December 12.

"The growth of the higher feeling
within us is like the growth of faculty,
bringing with it a sense of added
strength."

Sunday, December 13.

"He does me a double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of
his tongue."

Monday, December 14.

"If the world be worth the winning,
Think, oh, think, it's worth enjoying."

Tuesday, December 15.

"If time be heavy on your hands
Are there no beggars at your gate?"

Wednesday, December 16.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust;
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Thursday, December 17.

"Glory is like a circle in the water
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to
nought."

Friday, December 18.

"Pleasures are like poppies sped,
You pluck the flower, its bloom is fled
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment seen, then gone forever."

Saturday, December 19.

"There was never yet a philosopher
Who could endure the toothache pa-
tiently."

Sunday, December 20.

"Happy he whom neither wealth nor
fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral home-
stead."

Monday, December 21.

"One who is contented with what he
has done will never become famous for
what he will do."

Tuesday, December 22.

"Count that day lost whose low de-
scending sun
Views from your hand no worthy action
done."

Wednesday, December 23.

"God gives thee youth but once;
Keep, then, the childlike heart that will
His kingdom be."

Thursday, December 24.

"Speak clearly, if you speak at all,
Carve every word before you let it
fall."

Friday, December 25.

"Do all the good you can, to all the
people you can, as long as ever you
can, in every place you can."

Saturday, December 26.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the
body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the
darkest clouds, so honor peereth in
the meanest habit."

Sunday, December 27.

"Who gives himself with his alms
feeds three: himself, his hungering
neighbor, and me."

Monday, December 28.

"He that cannot forgive others
breaks the bridge over which he must
pass himself; for every man has need
to be forgiven."

Tuesday, December 29.

"Speak gently! let no harsh word mar
The good we might do here."

Wednesday, December 30.

"Be Noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never
dead.
Will rise in majesty to meet thine
own."

Thursday, December 31

"What you make of life it will be to
you. Take it up bravely, bear it on
cheerfully, lay it down triumphantly."



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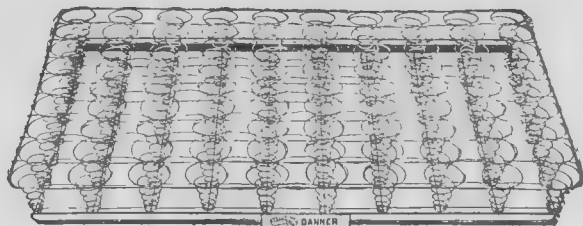
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The Conversion of Van.

By Elliott Flower.



IT CERTAINLY was an extraordinary thing that a young girl should be left to the guardianship of Van. Not that Van would not be faithful to the trust, as he understood it, but any one should have known that he would not understand the girl. For Van was a confirmed bachelor. I almost said an old bachelor, but he would resent that. Still, he was on the far side of forty, and a man who has lived that long without feminine companionship is not likely to understand feminine needs, or to give very much time to trying to understand them; he has evolved his own method of life, which he does not like to have disturbed.

Imagine yourself, for the moment, a man of about forty-five, who has lived for twenty years at clubs and hotels, having only your own comfort and idiosyncrasies to think of and many attendants to help you think of those! Your habits have become fixed, and

be saddled on a confirmed bachelor living at a club. It was an entirely new order of things; it meant that he, who never had had to think of any one but himself, would now have to give first thought to another, and that other of a sex that he never had understood.

Van did not minimize the revolutionary and distressing effect of this new condition of affairs, but neither did he hesitate. In the morning he received a telegram announcing the death of his former friend and informing him that the girl had been left to his care, and by afternoon he was on his way to take charge of his ward. He found her a quiet, unsophisticated child of twelve. She had lived alone with her father since her mother's death some years before, and her father had been a mining expert whose business necessitated frequent changes of residence. So she had formed none of those friendships that are so much to a girl of that age; she was alone, absolutely alone. Perhaps her plight had something to do with it, arousing his sympathy, but Van had become really fond of her by the time they reached home.

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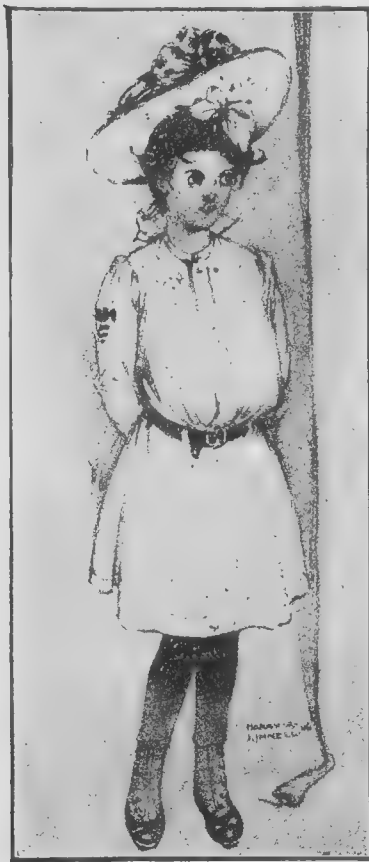
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your hobbies are many; you get in a rut, and anything that jars you out of that rut interferes with your enjoyment of life. Imagine yourself, being in this rut, suddenly confronted with the duty of acting as guardian for a young girl! Then you will have some conception of Van's predicament.

The girl's father had been Van's friend in the earlier days, but they had seen little or nothing of each other for many years. Possibly the father did not understand the situation; possibly Van was the only person to whom he could entrust the girl, she being left absolutely alone in the world when he died. At any rate, he left her what little property he had and named Van as sole executor, trustee, guardian—everything. And he also left a pathetic note asking him to accept the trust for the sake of old times.

It never occurred to Van to attempt to shirk the responsibility. Whatever of error there may have been in the execution of the trust was of judgment and never of heart. He did not even touch the girl's little inheritance, but defrayed all her expenses out of his own pocket, intending that she should have all that her father had left her when she married. But the guardianship was a strange and exacting responsibility to

"She's a mighty nice little girl," he said, "but what in thunder am I going to do with her?"

There are many things which we like of which we do not care to have personal charge.

Van's first move was to change his residence from the club to a hotel, where he could provide suitable accommodations for her. But a hotel was no place for a young girl; neither did a boarding-house appeal to him as just the thing, and a house was quite out of the question. In this emergency, it being summer, he decided to take a vacation, just to give him time to think the matter over, and he and the girl went to the seashore. Neither enjoyed the trip. Van was burdened by his responsibility, and the girl found him unusually strict. He was generous, but he seemed to think that a girl could not do anything without being guilty of an impropriety, and she found herself more dreary and lonely than ever before. He meant well, but he was like a man, unaccustomed to responsibility, who suddenly finds himself in charge of a vast treasure; the precautions he took to guard her made her little more than a prisoner. For himself, he said frankly that she was "more trouble than a prize setter pup," and he meant no disrespect

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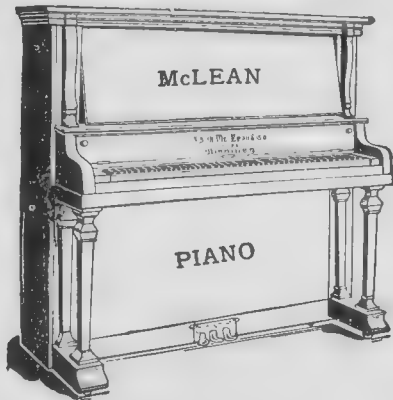
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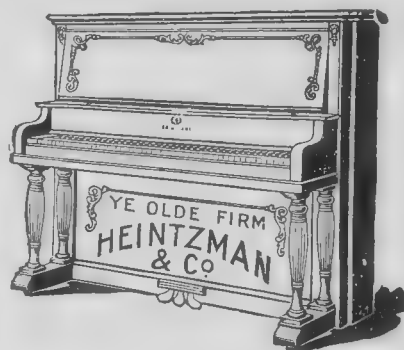
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to her, either, as any one who ever has had charge of a prize animal of any sort will readily understand.

"A year of this will kill me," he declared to a friend one evening.

"Why don't you send her to boarding-school?" asked the friend.

"Why didn't I ever think of that!" exclaimed Van. "The schools will be opening in a week or so, and I can leave her in one and skip back to the club."

So Julia went to boarding-school, which was really the best possible solution of the trouble.

All this I recalled as I sat in my room in a New Orleans hotel one Christmas morning. I had seen Van's and Julia's names on the hotel register as I came up from breakfast, and I knew she always joined him for the holidays. I also knew that, when her vacation was short, he usually took her away for some trip, seeming to find that easier than looking after her at home, for he still had those peculiar, old-bachelor notions as to the extraordinary watchfulness that a girl required. Evidently one of these trips had brought them to New Orleans.

"I'll send up my card a little later," I decided, for I was lonely myself. Christmas was a great occasion in our family, and only the most pressing business could have taken me away from home at that time. Here, presumably, were two people in the same plight—in a strange city on Christmas Day. I had only a slight acquaintance with Julia, but I knew her story, and I had known Van for a good many years, although we never had been intimate friends. "Van," perhaps I should explain, was merely the first syllable of a name so long and tortuous that no one ever thought of using all of it, except on the most formal occasions. As a general thing, he was either "Van" or "Mr. Van." I had long before reached the "Van" stage of acquaintanceship, and I had not the slightest doubt that I would be particularly welcome on this particular day in these particular circumstances.

When I reached their parlor, however, I was surprised to find Julia about

as near tears as a girl can very well be without shedding them. She was sitting by a window, looking wistfully out. Van was busy with a cigar and a novel. The greeting of neither was cordial.

"Merry Christmas!" I cried, cheerfully.

"Merry nothing!" growled Van.

"Merry Christmas!" said Julia, but there was no heartiness in her tone, and she looked at Van rather doubtfully.

"Anything wrong?" I asked, puzzled and disconcerted.

"All wrong," returned Van. "The whole Christmas idea is wrong—that is, the way it is celebrated. If I had my way, there would be a law to prevent people from making fools of them-

selves on Christmas Day. It's scandalous!"

Naturally, I was startled. So far as my experience went, Van was ordinarily a good-natured, cheerful and generous man, and here he was growling at the most glorious day of the year. It so happened that I never had been with him at this season before, but I certainly could see no reason why it should change his whole nature. In my embarrassment I turned to Julia, who had resumed her seat by the window and was again intent on the scene.

"You at least should see the joyous significance of the day," I remarked, with an uneasy laugh. "Old bachelors may have a license to growl, but young girls should be happy. How did Santa Claus remember you?"



"It is such a grand day for all the rest, and such a miserable day for me."

She shook her head, without making verbal reply, and I thought I saw tears in her eyes.

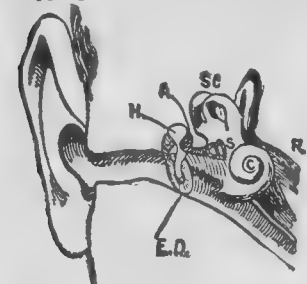
"Santa Claus," declared Van, with some heat, "is an invention of the devil working through the shop-keepers. That is the miserable part of Christmas. It has become a mania for giving—not cheerfully, but grudgingly; not within reason, but beyond all reason. The average man—and the women are worse—goes broke to 'remember' half a dozen people for whom he does not care a rap. He has got to do it in order to avoid criticism. People will say he is stingy if he doesn't; and, besides, he knows that these people will 'remember' him. As a matter of pride, he gives when he doesn't want to give, just because he doesn't want to seem so small as to take without giving. He gives up a lot of money that he needs in order to get a lot of things he doesn't want. And the women have got it down to such a fine point that most of them grumble if the presents they receive do not at least equal in value the presents they give."

"Nonsense!" I interrupted.

"It isn't nonsense," asserted Van, rising and striding back and forth. "I tell you, people beat their creditors to make a Christmas show. The grocer and the butcher have to wait because the jeweler has all the money. Go to a man with a legitimate bill for necessities just after Christmas and listen to the wail he'll make! He has spent all he had and gone in debt. For what? Just to show how big a fool he can make of himself; just because he is afraid or ashamed to say, 'I can't afford this lavish expenditure.' He has got to give what he can't afford to give. Custom takes him by the throat and shakes the money out of his pockets. The whole idea of the Christmas celebration is wrong, and is getting worse every year. Why, Christmas tips alone are enough to put a man in the poorhouse. I don't give Christmas presents, and I don't want to receive any. The last one that came to me was sent back with my compliments. I'm against the whole system of Christmas-giving. It does real harm."

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"Van," I said, when he gave me a chance to speak, "if people gave in the spirit you picture, it would do real harm; but, for the most part, they do not. The trouble with you is that you have no family ties. There is no greater joy in life than that which comes from giving pleasure to children. Our family Christmas-tree is the greatest event of the year. You have lived alone so long that you have got out of touch with the world. Some good woman ought to come along and marry you and wake you up and show you a little real life, and then you would understand. Christmas is nothing without the Christmas spirit."

"Oh, thunder!" ejaculated Van, and the next minute he had stormed out of the room and slammed the door, announcing that he was going to the office to get a cigar.

Then Julia looked up at me and tried to smile.

"Papa always remembered Christmas," she said. "It was a day of joy and merriment. But Uncle Van gets as far away from everybody as he can and keeps me with him. You have no idea how dreadfully lonely it is to spend Christmas Day like this; and when I get back to school all the girls are telling what they did, and what they got, and they ask me and—what can I say? It is such a grand day for all the rest, here and everywhere, and such a miserable day for me."

There could be no doubt about the tears now, and there was something so pathetic about the picture of the Christmas loneliness of this young girl that I let my indignation get the better of my judgment.

"He's a brute!" I declared.

"No, he's not," she said. "He is good and generous and kind, but he has some cranky notions about Christmas. I have all the money and all the clothes that I need at school, and he has bought me lots of things just because I admired them. But there is no Christmas. I can neither give nor receive. He gave me a watch on my last birthday, but there is not even a smile today. I see the joyousness of others, I know what my chums are doing, I remember Christmas with my father, and I am wretched—never so wretched or so lonely as on Christmas Day. If I had told him yesterday that I wanted something very much, he would have bought it for me. But it would not be Christmas. Do you understand? Can you understand the dreadful loneliness of being shut out from the spirit of Christmas—not the gifts, but the spirit? The gifts are nothing, but oh! I do so want to be with the others when they are all so happy and merry!"

"I quite understand," I returned. "I wish I could make Van understand."

"You can't," she said. "He is good, but there is no Christmas where he is. I may not even buy for others."

"He's a monomaniac," I asserted.

As I went out I saw him scowling at a "Merry Christmas" beside a boot-blackening stand.

"Son," he was saying to the astonished boy, "when you get that fool sign taken down I'll drop in and pay you a dollar or so for a shine. I don't mind being reasonably generous, but I have the courage of my convictions, and I am no Christmas fool."

I decided that it would be a waste of time to attempt to argue with him.

* * *

It was several years before I met Van again in the Christmas season, although I saw him occasionally at other times. Julia had married a friend of mine, and I remember remarking at the time of the marriage, "Well, she'll have a real Christmas again now," for that little scene in the New Orleans hotel had haunted me. I met Tommy one day—he was one of those fellows who never seem to attain the dignity of Thomas—and he asked me what I was going to do Christmas.

"Really, I don't know," I replied, for the sudden illness of my wife's father had taken her away from home unexpectedly.

"Come up and dine with us," he urged. "There will be no one there but Van. He'll be a bit grumpy on account of the day, but we've got so that we don't mind that. He growls, but I notice that he comes."

"I would imagine," I remarked, "that

he would shut himself up in his room at the club."

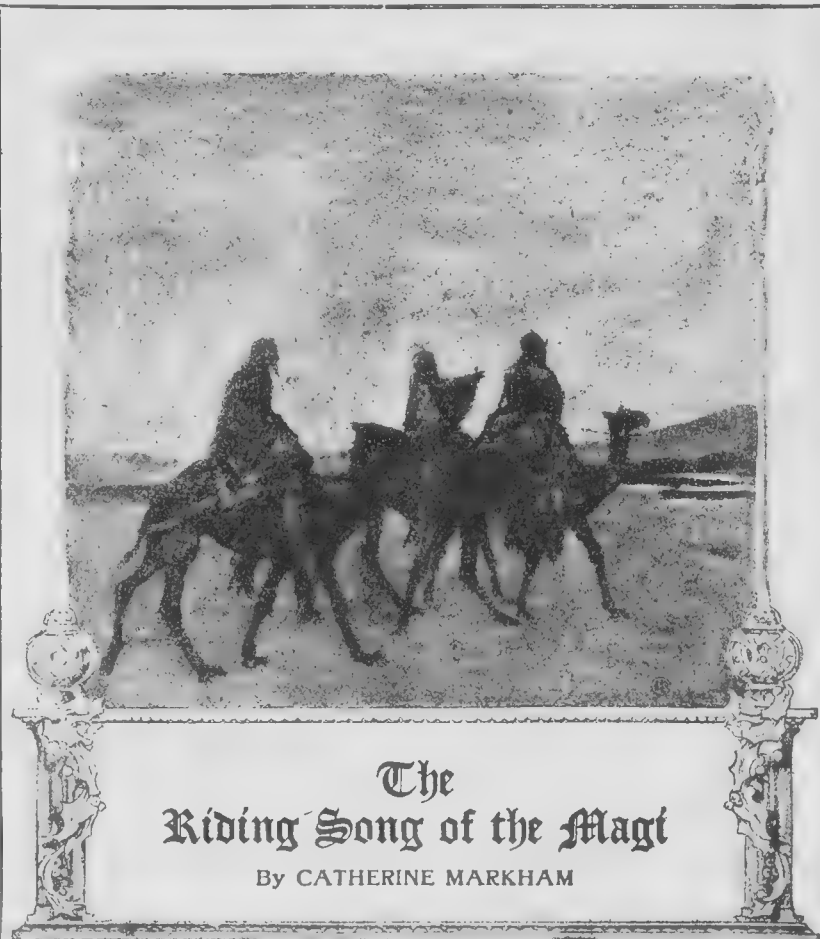
"Oh, we're getting him educated," laughed Tommy. "We haven't got him to the point of giving any presents yet, but he is progressing. Give him a little time. Aside from his hobby, he's a mighty clever fellow. It's something to get him to a Christmas dinner, anyhow."

I went. I knew Julia better now, for my wife and I had called after her marriage, and since that first call there had been several others, although we lived too far apart to permit of neighborly relations. I not only went, but I discovered the reason for Van's Christmas-dinner concessions. He was distinctly unsocial previous to the dinner and during the dinner, and he succeeded in unburdening himself of his Christmas ideas, although it seemed to me that he was not quite so uncompromising as before. However, that may have been due to the fact that no one paid the slightest attention to him when he began to ride his hobby. At any rate, he abandoned it soon, and after that maintained a gloomy silence—until Tommy Van was brought in. Tommy Van was the baby, and he had to be called Tommy Van to distinguish him from his father, who was merely Tommy. Van woke up when the baby

appeared. He seemed to be afraid to touch it, but he was intensely interested in everything that it did, and I thought I heard him make one attempt at baby-talk. But I wouldn't want to swear to that.

"Uncle Van's full name is pretty heavy for a baby," laughed Julia, "but he's got 'Tommy' for his baby days, and he'll be strong enough for the other later."

Van, of course, was no relation to Julia, but she had called him "uncle" ever since he became her guardian. And Van was mighty proud of that baby and mighty glad that the name "Tommy Van" was always used. I don't know just why the baby appealed to him so strongly, as there was no blood relationship, but there certainly was a new interest in life for the old bachelor. He seemed to feel that he had a sort of proprietary interest in this baby—possibly because of what he had done for its mother. Van unquestionably had a deep affection for Julia, but she never had been able to take him out of himself as the baby did. Tommy told me confidentially that once, when the baby was sick, Van sent three specialists to the house in one day, and he further surprised them by sending occasional checks, "to be used for Tommy Van."



With a quick little chime like a ripple of rhyme,
Ashake from our camels' small bells;
With a song on our lips as the soft night slips
We come as the Star compels.

From slumber and feast, from far out of the East,
We ride, for we can not but choose
To seek through the earth the place of the birth,
Of this mystical King of the Jews,

We have gifts in our hands for this child of far lands,
Three gifts for the child that's thrice great;
Bright gold have we brought for the King we have sought,
Red gold for the King's high state.

And myrrh do we bring for his burying,
For his delicate body's behoof,
When as man in the ground with the fair linen bound,
They house him with earth for a roof.

And frankincense we bear as the God-head's share,
A tribute for God-head divine:
Its savor that stays while the years go their ways
Is of life everlasting the sign.

So ride we along with offering and song
To kneel at the door where he dwells.
Through deserts and marts with a prayer in our hearts,
We come as the Star compels.

Van always had something to say about the baby on the occasions when I met him after that—just a word or two about "that little rascal." Nevertheless, his final and complete conversion came suddenly, and surprised me. This was two years later. I had some business with Van and had called on him at his club three or four days before Christmas. When the business was transacted he asked me casually if I saw very much of Julia and Tommy.

"They live too far from us for any great intimacy," I replied, "but we usually manage to exchange calls once or twice a year. My wife and I are planning to go over there tonight."

"Are you?" asked Van with sudden interest. "Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly," I answered.

Van trotted away to his room and presently returned with some slips of paper. He seemed to be strangely embarrassed as he handed them to me. I thought he even blushed a little.

"That's a list of some things the little rascal might like for Christmas," he explained. "Happened to run across them, you know, while roaming about town. Julia will find the price and the place where it may be purchased opposite each item. Comes to \$24.15 all told." He took some money from his pocket and handed me a fifty-dollar bill. "Ask Julia to please buy those things for him. I was never good at shopping myself."

Never was good at shopping, and the old fraud had hunted out and got the price of every blessed thing on the list. I felt like telling him he was an old humbug, but he was so ill-at-ease that I refrained.

"And the change?" I suggested.

"Why," he replied, with a sort of sickly smile, "after she has bought some little Christmas remembrance for herself, there won't be any change. And, And, if she doesn't mind, I'll come up early in the morning and see how the little rascal likes his Christmas."

"I can answer for her, Van," I returned. "You come. You've got the Christmas spirit at last."

Tommy tells me there was no happier or jollier man in all the city than was Van on that Christmas morning.

Christ-child and King.

'Twas on fair Judea's plains,
Where faithful shepherds watched
their sheep,

When sudden sweet, exultant strains
Woke all the dreaming world from
sleep.

"Rejoice!" they sang; "in Bethlehem
To-night is born a King to thee!"
First Star in Heaven's bright diadem.

Men crowned Thee King on Calvary!
Oh, bells, ring loud, oh, bells,
ring, sweet,

Beneath the adoring angels' feet,
The song they sing on Christmas
still—

Of peace on earth, to men good
will.

There shone above the hills a star,
And as the Christmas angels sang,
The shepherds followed from afar;
While Heaven's wide arch with rap-
ture rang.

And, filled with deep, adoring awe,
They came to where the star stood
still,

And angels sang, when Christ they
saw,

"Be peace on earth—to men good-
will!"

Oh, song adown the centuries
rolled!

Oh, song which never shall grow
old!

To-day with angels let us sing
In praise of Jesus Christ, our
King!

Oh, story old, and always sweet,
Of Christ-child in a manger born,
With shepherds kneeling at His feet,
While angels sang on Christmas
morn!

Low at his feet we kneel to-day,
While Heaven and earth for gladness
sing,

The Babe that in a manger lay
Is crowned at last a King! a King!

Oh, jubilant bells of Christmas
morn,

You rang for joy when Christ was
born—

Ring round the world, for glad-
ness ring,

Peace dwells on earth, and Christ
is King!

—Eben E. Rexford.

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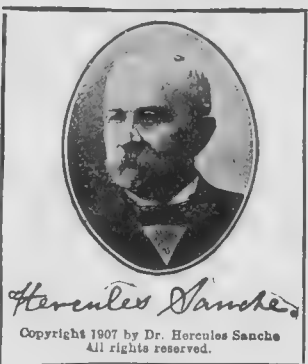
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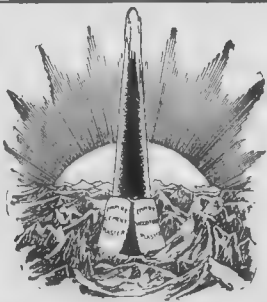
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The Girl and the Poet.

The Story of a Christmas Eve Dinner.



WILLIARD sat down to his evening meal. He was later than usual. The dining-room of the boarding house was deserted, save for the presence of the maid-servant, who was sweeping the crumbs from the tablecloth. His entrance was acknowledged by a sour smile. Williard was a sort of pariah to the narrow minds of that household, who could not associate greatness of soul with failure and poverty.

"You won't get much," said the maid. "We are too busy with tomorrow's Christmas dinner."

Tomorrow's Christmas dinner! Williard drew the bread-dish toward him rather mechanically. Tomorrow's Christmas dinner! It was Christmas Eve tonight, and he had forgotten! All that day he had wondered why every face looked so eager and bright in the office, why the jostling crowds in the streets were so merry and good-humored.

The maid grumblingly fetched what remained of the supper. The hanging-lamp sputtered for the lack of oil to feed upon; and all the food tasted vaguely of kerosene. But Williard made no complaint; he was hungry. Tomorrow's Christmas dinner!

He was tired. Great names had danced before his eyes that day; names resounding the world's fickle applause and the jingle of her inconsiderate largess. Not that he envied them, no; rather that they taught him to despair. In the daytime he read proof in the attic of a large publishing-house; this was existence, it was bread and butter. But at night, in his little hall bedroom, where the clamors of the city streets sounded murmurous and indistinct, he still clung to the fragments of early dreams. His verses and stories, lofty and proud, lacked something, for they found no entrance to the garden of fame, which is at best full of false flowers and spurious scents.

For ten years he had striven to attain; and he had failed. He had come to New York, as thousands of others had come, with hope and her thousand stars, to see them fade away one by one from the firmament of his dreams. The world has no patience with failure, no treasures for the obscure defeat. Ah, to see one's own people, dressed in clear, beautiful type, move across the white pages, from margin to margin, thinking, acting, speaking! To unravel the schemes of life, with its loves, ambitions and revenges—was there any rapture, any pleasure, half so fine?

* * * *

The harsh voice of the maid brought him out of his idle dream: for to be a poet is to dream and to suffer.

"There's a letter under your door," said the girl. "Didn't know you were coming home to supper, so I didn't put it under your plate."

"Thanks."

"I guess you've struck an heiress; that smells of sachet-powder," she added, sailing through the swinging door to the kitchen.

Williard folded his napkin and rose. Christmas Eve! Where were the old days in the little white village, the straw-rides, the candy-pulls, the great logs in the fireplace? Where had youth gone so suddenly? He climbed the two flights of stairs to his room, struck a match, and knelt before the door. Yes, there was a letter. He held it to his nose and inhaled the delicate odor of violets. A thrill passed through him, a thrill that was a mixture of joy, sorrow, love, bitterness and regret.

He unlocked the door, entered the room and lighted the gas. How well he knew the stroke of each letter! How many times in the old days had that feathery tracing brought cheer and comfort to him! And now she was gone: out of his meagre circle she had passed forever. Riches! What a fortress! What a parapet to scale! What a barrier! The mighty dollar now bastioned

and sentinelled her as the drab granite and men-at-arms had surrounded the unhappy princesses of feudal times.

From time to time he had read of her; this duke or that prince was following her about from resort to resort. She had written once, but he had not had the courage to answer that letter. Paris, London, Berlin! Her beauty and her wealth had conquered each city in its turn. Heigho! He held the letter as a lover holds a woman's hand; dreamily, dim-eyed, motionless. Finally he broke the seal.

* * * *

"Dear John:

"Home again! Near to Mother Earth again, to the old habits, old longings, old friends. I am never going away again. Now, John, I am giving a little Christmas-Eve dinner tonight, informally, to five literary celebrities (four who are known and one who will be), and I want you more than any one else. Why? Well, you are a staff of oak to lean upon—sound and sturdy and impervious to the storms. I want visions of the old days, and somehow they will not come back vividly unless you help me to conjure them. Do you remember—souviens-toi? . . . But never



"I might have forgotten all about its being Christmas Eve!"

mind. I'll ask the question of you when we meet. No excuses, John, no previous engagements. If you have an excuse, destroy it; an engagement, break it. This is a command. If you do not come I shall never forgive you. What do you care if the celebrities have never heard of you? I am sure that not one of them is your peer at heart and mind. I am tired, John, tired of false praises and flattery, tired of worldly things; and somehow your voice is going to rest me. Come at half after eight.

NELL."

Home again! She was home! A dizziness fell upon him for a space, and all things grew blurred and indistinct. When the vapor passed he returned the letter to its envelope, opened a drawer in his bureau, and brought forth an old handkerchief-case. In it there were withered flowers, scraps of ribbon, a broken fan, and packets of old letters. He took out one of the packets, raised the ribbon (torn from some gown of hers), and slid under this latest letter, which would probably be the last.

Yes, he would go. And if the celebrities loosed their covert and fatuous smiles when his back was turned, so be it. His poverty was clean and honorable. He dressed slowly, and once he gazed into the mirror. The face he saw there was not inspiring, lined and hollowed as it was; but its pallor lent a refinement to it, that tender, proud refinement which describes a lofty soul, full of gentleness and nobility. From time to time he approached the window. How the snow whirled, eddied, sank, and whirled again! The arc-lamps became luminous clouds. He looked at

his shoes. Could he afford a cab? And yet, could he afford to appear before her, his shoes wet, his clothes damp with snow? He decided in favor of the cab. It was Christmas Eve; a little luxury would not be wrong.

* * * *

By-and-by he stepped out of the boarding-house into the storm. Clouds of moist feathery particles surged over him, and crept inside his rusty velvet collar. Suddenly he discovered a handsome coupé standing in front. The footman was walking up and down while the driver beat his hands across his breast. Williard did not understand what this elegant equipage was doing in such a street. Even as he cogitated the footman descried him and approached.

"Beg pardon, sir; Mr. Williard?" he inquired.

"Yes, I am Mr. Williard," was the wondering answer.

"Then we are just in time, sir!" The footman ran to the coupé and opened the door respectfully.

"You have made a mistake, my man," said Williard. "I did not order—"

"We are from Miss Wyckliff's," said the footman. Her carriage! And she had sent it to his boarding-house for fear he might slip past!

"Are you certain?" he asked, still in doubt.

"If you are Mr. Williard there isn't a particle of doubt, sir." The tone was perfectly respectful, and did more to determine Williard than anything else.

"Very well," he said.

He entered the luxurious carriage and the door slammed behind him. Presently he was on the way to see the one woman in all the world. Her carriage! What a delicate bit of charity it was, savoring of a thoughtful mind in a warm heart! She knew, then, of his continued poverty and wished to save him the embarrassment of going to a dinner in a surface-car. There was not the least hint of patronage in the act; it was simply one of those fine and thoughtful impulses of which only a noble woman is capable. He recalled the first night he had taken her to the opera. There had been no other woman half so lovely—he had thought only of her. Fool that he was to surrender to this idle dream; but oh, it had been so sweet.

There was a jar, and the carriage and Williard's reverie came to a sudden pause. The door opened and the footman's head appeared.

"Here we are, sir!"

Williard, still dazed, alighted. He mounted the steps to the door, and with no little timidity he pushed the electric button. Riches! How the hateful word buzzed in his ears!

II.

A prim little maid opened the door. She took his hat and coat, and directed him to the warm and cozy library. As he saw no one about he believed he had committed the unpardonable offense of coming too early. It was so long since he had been "out." He wandered along the bookcases and soon forgot where he was, for he possessed the poet's enthusiasm for rare books. The atmosphere seemed spirituous of Balzac, Thackeray, Dumas, Dickens, Scott, Hugo and all the tender poets he loved so well. And here, right under his hand, was a rare copy of "Tristram Shandy." Dear, guileless old Uncle Toby! And then he became conscious of a Presence.

He turned, and beheld her standing in the doorway. Beautiful, beautiful! The ivory pallor of her complexion, the shadowy wine of her hair, her brilliant eyes, the glistening whiteness of her neck and arms! He stood like stone, incapable of animation. Then he took in a deep breath: he wished to possess absolute control over himself before he touched her hand. Oh, he needed no fire to warm his veins, the blood of which gushed into his brain like the floods of spring torrents!

"John!" she cried.

She floated toward him, her hands outstretched, a smile of welcome on her lips. He touched her hands with some uncertainty. It was all so like a dream.

"So you are home again?" he asked, finding only this commonplace question among all the beautiful phrases he had invented for her benefit.

"And I am glad to be home, John; glad. I knew you would come."

"How in the world could I help it?" smiling. "It was very kind of you to send your carriage. A carriage is a luxury in which I do not often indulge. I couldn't invent any excuse; I had no engagement. Besides, I would have come anyway."

She laughed, and drew two chairs to the blazing grate and motioned him to be seated.

* * * *

"Do you know," he began, but for your note I might have forgotten all about its being Christmas Eve? To what terrible depths a man falls to be able to confess such a sacrilege! But a lonely man forgets the customs of his youth. There is no Christmas spirit where there are no children, no family ties. I'm a hermit."

"Tell me all about yourself, John," she urged, cleverly seating herself so that she might see him easily; while he, to see her, would have to turn his head.

"There isn't much to say. I've just gone right on making a failure."

"There is no such thing as failure, John. Failure means effort, and effort is never failure."

"That is a pretty way of putting it. Well, then, let me say that I am still unsuccessful. Fame has knocked on my door with soft gloves, and I have not heard her; and Fortune never had me on her visiting-list." He stared into the fire.

He was quite unconscious of her minute examination. How changed he was, poor boy! He was not growing old; he was aging. What had wrought this change? Work? A long series of defeats? Unrewarded toil? She leaned back in her chair, and the light in her eyes would have blinded Williard had he turned just then.

"What have you been doing this last year?" he asked presently.

"Wanderlust. I have flitted from place to place, always dissatisfied."

"Dissatisfied—you?"

"Yes, John. To be truly unhappy is to be rich and unhappy. It is the hope of some time being rich that dulls the unhappiness of the poor. Money buys only inanimate things."

"I have heard of you sometimes."

"What have you heard?"

"There was a prince or duke, I forget which."

"He wanted to marry me," lightly.

"And you?"

"It was amusing. Some busybody would always manage to introduce me as the rich Miss Wyckliff; and then the comedy would begin. Perhaps I was spiteful; but I knew that it was only my money."

"Have you ever looked in your mirror?" Williard asked naively.

"I spend a part of the day before it," she confessed.

"But money is not everything. It is quite possible that these men loved you for your own sake."

"Loved for one's own sake," mused the girl. "Yes, that is how I would have it. But how in the world is a rich girl going to tell? I am superstitious. For three or four years I have been carrying this little amulet," she said, holding out for his inspection a silver, thimble-like trinket. "It represents St. Joseph, the patron saint of spinsters. An old French nurse gave it to me, and said that if I offered prayers to St. Joseph I should some day find the man I loved and who loved me. I do not want to be a spinster."

"That is a graceful sentiment."

"Not wanting to be a spinster?"

"Oh, that is not only graceful but commendable," smiling. Then he added gravely: "Have your prayers been answered?"

"Yes."

Silence.

"Well?" he said, with the slightest tremor.

"Only he hasn't said anything yet."

He moved restlessly. It was all so sad. Yet it was best so. Once he knew her to be beyond his reach he could bring to an end his foolish dream.

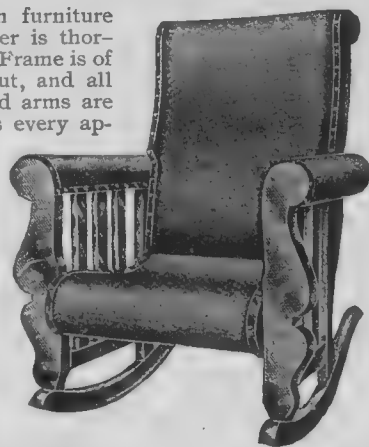
"I wonder how I shall begin to tell you my romance," she resumed. "Society has done so many evil things in the name of formality. It has laid down impossible and inhuman duties, destroying freedom of thought and action. To these rules we must conform or be os-

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tracized. Might a woman tell a man she loves him, John?"

"That depends wholly upon her knowledge that he loves her."

"So if a woman knows that a man loves her she may, in the pursuit of happiness, tell that man?"

"I see no reason why not. To love is natural. Love is stronger than logic, stronger than formality. But this should always be borne in mind: for a woman to propose to a man, the man must be her equal in all things—wealth of mind and wealth of purse."

"Oh, now you are going back to the conventionality of things," she protested. "How I hate conventional mediocrity! I have hated it ever since I came to this horrid city. Don't you sometimes long for the old days, John: the sermons in stones, the good in everything?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Well, I am going back to the old village in the spring. John," softly, "why didn't you answer my letter?"

"The little orbit around which I take my flight could scarce interest you," lamely. "There were princes and dukes in your train, and great fetes, and bewildering cities besides."

"It hurt," she said simply.

"Hurt? Have I hurt you?" the repressed tenderness in his voice shaking him. "Oh, if I had known that you really wanted to hear from me!"

"And why should I not? Were we not boy and girl together? And you always wrote such charming letters, cheerful and hopeful and sunshiny. There never was any worldliness, nor cynicism. I have kept all your letters; and even now I find myself returning to them, as one returns to old friends."

He clasped and unclasped his hands nervously.

* * * *

"Cheerful and hopeful and sunshiny," she went on. "The man I love is like that. He is good and cheerful and brave. Nobody ever hears him complain. But he is poor, John, dreadfully poor; and what makes it so hard, he is dreadfully proud. So I must put my own pride under foot and tell him that he is wrong to spoil two lives, simply because I am rich and he is poor. And if he rejects me I shall throw away this little amulet, and lose faith in everything."

Williard had nothing to say. Rather he saw himself once more in his little hall bedroom, his face buried in packets of old letters.

"Dinner is served!" The butler appeared.

Williard rose.

Somehow her hand slid comfortably into his, and she guided him through the hall. The touch of her hand was ecstasy.

"There was a time when you used to kiss my hand," she said.

With the forgotten gallantry of olden times suddenly returned, he bent his head and kissed the hand in his, to hide his dimming eyes!

They then entered the dining-room. Covers had been laid for six. There was a candle at each plate, but upon four of the plates rested books! The poet looked at the girl; ah, the brave and merry eyes that met his!

"Permit me, Mr. Williard," she said, making a courtesy, "to introduce you to the celebrities. Yonder is Mr. Thackeray, and next to him is Mr. Dickens; on the opposite side are MM. de Balzac and Dumas. Behold Mr. Esmond and Mr. Copperfield, the kindly Cousin Pons and the brave D'Artagnan! Ah, John, I was so afraid that you might invent an excuse that I took this subterfuge. Do you forgive me?"

"I would have come anyway."

"Why?"

"Because."

"That is a woman's answer."

"Well, because I wanted to see you."

"That is better."

What a fine dinner it was! With that tact of which only a woman of the world is capable she drew him out by degrees. He became animated, merry, witty; all the channels of his broadly-educated mind loosed their currents. He was the poet and the man of letters.

* * * *

"But what would you do in my place, John?" she asked finally.

"As to what?"

"As to the man whose poverty keeps him outside my gates; this man I love, whose pride is striving to cheat me out of that which is mine own?"

All the light went out of Williard's eyes. He had forgotten!

"You are sure he loves you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, with a forced smile, "this is the last week of leap-year; why not ask him? Custom allows such action once in four years."

"You are not laughing?"

"No, I am not laughing," truthfully enough.

"John—will you marry me?" Her voice was low, like music in a church. How still everything suddenly grew!

"Will you marry me, John; or will you break my heart with your foolish pride?"

He stared at her dumbly. She balanced the image of St. Joseph in her hand.

"Shall I toss it into the fire?" she asked presently, a weariness stealing into her tones.

He tried to speak, but could not. She made as though to fling the image into the fire, when he leaned across the table and caught her hand.

"I'm a miserable coward," he said, choking.

"So am I, John. I was afraid I might lose you."

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THE CRYSTAL LOCKET.

BY A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.



and stockings depended. Nell had insisted merrily that every one join the children in this good old custom. And all the house party, caught into this Christmas spirit, had eagerly complied.

But now the last feminine footfall had retreated up the polished stair. The men had wandered toward the smoking-room and decanters. Bob Matthews, drawing a chair to the fire, relaxed with a sigh of relief into its comfortable depths. The day had been strenuous. They had skated on the lake until the moon, newly risen, had shone gloriously over thick, black ice and crisp snow. They had coasted, shouted, laughed and chattered. No wonder that tired bodies ached pleasantly.

But more than mere tiredness troubled Bob. After dinner something had happened. Searching for matches, Lord Cheylemore, in pulling the box from his pocket, had let fall to the ground a twist of paper. Bob, nearest, had stooped. Then he started violently. At his feet, burst out of the loosened paper, lay the crystal

heart-shaped locket which all winter had dangled invitingly from the bracelet at Nell Jewel's wrist. There was no mistaking it, Bob knew the thing well.

Without comment he handed the trinket to Cheylemore. The Englishman, plainly embarrassed, flushed and reached eagerly for the paper.

"Oh, I say," he began, stammering. But just then the jingle of sleigh-bells and a rush of cold air and voices announced the arrival of more guests, and the remark was never finished.

The rest of the evening, the dance, the singing of carols, the bringing in of the Yule-log—for Nell was determined to have a true, old-fashioned Christmas—all the jollity of the Christmas eve had left Bob indifferent, pre-occupied. He remembered how Nell and Cheylemore had been much together lately. That very afternoon, skating suddenly around a sharp bend, he had come upon them, talking so earnestly that not until fairly bumped into did they see him. Their start and quick change of topic was obvious. At the time, however, he had not heeded specially, for Christmas-tide was full of secrets. But now—and sitting watching the flickering blue fire creep over the well-seasoned wood, many apparently insignificant threads came back, weaving themselves into a stout cable of conjecture.

That the two were great friends was plain. But — did Nell know what Matthews had actually learned, the fact of Cheylemore's engagement to Suzette Fielding? And if she did not know, ought he, Bob, to tell her? That was the question which distracted the mind of Bob, torn between loyalty to Nell and faithfulness to his



In the library, carefully locked away to guard against peeping childish eyes, stood the tall evergreen tree, decked with glittering, many-colored balls and festoons of white popcorn and red cranberries. The great, dark, paneled hall was vivid with shining wreaths and crimson berries, and from the wide, generous fireplace, where glowing logs burned with cheery warmth, a row of socks

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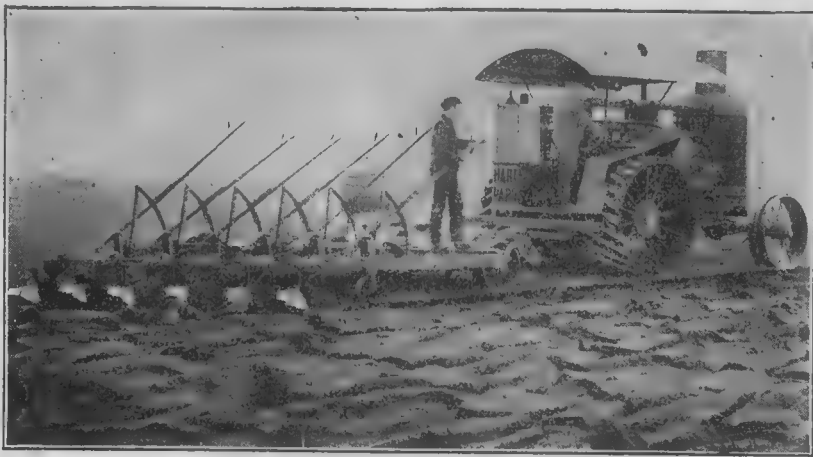
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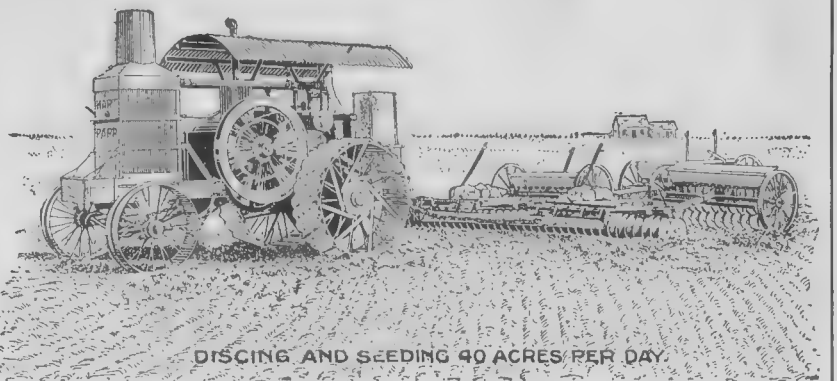
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DISCING AND SEEDING 40 ACRES PER DAY

word. Just a few days ago Suzette's brother, dropping in at Bob's office, had incidentally mentioned Cheylemore, then definitely asked Bob's opinion.

In response to Bob's not unnatural surmise Feilding had hesitated, then admitted that the guess was right, only that no acknowledged engagement was to be allowed until something more definite was known about a rumor of debts.

"You see, with a girl as rich as Suzette, one's got to be awfully careful," said young Feilding, gravely. "Personally, I think him a mighty good sort, though. I am glad you agree. But you won't tell any one just yet, will you?"

And Bob had promised.

But how about Nell? And in what way had the crystal-heart locket come into Cheylemore's possession? Was Nell also growing to care for this man? That to the tall, blithe-spirited Englishman the gods had given the blessed gift of making friends Bob frankly owned. Even little Margie, Bob's particular pet, at tea-time had slipped to Cheylemore's side and perched upon his knee, whispered long and earnestly into the ear below the thick blond hair, while Cheylemore had smiled and nodded. But at the summons for bed she had not forgotten to fling herself upon Bob with loving, half-strangling arms. And with smiling eyes he had watched the little figure, its short, white skirts stiffly extended below the wide, pink sash, bestow a similar hug upon Nell before nurse whisked the small fry off. Nell, dear, sweet Nell!

There was a clicking of small heels on the broad, straight stairs, a soft swishing of skirts. He looked up and saw her standing in front of him, her arms full of tiny holly-decked parcels, her clear eyes agleam with fun.

"I'm Santa Claus," announced the girl, gayly. "Want to help?"

Bob felt a sudden strength welling up within him. There was nothing selfish in his love. Had he judged the other man worthy, without a murmur could he have accepted the girl's choice, And

of the aching, smarting pain that followed no one should ever have known. But to lose her thus, to feel that she was being tricked, befooled! A steady light came into the honest eyes; his mouth tightened. If Cheylemore really were such a cad Nell must know, and he must tell her. She would be hurt, angry. His interference would seem the uttermost impertinence. But he must endure that. Instinctively he straightened himself.

"Nell," he began, "Nell," The girl, her quick perception caught by something odd in his voice, paused, her hand on the first stocking. "I want you to listen to me a moment," he went on, doggedly; "there is something you ought to know —"

"Yes, Bob," said the girl, softly. Her eyes were very bright, her cheeks a deep red; unconsciously she clasped tighter her armful of gifts. "Yes, Bob."

Bob was not looking at her. His eyes were on the ground.

"I—I can't hope that you will ever forgive me," he muttered. "And, of course, it's none of my business—"

"Forgive you," breathed the girl. There was a half-puzzled, half-wounded look in the sweet face.

"It's about Cheylemore," said Bob, abruptly. "He—he's engaged," gathering a certain defiant courage. There it was out. She would never forgive him. And he had broken his word.

The girl, her breath rather quickened, her little head very high, looked at him.

"Certainly," she said quietly. "It is to be announced in a few days. He was telling me that this afternoon. Of course I have known about the affair all along from Suzette. I've helped both all I could. Suzette's coming out tomorrow for luncheon. But how did you hear?"

"Oh, I—I got it from Feilding the other day," stammered Bob, confusedly. She had known, then. He might have guessed as much. What an ass, what an egregious ass he had been!

"Oh, so you were the man," murmured Miss Jewell, an indefinable smile crossing her lips. "Lord Cheylemore

told me that Mr. Feilding admitted his judgment had been modified by a chat with some one whose opinion he valued. They will be grateful." Her enigmatic smile deepened. "If that's all I will say good-night," she added lightly.

But Bob, emboldened, he knew not why, sprang forward.

"No; it's not all," he burst out, impetuously. "I know I'm a fool. But I love you Nell; I love you! Can't you —won't you care for me—just a bit?" —entreatingly. "If you knew how I had suffered when I saw your crystal heart in Cheylemore's pocket!"

"My crystal heart?" repeated the girl in amazement. "Why, what can you mean? 'I was looking for that locket before dinner, but couldn't find it; it fell off the bracelet. Do you mean to say—'"

The sound of an opening door interrupted them. Lord Cheylemore was coming from the smoking-room. At sight of the two by the fireplace he halted.

"Good heavens, Matthews! are you never going to bed?" he demanded with a whimsical despair. "Here I've been watching your sock for hours and cannot find an opportunity."

"An opportunity?" repeated Bob, stupidly.

Cheylemore's eyes twinkled.

"I am intrusted by a young lady with a package to put in your stocking," he complained. "It's a fearful responsibility, I thought you had caught me once. And you won't go away and let me get rid of the thing. But it's Christmas morning now, anyhow"—with a glance towards the stately old clock just booming out the hour. "So my accountability should be ended"—slipping the package into the sock as he spoke. "Good-night, you two—Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!" responded the girl, absently. Bob, intent on the sock, was pulling out a folded bit of paper with something hard inside.

"Why, it's from Margie," cried the girl with a sudden tingling intuition. "She was playing in my room this afternoon and asked if she might have something to put in your stocking. I

was busy and just said yes, without bothering to look. Why, Bob"—as the paper finally opened, revealing what was hidden within—"why, Bob, dear!"—her voice breaking on something between a sob and a laugh—"Oh, you thought—you believed—"

"I thought you had given your heart to Cheylemore," said Bob, slowly. "I thought—"

"But I hadn't," cried the girl with a tender eagerness. "Oh, you silly Bob! Don't you see, both were yours, all the time—though you didn't know."

"Both," echoed Bob. "Both?" Then as slowly her meaning penetrated to his dazed intelligence, "Nell," he gasped. "Oh, Nell! Are you saying—is it true—that your real, wonderful, glorious heart is mine?"

For there in his palm, "with Margie's dear love," lay the crystal locket.



"He looked up and saw her standing in front of him, her arms full of tiny holly-decked parcels, her clear eyes agleam with fun."

Holiday joys and activities of the little ones, who devoutly believe in good old Santa Claus.



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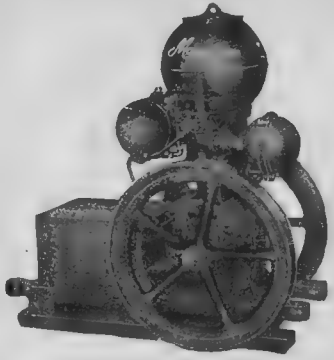
A newspaper doll, the poor child's only Christmas gift.



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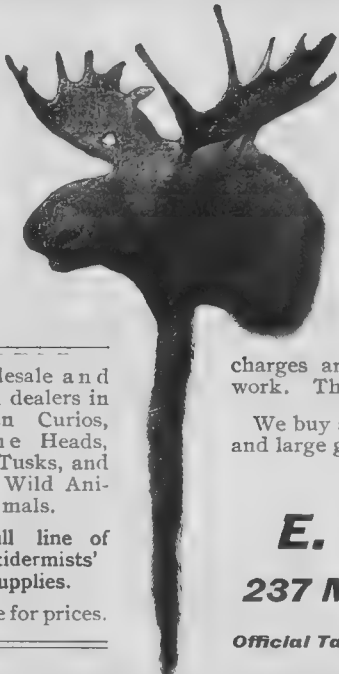
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With the approach of the holiday season the daily receipt of letters to this department shows a substantial increase. It is obvious that during the winter months our readers in the country, having more time at their disposal, find letter writing a pleasant pastime. We are pleased to be of service to our readers and to exchange all letters addressed to us with a request that such letter or letters be forwarded on to a third party designated by you. If you desire to form the acquaintance of any lady writer writing in the correspondence columns of this magazine, address the Western Home Monthly, enclosing in a sealed envelope with stamp attached, letter intended for such writer as you may designate and we will forward it through the mail to the party you so intend it for. When writing us, please give full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Sabbath on the Homestead in the Great North-West.

A Sabbath that's spent
In a shack or a tent
On the homestead with badger and
gopher,
Isn't kept like the kind
That ennoble the mind
And calls out the best it can offer.

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And strength for the toils of the mor-
row;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoever be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."
"One of the Boys."

The Rancher's Lament.

If ye give me now a hearing, it's a story I will tell
Of a Tipperary Irishman, who in the West did dwell.
He says, "I'd like to marry. Do ye think it wud be wise?"
"Oh, yes!" says I, "Take chances now and go and advertise."
"Here's the latest periodical; select and write today.
Or perhaps the one that suited you might go some other way."
"Well, that one in Nova Scotia—fair hair and eyes of blue,
I think them eyes wud suit me, for they say they're alwu's true."

So he wrote her and he told her, just in words so plain said he,
"There's no beatin' round the subject, will ye come and live wud me?
The descriphshn ye have given makes me heart just leap for joy;
If ye cud but hear me say it, ye're the apple of me eye."

Lo! a telegram came straightly: "I'll be there on Monday's train;
Have the parson and all ready and we no more shall be twain."
But behold his consternation, when he went to go to bed,
She had false hair, false teeth, and a wooden leg.



"Waiting for a Catch."

It is not thought worth while
To put on your best smile,
To wash up, or dress up, or brush up,
But in rags and in dirt,
With a pant and a shirt,
All your best aspirations you hush up.

Too lazy you seem
To mope or to dream,
But you say silly things to each other;
To think or to read
You can never proceed.
For that would be far too much bother.

Sometimes when not lazy
You're said to be crazy
To shoot, bake or cobble on Sunday,
To buy at the store,
Or to sell, or to chore,
Or to post all your letters for Monday.

A few without fail
Put their team on the trail
On a trip to the woods or the station,
To make use on the way
Of the good Sabbath Day,
And they think of their scheme with elation.

No time can they give
To the right way to live,
To the service of God or of neighbor;
So the rest that remains
Is no part of their gains
When they get the reward for their labor.

A few spend the day
In the Saviour's own way,
Doing good and not evil to others,
Which may save someone's life
Or end someone's strife,
Wishing all men on earth to be brothers.

Boys, dear—girls, dear—stop Your ad-
vertising,
For marriage is a thing, my boys, that
needs a little sizing.
She had false hair, false teeth and a
wooden leg;
There's no disputing of it, for she hung
it on the peg.

He says he'll never live wud her, not
even on a bet,
So he started off a running, and I guess
he's running yet.
In my ears his voice it lingers, bring-
ing teardrops to my eyes,
"Tell the boys to go and see the girls
and never advertise."

Don't let any one impress on you blue
eyes are always true,
For one of them was glass she had,
she didn't have the two.
As she put it in the jewelry case, Oh,
Lord, behold the stare.
And when she turned to look for him,
I guess he wasn't there.

"E. J. C."

A Letter from a Christian Young Man.

Alberta, Oct. 17, 1908.
Editor.—It is with great interest that I have looked for each monthly issue of your paper. I think it is one of the best home papers in Canada for all the inmates of a home. The stories are of a pleasing nature and the pages that the World, Philosopher and Temperance take up are well worth the subscription price, to say nothing about the pages of interesting correspondence from young people all over the fair Dominion of

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ours, and also the old land and our cousins over the line.

There is one thing that pleased me in the August number of the W. H. M. and that was the number of Christian young ladies who have come forward in response to a letter like that of "Bank Clerk's." I had noticed that they had satisfied themselves before by saying that correspondents must be abstainers. I think it would be a good thing for the bachelors of the West to have letters coming to them from Christian young ladies. They might spend their spare money in postage stamps instead of tobacco and liquor.

I think that "Sister Clara" struck the right key when she said that a sister could make a brother just about what she chose. I would go farther and say that if the young ladies wrote to the W. H. M. and all young ladies would stand up for what is upright, clean and noble, the young man would have to come up to the standard because we cannot get along without the presence and influence of lady friends.

Regarding "Flymo's" letter, I think if he wanted to become notorious he struck the right key in his letter and I think if he ever gets a young lady on merits of that kind, he will have a very uncomfortable home in a few years. As to his warning I think, along with "Peggy McCarthy," that no girl would ever regret living alone rather than live with a so-called man, who makes his home a pig pen to satisfy an evil appetite.

As to "Canary Cyclone's" defence of alcohol in case of sickness, I hope he will note the remarks on page 54 of the August W. H. M.; perhaps he might change his notions. I am glad that medical men are coming to the front on this matter.

Well, this is a long letter but I hope it is not too long to be seen in print. I would like to see more letters from girls like "Old Favorite," "Housekeeper," and "Prairie Lily," along with those I have mentioned.

As to myself, I am a Christian young man, 23 years old, 5 feet 6½ inches in height, and weigh about 125 pounds, and am willing to use all the talents that God has given me in His service.

I would be glad to correspond with any young ladies or gentlemen along these lines for mutual improvement. I will answer all letters promptly. My address will be with the editor.

"The Preacher."

No One to Love.

Manitou, Oct. 27, 1908.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your paper but a constant reader, as it comes to the house. I wish you to print this letter in your paper if you can find room.

I wish to correspond with some nice looking gentleman of about 35 to 45, as I am 33 myself and a widow with three boys, from 12 years to 4 months. I am not so bad looking, seeing I have rather a winning looking face and eyes. I weigh 175 pounds and am about 5 feet 10 inches tall, and would make a loving wife for a kind hearted gentleman, but will not put up with anyone who drinks. I don't mind a man to take a drink at a time without making a fool of himself altogether with it.

"Irish Lass."

A Bluenose Who Cannot Cook.

Nova Scotia, Oct. 20, 1908.

Editor.—May I join your correspondence column? I take great pleasure in reading the letters that are printed and I think that one can get a good deal of information of other parts in this way. Some of the letters are so funny. I wonder if the "bachelors of eighteen" were ever boys? I certainly enjoyed "Kallikrate's" letter. There was a good deal of sense in it. I think it is a wife's duty to help her husband with his work when he is in a hurry. I am sure I would rather milk a cow than wash dishes.

So many of you girls are good cooks. I wish I was. I have been trying to learn for the last three months and I make awful mistakes. I guess it will be for my husband's benefit to know how to cook.

It seems to be the custom to describe one's self, and as I like to be in fashion, I will follow suit. I am eighteen years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height, weigh 128 pounds and have dark hair and eyes. My favorite pet is a cat and I am so sorry, for that is a sure sign I will be an old maid, isn't it?

Well, I must close and make room for someone else. Would like correspondents of either sex and will try and answer all letters promptly. Wishing the W. H. M. every success, I remain,

"Blue Nose."

Yellow Grass, Sask., Oct. 23, 1908.

Yellow Grass, Sask., Oct. 23, 1908.
Editor.—I have been taking great pleasure reading the W. H. M. I find the letters very interesting. I think I will try and write one, too, and see if mine will interest any other reader. This is my first so I do not know what success I will have.

I live on a farm on the prairie but can see what they call the Hills. I love horses and can drive quiet ones. I can do nearly any kind of cooking, but I think I would rather sew than any-

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thing else. I like farm life and have
always lived on a farm.

I see it is the custom of every one
writing to describe themselves so I will
follow the rule. I am 19 years old; 5
feet 10 inches tall, auburn hair and
grey eyes; weigh about 130 pounds I
think. Like most folks, have a temper
of my own but I like to do all the good
I can for every one.

"Lonely Harry," do not be in such a
hurry. No benefit made by that kind
of speed. I do not know how well
young folks get acquainted through the
W. H. M. because I have had no experi-
ence yet, but I would like to try, at any
rate, as I think it is a real nice way.

I would be pleased to hear from any
one by letters or post card views.
Hoping to see my letter in print at an
early date as it is my first.

"June Rose"

Eastern Men Not Marrying Kind.

Montreal, Oct. 21, 1908.

Editor.—I think your magazine is just
simply splendid. I have shown it to
quite a number of girls in this section
and they all thought it was fine, espe-
cially the correspondence columns. My
sister-in-law sends it to me every
month.

I wonder if you would be kind enough
to print this letter for me in your cor-
respondence columns. I would like to
get married and have a home of my
own, but the boys around here are not
the marrying kind and they do not seem
to be as good and handsome as the
western lads. I never knew there were
so many perfect fellows in the world.

I am tall and dark, and can cook and
do housework as well as the next one;
and last, but not least, have a very
cheerful disposition. Now, boys, how
does that suit you? I am 20 years old.

Hurry up and write some of you, if
"just for fun."

Is "Lad," of the June number, a boy
or a girl? Where did he, she or it learn
all that good advice? Surely not from
experience. I wish poor "Lonesome
Ned" would write to "Joyful Jane."

Would Correspond with W. H. M. Girls.

St. Remi, Que., Oct. 20, 1908.

Editor.—I am a new subscriber to
your very interesting magazine and am
especially taken up with your corre-
spondence columns. I would like very
much to correspond with some of your
girls, especially "Two Sisters," in your
June issue.

I must describe myself as I see it is
the general rule. I am 20 years of age,
5 feet 8 inches tall, weight 145 pounds,
have dark brown hair and brown eyes,
and not too bad looking, don't use to-
bacco or liquors, am at present going
to college. If any of the other girls
would write I will answer their letters
with pleasure; you can get my address
with the editor. Wishing your paper
every success.

"Favorite."

Family Furnished Without Extra Cost.

Edinburgh, Scotland, Oct. 24, 1908.

Editor.—Through the kindness of an
old friend I get your interesting paper
sent to me and I pass it around to a
few here. We are all highly amused at
the correspondence club. It must entail
a great deal of extra work on your
staff. I don't suppose there is a paper
in Scotland that would undertake the
same, at any price.

To business now. I see some of your
male correspondents are grumbling this
month at the youthfulness of the ladies
who mostly reply. Well, is it not to the
very young that it appeals most. Life
is all before them, the sunny side of it

yet uppermost. Romantic ideals, boys,
love and courtship (even by mail) take
a prominent place. Can you blame
them for being natural? To most of
them it means nothing more than a
good joke. But we older women, mar-
ried or single, who have looked on the
more serious side of life, fighting its
daily battle, grappling with the reality
of making a living and keeping the
bairns in comfort. It's just that wom-
en of 30 and "widows with kids," as
"Lonely" styles it, have no time or
thought of replying to what mostly
reads frivolity. There may be a few in
Canada. Certainly, I have never had
the slightest inclination to reply even
had I been nearer at hand, though I
have always had a wish to go to Can-
ada. However, if "Lonely" or any of
his kind wish to open a correspondence
I shall be interested in hearing of the
country and work done by them and
shall reply.

I am a widow of four years' standing,
30 years of age, two "kids" 9 and 14.
Tall, dark brown hair, grey eyes.
Taken altogether, I'm not exactly ugly.
Capable manager and worker. Can't
play the piano nor have I had much
practice in dancing, but guarantee to
make and keep a happy, comfortable
home and put my hand to most things.
Not a farmer's daughter, but belong to
a country district. Can adapt myself
to any surroundings, cheery and always
look on the bright side of things.

"Scotch Thistle."

A Chance for Big Bill.

Ontario, Oct. 28, 1908.

Editor.—I have been reading your in-
teresting paper for some time and think
the letters rather amusing so I would
like to join your circle.

I live in a small town on the lake
shore. I am 23 years of age, am rather



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Anyone suffering with this disease, or anyone having a friend or relative so afflicted, can write me, giving me a complete description of the case and I will be glad to instruct them, free of charge, how to obtain relief. Write to-day to Dr. Fred E. Grant, Dept. 131 B., Kansas City, Mo.

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small, only weighing 106 pounds, am dark and have brown hair.

I would like to correspond with "Big Bill" (as I am all sweet on his name) if he will kindly write first.

"Marguerite."

Get Busy, "Lonesome But Hopeful."

Ontario, Oct. 20, 1908.

Editor.—I am very much interested in your correspondence column and think it is the best part of the paper.

I lived in town for a few years, but then moved out on a farm. I am now living in town to complete my education.

I think "Lonesome but Hopeful" must be very lonesome by his nom-de-plume.

I am 18 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches tall, rather slender, weigh 116 pounds, have brown hair and blue eyes. I would like to correspond with "Lonesome but Hopeful" if he would write first. Thanking you in advance, as I am living in hopes of seeing my letter in the paper some time soon.

"Blue Bell."

Westward Ho! Takes W. H. M. to Task.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 18, 1908.

Editor.—I suppose it is hardly reasonable to expect you to put all the letters you receive in print, but I must confess to a feeling of disappointment at not seeing any of the three I already wrote you published in the W. H. M.

More especially is this the case when I see letters published from those who are not subscribers, but merely readers of this magazine. I do not think this is fair, Mr. Editor. Is it, now? Might I make a suggestion that only the most interesting letters be published in full and the others given in condensed form or extracts taken from them. By this means your readers will get the cream of the letters sent and more of the writers get an acknowledgement, however small, that their letters have been received.

Most of your correspondents write with the avowed intention of seeking a life partner. I am another who is tired of running in single harness and take this means of trying to find someone to take pity on my loneliness. I am not perfection, nor am I looking for a paragon, but one who is an ordinary mortal like myself.

So many of your correspondents rejoice in such pen names as Wild Charlie, Wild Bill and the like, but I consider myself a tamer specimen of the genus bachelor, being of a quiet disposition and fond of home. I have a good home and farm, owning a ½ section about 3 miles from a growing town, so I would like to hear from girls brought up on a farm. Ones that are fond of music and affectionate; ones that can share my joys and yet are not afraid to face the sorrows when they come—for come to all they must some time in this life. Probably this may make you think that I am an old miser, but such is not the case, for I can look on the bright side of things and enjoy life as well as the next. "Brickyard Blonde," who writes in the May number, seems to think that most bachelors are looking for hired girls, not companions. No good girl will shirk feeding hens, etc., when the occasion arises, but no man, worthy the name, will expect her to do it all the time. And as far as I have seen, the men who have helped to build up the great West are not of the type who expect their wives to slave.

I am 23 years of age and a Protestant. I will gladly furnish farther information to those who think it worth while to write to

"Westward Ho!"

Bank Clerk Will Now Be Happy.

South Zorra, Ont., Oct. 20, 1908.

Editor.—While visiting at the home of my aunt I picked up the May copy of the W. H. M. and was very much pleased with it. You certainly have every opportunity of making a great many people either happy or miserable through your correspondence column, and I sincerely hope the former will be the case. I was very much interested in "Bank Clerk's" letter, being a city girl myself, and answered it. Will you kindly forward it to "Bank Clerk," British Columbia, and oblige.

"Rusty."

A Letter from Wales.

Cefn-Y-Griolen, Llanellidan, Ruthin, North Wales, Eng., Oct. 26, 1908.

Editor.—I see the W. H. M. from a friend and I may say that I enjoy reading it immensely. I have been particularly attracted by "Piker's" letter of April and I should be greatly obliged if you would be good enough to forward him the enclosed letter.

Well, I'm sure you will be surprised to hear from a Welsh girl. It has always been my desire to have some far off friend to correspond with and now I have pulled myself together to write, hoping to hear from lots of boys and girls. I think it would be interesting for Welsh and Canadians to write to one another. I should have such lots of things to tell about Welsh customs and ways of living.

I am a farmer's daughter, just 18 years of age, tall, dark and of a very cheerful disposition. I am sending you my full address. Wishing you all success.

"Bonnie Welsh Lass."

Mac on the Warpath.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 30, 1908.

Editor.—I am a bachelor, 30 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, weigh 160 pounds, strong and athletic, (gold medalist for athletics), Protestant, well educated, Canadian, and own a half section of land near main line of G. T. R. and town. I am worth at least \$7,000.

I would be pleased to hear from any true girl between 16 and 30 years of age. My ideal is a brunette, strong and vigorous, about 5 feet 7 inches tall, with black or brown eyes, cultured, musical and of good character. She may be rich or poor so far as finances are concerned, but she must be trustful and kind. I am in a position this year to give the right girl a good home and would try to make her future life successful, pleasant and honorable. This is the first year in my life that I have been in a position to get married, so come along, girls, as the right girl will be very welcome indeed. Would "Vangy," Vancouver, March, issue, please write.

"Mac."

The Merry Widows.

Strathcona, Oct. 20, 1908.

Editor.—My friend and I have been reading with great pleasure the correspondence column of the W. H. M. so thought we would try our luck by writing a letter together.

I suppose as all the girls who write describe themselves we had better do the same. My friend is short and slight, with dark hair and large brown eyes, she plays the violin well and sings a little. I myself am short, too, and have fair hair and dark blue eyes, and play the piano. We liked "T. B. Longfellow's" and "Dimple's" letters very much. We would like to correspond with them. Wishing your paper every success, we remain,

"The Merry Widows."

Dandelion Is a Crank.

Edmonton, Alta., Oct. 9, 1908.

Editor.—Have been an amused and interested reader of the W. H. M. for some months, especially the correspondence columns. I enjoy the descriptions the correspondents give of themselves. I have been in this Western country a little over a year and like it very much. I am a milliner by trade, but have milked cows, set hens, etc. I am 24 years old, dark complexioned, weigh 100 pounds (mighty, just the same). I am so homely the dogs bark at me and the clock thinks of refusing to tick when I enter the house. I can boil potatoes, make doughnuts and scrub the floor. I haven't a very exalted opinion of maiden ladies and hope it won't be my sad fate to be one, although I already pity my future hubby as I am an inveterate crank. He must be fair, a little taller than myself, good natured and industrious. I certainly would balk at the very thought of feeding pigs. I fed some once and they threw the meal all over me. I liked "Dimple's" letter. It sounded sensible to me. She doesn't pretend to have wings sprouted. There is a bachelor writing here at the same time. I feel certain his letter will be published, but I guess mine will fall a victim of the waste paper basket, so au revoir.

"Dandelion."

Polly Won't Marry Till She's 40.

Armstrong, B. C., Oct. 12, 1908.

Editor.—Ever since I have taken your paper I have been interested in the correspondence column so have concluded to write. I live in the Okanagan Valley. I dare say a great many of the readers have heard of it because it is so far famed. I notice all the writers describe themselves. It is rather amusing to read the descriptions some give; they certainly have a good opinion of themselves. I am 5 feet 4 inches tall, dark and, of course, handsome. Who wouldn't say that of themselves even if they were ugly as hedge fences? I am not a city girl though, but a farmer, and am not ashamed of it either. Seldom milk, but I have picked fruit and tried to chop wood, not mentioning how far I succeeded in that. I am not on the matrimonial list for I consider myself too young for I am only 18; when I am 30 or 40 I shall then apply, but I shall gladly answer any letters through the editor, for my address is with him. Wishing the club every success,

"Handsome Polly."

From a Winnipeg Girl.

Winnipeg, Oct. 22, 1908.

Editor.—I am a subscriber of your valuable paper and take great interest in reading it, especially the correspondence column. Seeing so many letters from young girls I thought I would try my hand at it. As everybody gives a description of themselves I suppose I had better do the same. So here goes. I have dark brown hair and blue eyes, fair complexion, am 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 135 pounds. As for looks, well, I will pass in a crowd. I have seen seventeen summers and about the same number of winters. I would like to correspond with "A Healthy Lemon," and I will write to him if he will write first as I'm kind of shy. I would also like very much to hear from "Rail Fence." If anybody else cares to write to me my address is with the editor. Thanking you for the space, I remain,

"Barb."

Shorty Isn't Good Looking.

Winnipeg, Oct. 23, 1908.

Editor.—Being an interested reader of your valuable magazine I thought I would pluck up courage to write to your correspondence column. As nearly all the girls describe themselves, I guess I'll do the same. I am short, have dark hair, blue eyes, weigh 117 pounds and am somewhere between 17 and 20 years of age. I can't say I'm good looking, but would pass in a crowd with a good push. I would like to correspond with "Rail Fence," of your September issue, if he will write first. If any others care to write they will find my address with the editor. Wishing your paper every success.

"Shorty."

Wants to Write Just for Fun.

Ontario, Oct. 23, 1908.

Editor.—I spend many pleasant hours reading your very interesting paper, particularly the correspondence column, and am writing a few lines which I hope will not find their way to the waste paper basket. A particular friend of mine is a subscriber (I intend to be one some day) and we have great fun over some of the letters. Some of your writers apparently do not object to airing their views on the marriage question.

I am a stenographer in an Ontario city and often wonder if the Western boys are as nice as those of the East. I skate and dance a little; most of you Western boys do that too, don't you? I would like very much to receive a letter from any nice boy who would care to write, but no old bachelor for mine, remember, because I am not yet very ancient. Just for fun, boys. I liked "Happy Lad's" letter, also "Silver Tips" and "A Healthy Lemon's"; in fact, I like most of them, except the dry ones. Wishing your paper the continued success which it deserves.

"Ruby R."

Married Lady Wants Correspondents.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Oct. 22, 1908.

Editor.—I read with interest your correspondence column. I feel sorry for "Happy Lad," and although I am a "young married lady," perhaps if he wishes to take the trouble to write to me I can tell him something about the West as I have lived here for several years. He states that anyone who wishes to write will receive an answer so I trust my labor will not be in vain. Kindly forward enclosed letter.

"Laurice."

A Sensible Letter.

Kamloops, B. C., Oct. 6, 1908.

Editor.—I look forward to getting your valuable paper every month and have been an interested reader of the letters from correspondents, and thought that a letter from this part might dodge the waste paper basket. It seems to me that the Western bachelor has an awful lot of Eastern sympathy given him on condition that he abstain from tobacco and liquor. (By the way, I do not use either). But I have lots of friends that smoke and even make use of an occasional cuss word that seem to get along splendidly in the marriage state. I do not think that a man has any business asking his wife to feed pigs or calves or carry water, etc. The woman has enough to do in the house, where she should be supreme, not having to do as the husband says, but be the inside boss as it were; the man boss outside. It's pretty hard to find any angelic men in this part of the world. If there are any, the wings have not sprouted on them yet. I would like to correspond with some young ladies for pastime, brunettes preferred, about 20 to 25 years of age. I am 28 years of age, and fair complexioned. Trusting that the request part will skip the waste paper basket at least, I remain, yours truly,

"Alaska."

Please Do Not Write Any More to "Rosemary."

My Dear Western Friends.—During the last two months it has been my pleasure to become acquainted with a great number of Western boys—their habits and life—through correspondence. I have received in the neighborhood of fifty letters—noble, manly letters from brave, true men which I cannot commend too highly, and having some conscientious scruples, refrained from answering all as I could not possibly do justice to all of you, but preferred to answer through the W. H. M. if the editor will allow me space.

Man was not made to live alone, and my advice—I speak only to the boys who wrote to "Rosemary"—well, my advice is this, in the winter when you are not so busy come east, get acquainted with some good substantial girl possessing the true qualities of a woman and take her home with you. Before I close I must say, boys, you have hearts of oak, the best is none too good for you, and so long as I live I shall covet for you happiness, peace and prosperity.

"Rosemary."

Diamond is not Matrimonially Inclined.

Ontario, Oct. 31, 1908.

Editor.—I have perused the correspondence columns of the Western

Home Monthly for several months. I am not a subscriber, but my sister is and I take advantage of reading the magazine and wish it every success.

I imagine the West is a great place, but think it would be a sort of tumble-down place where there are so many bachelors.

Well, I guess I will describe myself like the rest, so you will have some idea what kind of jay I am. I am the baby girl in our home, am 5 feet 9 inches tall, and have jet black hair and brown eyes. As for my look, nobody ever told me I wasn't good-looking and if I was not they would tell me. I live on a farm and can drive a horse as well as a cow.

Well, I must tell you I am not writing matrimonially (as I am too young yet), but just write for fun. I don't think I could humor a boy if I did try, for I have no brothers so do not know their whims. Well, will close, hoping to see this in a future issue.

"Diamond."

Sow Finds the West Lonely.

Alberta, Sept. 24, 1908.

Editor.—Having read with interest the letters from the young people on this page, I beg permission to be allowed to become one of the number, not with regard to matrimony, but to pass away the time, as I would like to get a few correspondents.

I came from Ontario five years ago and as life on the Western prairies is rather lonely at times I don't blame the bachelors for writing. In fact, I think it quite fascinating to write to some one you have never seen. But I think they should become acquainted before thinking of marriage. I have met a great many of the bachelors and I think they are all right. I know they must have many lonely hours to put in, besides having to come into a cold house and get their meals ready. Most of those I know are good cooks, and I enjoy reading their experiences. In regard to myself, I am 5 feet 4 inches in height, light brown hair and blue eyes, weight 136. I am fond of letter writing and if any of the lonely bachelors, or girls, either, care to write to me, my address will be with the editor. Would like to hear from "Common Batch" and "No Angel," who wrote in the July issue. Hoping I have not taken up too much space, I will sign myself

"Sow."

A Letter From a Swedish-American.

Saskatchewan, Sept. 20, 1908.

Editor.—As I am a subscriber to your valuable paper I just made up my mind to write a few lines, which I hope to see in the correspondence column. I wrote one last spring but it must have reached the waste paper basket, as I never saw it in print.

I am one of those lonely bachelors and would like to get acquainted with some of the lady writers. I am strictly temperate and do not use any profane language. Do not take any interest in dancing, but otherwise I enjoy a good time as well as anybody.

As this is leap year I don't think it would be out of the way for the ladies to write first. Now for the description. Am Swedish American, 31 years, 6 feet tall, 180 pounds and fairly good looking. Will answer all letters and exchange photos. No flirts need write. Will sign myself

"Buffalo Bill."

Horsamite Wants to Get Married.

Editor.—I am a new but interested reader of your magazine and enjoy reading the correspondence column and would like to join in. I have a married sister and two brothers in the North West and I would like to get settled near them. For the benefit of any young bachelor who may feel inclined to correspond with me, I will try to give a description of myself. I am 26 years of age, not very tall, slight, with auburn hair and dark eyes, good natured and considered fairly good looking. Am a good cook and would like to live on a farm. I would like to correspond with a farmer about my own age, fairly tall, dark and slight, and a Christian, as I would not marry a man who did not respect the Sabbath. Would prefer a teetotaler but would not mind him having his pipe. If any young man would like to write to me, my address is with the editor. Will answer all sensible letters.

"Horsamite."

Eastern Lassie Has Her Say.

Ontario, Oct. 20, 1908.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to the W. H. M., but an interested reader, especially of the correspondence columns, I thought I would like to join the jolly circle of correspondents.

I am not like some of the writers that care to enter on the matrimonial subject as I think it is rather a peculiar method to look up a partner for life, and think I have lots of time yet. I will not ask for space to give a full description of myself, as cooking matters and such like, but will just say I am 18 years old, 5 feet 6½ inches in height and weigh 133 pounds. I guess that is sufficient.

Would like to hear from "Marjorie," and if "A Healthy Lemon" would like to hear from the East, my address will

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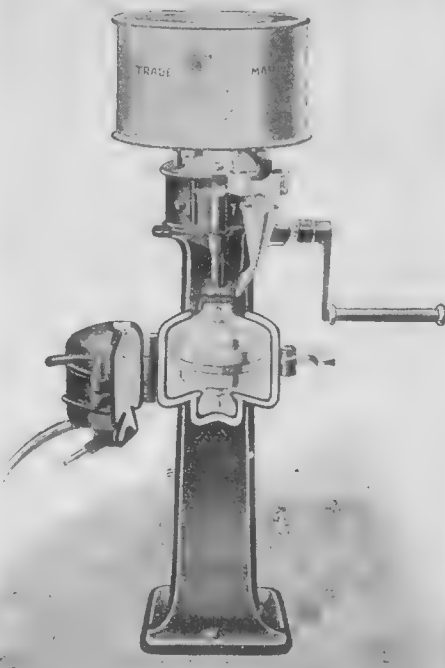
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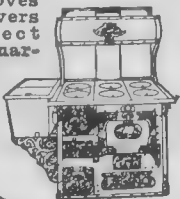
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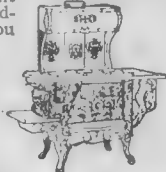
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The WINGOLD STOVE CO. Ltd., 245 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg

be with the editor. Please forward enclosed card to "Yankee Doodle Girl," in August number.
"An Eastern Lassie."

Happy Hayseed on the Warpath.

Ontario, Oct. 21, 1908.
Editor.—Like another of your friends, an unknown party sends me regularly your valuable paper. Especially do I enjoy the correspondence columns. I wonder if the girls really mean business this year. If so, here is the chance of a lifetime. I won't tell my age, but those who guess "Skiddoo" won't be far out. I'm neither blonde nor brunette, but, honestly, I haven't red hair. I wouldn't marry a girl for her money but I don't see why it would not be as easy to love one with money as without. Now, girls, do you? I don't care whether girls are big or little, pretty or otherwise, so long as they are ladies and know how to laugh.

I never used liquor or tobacco in any form. Now doesn't that sound good? And it's true, honor bright. I am fond of good company, music and games. I would like some one to play duets with me, for I have a fine piano and play fairly well myself. I am better educated than the average farmer, having taught school for a few years, but now I own an up-to-date farm in one of the most prosperous parts of Ontario. My wife would never be asked to feed pigs but she would be expected to feed the hens and gather eggs during harvest time. Now waste no time, but write.
"Happy Hayseed."

More Partners Wanted Here.

Bawlf, Alta., Oct. 19, 1908.
Editor.—We are both subscribers to the W. H. M. and are reading it with great interest, especially the correspondence columns. Seeing so many are writing, some just for pastime, while others are writing for "partners," we would like to join the circle too, if the editor will kindly publish this letter.

As we do not like to intrude too much on your valuable space, we will be as brief as possible. It seems to be a general rule to give one's description but we would rather defer that until we get letters from some of you young ladies, and then we shall be pleased to describe ourselves to those who wish it. However, we can say this much that we are no "city duds," neither have we dollars by the thousands, but we are farmers and have homes of our own, and big, generous hearts.

Now, ladies, this is leap year, and we hope to hear from some of you and we shall be pleased to answer. Letters addressed to either of us will reach us through the editor. Hoping to see this in print we will close, wishing your paper every success.

"American Boy" and "Canadian Boy."

A Scottie Has His Say.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 25, 1908.
Editor.—As I have been a reader of your very interesting paper for the space of many months, "A still small voice" whispered to me, "Go, sit down and pen a letter and see what replies it may bring forth!" Personally speaking, as regards the correspondence column, I can't find anything original to say. I am sure all along we have been treated to some very nice letters from both sides. Now, so as not to take up too much of your valuable space, Mr. Editor, and as it seems to be the custom to give one's description, I hasten to do so.

Scotchman, having visited many lands, lately arrived in this part of the world, at present sojourning in beautiful British Columbia, but may in the near future seek a warmer climate, desires to correspond with nice looking young lady or young, genuine widow; not looking for great accomplishments or high attainments, not even looking for money, simply a girl who would fain be writ. "As one who is nice looking and loves her fellowman" Age 34, 5 feet 6 inches tall, dark hair, well built, strong muscles, good horseman, fine musician, play flute and piccolo, also oboe, fond of all kinds of reading. Protestant, very lonely. Will some other of the "ships that pass in the night respond with sympathetic hail?"
"Scotchman."

Wants to Exchange Post Cards.

Kamloops, B. C., Oct. 17, 1908.
Editor.—Some time ago I sent a letter to the W. H. M. Enclosed in it was a letter to "Cigarette." Not having an answer from her and not seeing my letter in print, I have come to the conclusion that they have gone astray.

Like most of the others, I will give a description of myself. I am 25 years old, but look no more than 20, 140 pounds in weight, brown eyes, light brown curly hair. I have done pretty well everything in the occupation line. At present farming on my own hook. Am a total abstainer, smoke a little but it has no hold on me, as I often leave it alone for weeks at a stretch.

If any young lady from sweet sixteen up to 26 would care to correspond, I will answer all letters faithfully. I would also like to exchange post cards with any of the readers. Hoping I have not taken too much space I will sign with the name I was called when I was cowpunching, after my favorite dance,
"Two Step."

"Rustler" Thinks He's O. K.

Ontario, Alta., Oct. 9, 1908.
Editor.—Although I have not been a subscriber to your magazine I have been a reader for some time. The correspondence column has interested me very much; I consider it both useful and interesting, as I am in need of a wife and am able to give her a good home, being in business here and successful. I would like to get into correspondence with a refined young lady from 25 to 32 years of age, must have dark eyes and hair, and slightly inclined to plumpness, with a happy disposition and not more than 5 feet 5 inches tall; no others need write.
I am an old bachelor, 35 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, and weigh 175 pounds, of a happy disposition, fond of study and deep literature, also music. I am not a drinker, neither do I use tobacco. If any of the ladies wish to write, they will find my address with the editor.

"Rustler."

A Stenographer Aims Her Views.

Ontario, Sept. 7, 1908.
Editor.—Am a stenographer in the office of a large manufacturing firm in my native town. During spare moments today I have been reading your magazine, the W. H. M., and am specially interested in the Correspondence department. Some of the letters are very bright and original and I should like to correspond with some of the writers, not with a view to matrimony, but because of a desire to know more of the West from those who live there.

"Single Daisy of the West" writes a very interesting letter and if permissible I should like to correspond with her for a time to learn somewhat of her life in the West which I think must be very interesting. I feel sure I myself should love the West and I truly intend to go there some day. I have an uncle living in Alberta but the information received from him is not a bit satisfactory.

The letter which I like best of all in this (Sept.) issue is the one written by "Challenge," which is a very sensible and bright letter. As it is a most difficult matter for me to refuse a challenge, I enclose a short letter to him which I trust you will kindly forward to him.

I am in my twentieth year and have no intention of marrying for a number of years, so there will be no danger for him in my writing, which, as he suggests, is "just for fun," a saying which oftentimes is an excuse for foolish actions.

I shall not give any description of myself as a better idea may be formed through imagination. I do not believe in people describing themselves, as the description should be true, and if so cannot be at all complimentary.

So often when reading the most interesting books I have pictured for myself the hero or heroine and later been very much disappointed by the illustrations given, which always prove contrary to my ideas.

With best wishes for the success of your magazine and hopes that you will not print even the name of the town I hail from, I remain, yours very truly,
"Star of the East."

Doesn't Want to Marry.

Yellow Grass, Sask., Sept. 14, 1908.
Editor.—As I am a subscriber and interested in your correspondence columns, I decided to write a few lines.

I am very fond of receiving letters and would enjoy hearing from some lonely young bachelor, about his adventures in the woolly North West. I am very fond of all out door sports, especially horseback riding. I am considered not too bad looking, and can play the piano and dance. My father tells me I am a very good cook and neat housekeeper. I am not on the marrying list at present. I don't consider the color of my hair and eyes of any consequence to a possible correspondent.

I would be pleased to receive a letter from "Jolly Quaker," Cloverville, Alta., or "Gloomy Gus," High Hill, Alta., of August number. If either of these young men happen to be a Yankee, don't be afraid to own your colors. With best wishes for the success of the magazine, I am,
"Blue Bell."

Prefers Post Cards to Husbands.

Brantford, Ont., Oct. 24, 1908.
Editor.—Having read the W. H. M. for some time and taking great interest in the correspondence column, I thought I might send a few lines letting you know my appreciation for your paper and to let the correspondents know there is another lassie somewhere.

As for myself I am a farmer's daughter, 5 feet 5 inches in height and weigh 132 pounds, have brown hair, pretty blue eyes, fair complexion and inclined to be good looking, at least I think so. Am good natured, like milking cows, but not feeding pigs too often, yet I do it occasionally. I am gathering souvenir post cards and will return any sent to me but am not writing with matrimonial intentions.

Please send enclosed card to "Marguerite," of September number. Wishing the paper every success, I will sign myself,
"Sweeter than all the rest."

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Christmas With Us in the Tenements.



IT WAS Christmas week. I was coming from Broadway through Canal Street on my way to my headquarters, where, since my removal from downtown, I go weekly to meet my old neighbors. In my pocket were twenty-five bright, new pennies, veritable gold pieces, and in the near distance I could already discern several yelling opportunities for spending my beautiful coins. Just then I passed a stationery store which had recently been visited by fire. Piled up in the window were a heap of Christmas cards, more or less damaged by fire and water, but still radiant with that particular art which is supposed to please the trade of this locality. An impulse prompted me to make a purchase. I knew some kids to whom one of these cards would be the entire tangible evidence of a visit of Santa Claus.

The damaged works of art had been "Marked down, regardless of cost," and formerly five and ten cents, they were now sold for a cent apiece.

Having provided myself with twenty-five damaged but "just as good as new" cards, I continued on my way. Sharp eyes spied me, and the concerted rush of that mob of diminutive humanity almost knocked me off my feet. There were twenty in this crowd of homely, dirty-faced kids, enough for my experiment. In one hand twenty new pennies, in the other twenty miniature works of art, I gave them their choice.

Of course, they all made eyes at both offerings, pennies and cards, but eventually of my pictured pink snowstorms and pea-green winter landscapes only two were left, while eighteen shining pennies were left jingling in my hand—and consider the fact that to a child of that class a penny means unlimited wealth in the shape of lozenge apples, all-day suckers and other such delicacies.

I proceeded and had almost reached the next block when I heard myself called: "Mister Kil!"

A beneficiary of my bounty was hurrying after me. About seven years old, dirt charitably hid most of her features, but not enough to hide the whole parental legacy.

"Want t'wish Merry Christmas," she stammered, almost swallowing the card in her embarrassment. And just for a moment there was something in those eyes and the drooping mouth that made one forget all the tragedy and ugliness and see just the child, the little unloved lass. I lifted her up and kissed her right smartly—and I don't know who blushed the most!

The following is another Christmas incident of the other extreme, old age.

* * *

I know two dear ladies: one the widow of a recently-deceased well-known poet and literary man; the other the widow of a laborer, who, during his life, never earned more than two dollars a day. They are both invalids. While they have never met in person I have made them acquainted, for one, the one of downtown, is my sweetheart, and when one is in love everything babbles, the brook and the mouth, and—but you know, don't you?

With her son and daughter-in-law, my sweetheart lives on the top floor of a six-story tenement-house. The son is the support of the family, earning from ten to twelve dollars a week. That is not much for three, and one an invalid; not having left her chair in many years.

I first learned of the case through the son, whom I knew slightly. One day he asked my advice in the matter. The mother's spinal trouble was incurable. I suggested her removal to an institution. The son did not like my suggestion.

"We don't want to send her away," he said, in a way which made me understand.

I understood still better when I called. The old lady was the blessing of the household. From her chair at the window she could see just about twenty feet of God's sky, a factory building shutting off the rest of the view. Still, with only that small bit of evidence of Nature's presence, she was as sunny as the day is long. She always smiled, and the blue eyes, which twinkled from beneath the snow-white hair, made you wish for her fortitude.

We have known one another for several years, but I have yet to hear her murmur against fate. The very embodiment of saintly love, she is an inspiration to others. The "blues" come to most of us, but when they visit me I hie myself to my snow-haired sweetheart and bask in the sunshine of her presence.

The wisdom of many years dropped from her lips and I frequently found myself quoting her in talks with others. In this way the other lady heard of my sweetheart and besought me for a year to let me help, too. I do not care for outside interference in what I have chosen as my work, but the appeal was so sincere that, at last, it was arranged for one lady to be host—by proxy—to the other on Christmas Day.

You never had a Christmas like ours on that top floor. Among the presents were pillows for the chair; a canary bird for company and flowers for the hanging garden on the window-sill. Do you know what it means to have flowers in pots, growing flowers, in a tenement in December? We all feasted. The fragrant odors coming from the daughter-in-law's cooking made all the neighbors sniff the air with envy.

After the feast we gathered round her chair and just listened. Every little while a neighbor would tiptoe into the room and join the circle to hear of the Christmas Day in the old country before the snow of years had fallen on the chestnut tresses. They were not romantic tales, their delivery was not in rhetorical style, but the purity and simplicity which rang in them were as sweet as the stars in their radiance, twinkling through the casement at my sweetheart and seemingly whispering: "A merry Christmas to you, you dear old soul!"

* * *

It is fine to have it evidenced on Christmas Day that we have so many whole-souled men, who can still remember their own boyhood and prove it by playing host to many of the little, hustling fellows, who, with their papers, are often the most important supporters of their families. There are many lavish entertainments at which hundreds of the boys are fed, but I like particu-

IMPORTANT SALE OF GREAT LEADING PIANOS

IN every grade of piano there is a recognized leading make—a make which, by its time-tried excellence, has won a commanding position in the musical world. Such an instrument is the Morris. The Winnipeg Branch has orders to clear out 150 pianos before the end of December, and in consequence is making reductions which give actual Piano Bargains never before known in the history of Winnipeg.

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The pianos are offered at a heavy reduction to effect immediate clearance. Call early.

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Insist on having **Shamrock**
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SHAMROCK Plug is always just right.

larly one which is conducted in a small-
er, more unassuming way.

Once one of my pals, selling papers
with me along Park Row, this host is
now a famous sculptor, known as well
in Europe as in this country. I have a
standing commission from him to in-
vite twenty kids, the tougher the better,
to his dinner. He is genial, as all true
and great men are, but his house and
its appointments impress the boys with
his standing and solidity. Still that
does not make them too bashful to do
justice to the feast. They simply de-
clare that "he's all to the good."

The dinner is served quite early and
is followed with music by the hostess.
Before the leavetaking comes the mo-
ment which always leaves its memory
with the boys. In the studio there is a
niche, covered by a curtain which is
never drawn aside for ordinary visitors.
When the boys are grouped before it
the sculptor speaks a few words which

go right home, because he is no orator
and only has the tangible evidence of
his achievements to tell his story.
Sometimes, unconsciously, he falls into
the jargon of old, and the eyes around
him flash with "He's one of us all
right."

Then the curtain is drawn aside and,
on a pedestal, tinted by cleverly ar-
ranged lights, the statue of a bare-
footed newsboy, with paper in his hand,
confronts the gaping boys. At the base
of the statute is inscribed: "My ances-
tor."

And I tell you those things stick to
a boy's mind, and I am sure that more
than one leaves with the firm resolve
to get there, too, some day.

The spirit of Christmas is so potent
that even the most hardened cannot
escape it. I hope the following incident
will not offend you by its directness. It
happened long ago, in the bitter years,

and I must confess that I was one of
the actors in it. At greater length I
have related it elsewhere.

Six of us, toughs and loafers, were
sitting in Lynch's. Not a word had
been uttered for a long time. We were
thinking: some of the homes they had
lost, some of how different their lives
would have been if a home had
ever been theirs. We knew naught of
sociology and did not blame civilization
for our condition, the same civilization
which permitted me to live in an en-
lightened city until my twenty-eighth
year without knowing my ABC's.

Six great, big fellows, stronger than
the average, but with not one day of
honest toil to their joint credit. And
such conditions are tolerated by civil-
ization!

Hickey O'Donnell woke us from our
reveries by jumping to his feet.

"I can't stand it fellows! I been
thinking o' the old lady and the feed
she used to put up on Christmas, and
I'll be hanged if I do without my turkey
this trip. I'm going to get a piece o'
money somewhere."

The door slammed behind him and
we went back to our brooding to be
interrupted by Nick, the Italian boot-
black, who came to look after the stove
before going home. Idly watching him
I noticed that he was dressed up.
"Dressed-up" does not mean here great
sartorial effort, but merely that his
hands were remarkably clean and his
hair was neatly parted.

"Going to celebrate tonight?" I in-
quired, but received only a dark look
in return.

"Merry Christmas, Nick" called
Lynch, when the Italian was about to
leave. "And don't forget, I got a nice
turkey on the ice for you for tomor-
row."

The Italian stopped at the door and
looked back at us with a sneer.

"Boss, me no want da turk," he cried.
"Me got plenty of ev'ryt'ing." Then he
turned to our group. "Say, you want
Merry Christmas, eh? Fina time, eh?"

We knew that the Italians were not
niggardly with refreshments at their
celebrations and did not have to be
coaxed to follow Nick to his two-room
apartment. We were keenly disappoint-
ed after the climb of four flights of
stairs. The rooms, dimly lighted
with one candle, were bitterly cold. Be-
fore the fireless range sat the wife, ab-
solutely motionless. About to resent
this practical joke we were addressed
by Nick.

"Dees Merry Christmas, eh? You
wait; dees fina Christmas!"

He rushed to the range and uncov-
ered a soap-box standing upon it. In
a flash we understood; besides we
hadn't seen the kid playing about.

"Look! Look! Fina Christmas," he
gesticulated, as if he had suddenly gone
mad.

How it happened we didn't know,
but our hats came off with one accord
and we filed past that box. To me it
seemed a blessing in disguise. The
girl had always been ailing, yellowish

and sickly, and Nick had never earned
enough for the proper care of her. But
it was his kid, not mine, and, to him,
no doubt, it was a little angel come to
earth.

"That's fina Christmas, eh. Plenty
da fun? What you care? Dees only
one dago babe, good for notting, but"—
and he clasped his arms around that
boy, drawing it close to his breast—
"deese mina baby, mia bombina, povre,
povre bombina," and his tears flowed
freely into the makeshift casket.

With a sob his wife toppled from
the chair. We bestirred ourselves and
helped her up, while one was dispatch-
ed for restoratives. The messenger had
scarcely left the room before we heard
Hickey on the stairs.

"What's the matter with you fellows?
I ain't going to climb to no dago joint
on Christmas Eve. Come on; I got the
stuff."

Our messenger met him and told
him about the situation. He came into
the room.

"When you going to burry it?" he
asked Nick, after surveying the scene.

"What?" cried Nick in sheer mad-
ness. "No burry dago baby. Good for
notting! Throw out into da street,
you no care—"

"Don't talk like a phonograph,"
growled Hickey, and pulling a handful
of money from his pocket. He separ-
ated the bills from the coins and turned
again to the Italian. "There's thirty-
six dollars. That ought to put the kid
under ground decently."

The Italian, staring at the bills,
seemed to lose his reason.

"You craze, Hick? you giva da mon
for da bombina? You—" he wanted
to kiss Hickey's hand.

"Cut that out," said Hickey, pulling
his hand away. "Come on, fellows."

There were no explanations till we
were back in Lynch's.

"Well," began Hickey, when we were
seated around the stove, "there's no
turkey after all, this trip. Beef stew
will have to be good enough for us.
But, by Heaven, I'll have my turkey
next Christmas or I'll know the reason
why."

He was a true prophet. Just then
McCullough and Hartwell, ward detec-
tives, jumped in with drawn revolvers.
That did not stun us. We were six
and prepared for such emergencies. But
Hickey wouldn't have it.

"We want you, Hickey," said Mc-
Cullough.

"Don't you do anything foolish,"
Hickey whispered to us before leaving
with the detectives. "I told you I'd
have turkey next Christmas."

Prisoners always have turkey on that
holiday.

As closing incident let me relate to
you, as it was told me, the story of a
Christmas dinner, which was not ac-
companied by suffering, but by keen
disappointment that could have been
turned into great pleasure.

I found Ed. Doorman at the corner

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can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper
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Curling stones sharpened at \$4.00 per pair.

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of his block, staring despondently before him.

"What's the matter, Ed?" I asked. "You're looking as if you didn't have a friend on earth—and on Christmas Day!"

He told me his little story.

"You know the strike made us lose a good many months this year, and it was November, after being idle two months, and owing everybody, before I got a job again and before we thought we'd be all right for a long time to come."

"The minute I got the job the old lady and the two kids got making plans for Christmas. It had been our hard luck for me to be out o' work for the last two Christmases and there had been no celebrating. This time was to be all different. The old lady was to have a new skirt; Jack was to get a pair o' skates, and the little one, my Nora, was promised an outside coat. And then we were to have turkey with all the trimmings."

Doorman paused and looked vacantly over my shoulder at the dark river.

"Three weeks ago, just as we had our debts paid," he resumed, "I was laid off again and—there was them Christmas expectations. Say, Kil, honest, I wasn't thinking so much o' myself but—the kids and the old lady—well, it fairly broke my heart."

I did not doubt that, for I know that even these have hearts.

"Even last night, when the little one, my Nora, was saying her prayers before going to bed, she was asking Him for her 'fluffy' coat, and—and I—oh, you don't understand!"

I waited patiently.

"To make a long story short I managed to raise a quarter and the old lady was going to do the best she could. Jack never said a word about his skates, and the little one, my Nora, she was quiet, too, but her eyes bothered me."

"The old lady can cook, and it smelled so fine that I didn't know till it was

all over that we'd been feasting on ten cents' worth o' scrap meat and five cents' worth o' potatoes and onions. We were at the table and none of us looking at the other, when a lady with a basket came in. She looked at the table, sniffed the smell o' the wife's cooking and says: 'I'm so glad to see you so well provided for,' and goes out again. She was only a minute, but we seen the turkey and plum pudding and oranges. I don't care but was worried about the kids. But Jack says: 'I never liked turkey; do you, Nora?' and the little one, my Nora, she gulps and says: 'But plum pudding is nice ain't it?' And I says: 'We'll have some next Christmas, no matter how I get it.'"

"But why didn't you speak to the lady?" I asked.

"Then she would have thought we were charity 'workers.' If she'd said 'Merry Christmas,' then we could have said something, but she was satisfied to see us eating. Anyway, charity is hard. But, honest, I'd given a year o' my life for a bit o' that plum pudding for my Nora."

"What became of that basket of good things?"

"There's a couple o' 'workers' living right upstairs; they got it. They got about four more baskets, and what they couldn't eat they sold to the neighbors."

I do not know if the above illustration will help you to see more clearly from my viewpoint. My plea is for more individual work and for the recognition of the fact that my people need more than feeding on Christmas Day. The last incident quoted brought it home to me that the spiritual should not be separated from the material. Had the good lady with the basket first been a friend and then a charitable missionary, little Nora would have had her plum pudding and the father's heart would have been lighter. Poverty makes us sensitive.

The Correct Christmas Gift

this year is a subscription to a standard magazine. If you wish to remember some friends or relatives in the best way, you will send them a subscription to the **Western Home Monthly**, and thus obtain a valuable gift for yourself. Our plan is this: send us the names and addresses of two of your friends to whom you wish to give the **Western Home Monthly**, send also one dollar. We will then present to you, free of charge, a year's subscription for yourself, and send to your two friends, in time to reach them on Christmas morning, attractive presentation cards, showing that you are the giver of their subscriptions.

We will begin your friends' subscriptions with the Christmas number which will reach them before Christmas. If you are not now a subscriber, we will enter your name for the first time; if your subscription does not expire for some time, we will see that you get a full year in advance. That is our gift to you.

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Decide this matter now and get it out of the way before the holiday rush. Write to-day, stating plainly your own name and address, whether you are now a subscriber or not, and the names and addresses of your two friends, to Christmas Gift Department, **Western Home Monthly**, Winnipeg, Canada.

Hurrah! Merry Xmas!

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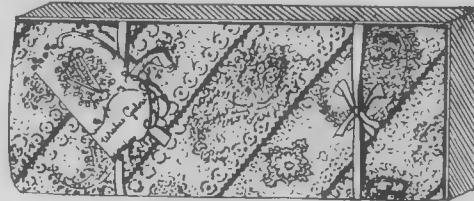
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Christmas with the Larkins.

By Etta Marshall Stauffer.

A keen biting wind was blowing outside of the house. It banged the shutters, whirled the snow hither and thither and whistled through every crevice. There was a moon but it only threw a haze of light across the wall of snow.

"It's a bitter cold night out, Huldy," John Larkin said, his voice thick because he had not removed his pipe from his mouth. He stirred the embers on the hearth, and then threw on more fagots until light and heat filled the room.

The placid-faced wife, whom he had called Huldy, looked up and said: "But it is comfortable in here."

"Oh, it doesn't take much to make you comfortable," he said, half growlingly.

"That is because I do not expect much," rejoined she.

"Your expectations may be few but your wants are many."

"We often want things we do not need," she said, with a soft smile.

"Oh, I allow that there's a difference between our needs and our wants. A very shabby Christmas is the outlook for us; why, I am not even able to buy a turkey."

"A turkey doesn't constitute a Christmas, John."

"But it's the heavy end of the dinner."

"We can have doughnuts. I'll manage to make them heavy enough." She laughed so sweetly that he could not help laughing himself.

"There isn't much for us to be thankful about," he complainingly continued.

"We lost our cow—"

"But Farmer Jones gave us another."

"The potato bin is empty."

"But the woodshed is full," continued his wife.

"And the wood is all nicely cut," added John Jr., a bright-faced boy of twelve.

"Yes, thanks to your hardy muscles," commended the father. "You deserve woolen mittens, or a cloth cap, or a muffler, or all of them. Christmas is almost here, and I am not able to buy any of them for you."

"O, I guess I can manage to get along," replied the lad.

"I knew you'd say that, you are like your mother in that respect. But I am none the less disappointed in not being able to make the coming Christmas as pleasant as many of the others were."

"I've been willing enough to earn money, but the times have been hard, and I did not make them so. Now, I know that Annie here had her heart set on having a silk muffler and—"

"You don't know, father," interrupted Annie.

"Well, I reckoned you had," qualified he.

"Then you're off your reckoning, daddy, dear. We stunted ourselves all last summer and fall to meet the interest on the mortgage. We did it willingly and I do not think that it is fair to grumble about it now."

"That's so," assented John Larkin.

"Old Green cannot bother us about the interest much short of another year."

Annie, the daughter, was sewing beside the table, the light from the lamp and hearth falling upon a fresh, fair face, ruddy with health. She was 14 years of age, sturdy, compact and sensible.

Just then there was a pounding at the door.

John Larkin opened it. Gusts of snow-wet wind entered the room, followed by a young man who, though apparently warmly clad, was shivering with cold. He limped to the fire, an expression of pain crossing his face. He wiped the ice from his brown mustache, shook the snow from his felt hat, and took a deliberate survey of the room and its occupants.

"My mare fell with me out there in the road," he said in a clear, pleasing tone. "She's about used up, and if you can shelter her for a while until she gets rested I'll take care to pay you well."

"I'll put her in the stable," John Larkin replied as he drew on his shabby overcoat and went out.

"Please be seated, sir," said Mrs. Larkin.

The young man took a chair partly facing Annie, in whom he seemed to have taken a sudden interest. She looked up and their eyes met.

"I wrenched my ankle quite badly," he announced.

"If it is swelling you had better take off your shoe," suggested Mrs. Larkin. "Annie, get a basin of hot water."

Annie got the water and placed it on the hearth, then she resumed her sewing. There was a pleased expression on her face for he had accorded her a very grateful "Thank you."

Presently John Larkin returned. "You'll not be able to resume your journey tonight," he said, "nor tomorrow, sir. Your mare is badly broken up."

"I shouldn't wonder. That is the reason she fell with me."

"You must have ridden her hard?"

"I did, sir. There was no help for it. Have you a horse?"

"I have not."

"Can I borrow one nearby?"

"I am afraid not."

"That's too bad," the stranger cried, impatiently, regretfully. "I must get to Barnesville tonight. Either I or this letter."

Barnesville was a village seven miles distant on a rough, crooked and, just then, snow-bound road.

"It must be an important letter," observed John Larkin. Receiving no reply, he added. "You are welcome to stay here all night."

"You are very kind and I appreciate the invitation."

"Perhaps the message can be delivered tomorrow," suggested John Larkin.

"Tomorrow will be too late," replied the young man. He paused a moment and then added: "I suppose you know that young Lawrence is to be hanged tomorrow. The governor has signed his release, the real murderer having confessed his crime. The snow has blocked the trains and I was to go to Barnesville and telegraph to the sheriff from there, but how am I to get there with my horse not fit to ride, and my ankle to injured to walk. I'd give \$100 if the message could be sent tonight."

Annie Larkin put away her sewing and came forward. Young though she was, she was brave, and equal to an emergency.

"I'll take the message to Barnesville," she said.

The stranger looked at her in surprise. He noticed the resolute expression about her lips.

"What do you mean, child?" her father sternly asked. "The road is blocked. You'd be found dead."

"I need not go by the road," she said.

"Why, how then? You haven't got wings."

"Well, now maybe I have," she demurely said, with a smile of self-confidence. "The river is frozen, and the snow has drifted off it instead of on it."

She took a pair of skates from a cupboard.

"Oh, I understand," the young man said, with an illuminated face. "But it is seven miles there and seven miles back, fourteen miles in all—"

"Only ten miles in all by way of the river," she quietly said. "I can accomplish it with ease."

"But there is more or less danger, and—"

"You cannot make me nervous," she said with a little laugh.

"When ready to start she was comically bundled up, but her fresh face looked all the prettier."

Receiving the message and what instructions he had to give, she started for the river bank.

"She's got plenty of grit," was the young man's hearty comment.

"And she'll get there and safe home again," added John Larkin. "Now, if you'd like to go to bed—"

"I believe I will," replied the stranger. "I'm as jaded as the mare."

He bade Mrs. Larkin good night and followed her husband up stairs to a plain but comfortable room.

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* * * * *

When he limped down to breakfast in the morning he found Annie at the table, looking fresh as a rose.

"You left the message at the telegraph office?" he asked.

"I did, sir."

"Was it sent?"

"I saw it sent. The sheriff may be reading it to the prisoner now. I hope that he is."

"I hope so, too. Thank you. You are a girl with nerve. Did you meet with any adventures."

"Yes," she replied, laughing. "I skated into an airhole."

"Was it deep?"

"I suspect so. I know I didn't touch bottom. Fortunately the edge of the ice was strong, and I clambered out again. It was on my return, and when near home, for which I felt thankful."

Before breakfast was over the family knew the visitor's name, his residence, his profession and his prospects. His name was Stuart Foster. He spent three days at the cottage, by which time his injured foot and the stranded mare had recovered sufficiently to permit him to return home.

* * * * *

There was a railroad station that was much nearer to the cottage than the telegraph station. The day before Christmas the station master drove up to the cottage and delivered a large box and a number of parcels.

"Where are they from?" asked John Larkin.

"I can't say, sir. I only know that

they are for you. They were left by the train. Let me see—tomorrow is Christmas, isn't it?" the station master asked with a significant shrug. "I should judge that you and your family have been remembered right handsomely."

The boxes were unpacked and the presents taken out. Among them was a new overcoat for John Larkin; a number of yards of woolen dress goods for Mrs. Larkin; an elegant sewing machine for Annie, and gloves, stockings and a scarf for her brother.

"Mr. Foster sent them," Annie said, with shining eyes. "He asked me if I'd like to have a sewing machine and I said yes."

"If he didn't pay you a hundred dollars, he has sent more than an equivalent," remarked Mrs. Larkin, in a glad, tremulous voice. "We thought we wouldn't have much of a Christmas, but now we are going to have the best one of all."

"A regular 'snorter,'" Master Larkin said, with much more force than elegance.

"This coat fits me fine," John Larkin said, as he tried it on. "Mr. Foster's got a good eye for measurements."

"It's a wonder he didn't send a note," commented Annie.

Just then John Larkin happened to thrust his fingers into one of the pockets of the coat.

"Here is the note," he cried, with a broad grin, as he pulled out a crisp twenty-dollar bill. "We'll have the fattest turkey that can be bought in the township with all the fixin's thrown in."—Middle West Advocate.

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I can see the morning breaking
On the fair eternal shore,
I can hear the angels' voices
Singing in the heavenly choir;
For the day of God is dawning
And earth's troubles soon shall cease,
When the Saviour reigns in glory,
Crowned with joy and love and peace!

See from every land and nation,
From the north and east and west,
Trooping onwards, ever pressing
To the land of perfect rest;
From the south, and from the islands,
Ever in one glorious band,
Come the blessed of the Father,
Come the saved from every land.

And the sinful, and the weary,
And the many now who mourn,
Soon shall find their troubles ended,
Soon shall see the morning dawn;
For the signs of its appearing
Gather strength from day to day,
And already, coming nearer,
Shines the brightness of its ray.

Listen to the songs of triumph,
Listen to the hymns of praise,
From the earth's remotest boundaries,
Which the countless thousands raise:
Hallelujahs to the Father!
How the vaults of heaven ring!
Hallelujah to our Saviour!
Hallelujah, Christ is King!

Winnipeg.

Chas. D. Powell.

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Christmas in Colonial Times.



THE Christmas turkey at Mount Vernon was a wild bird, and merely a game dish, when Mrs. Washington, in the early days before the Revolution — her husband was then only an eminent citizen of Virginia — rolled up her sleeves and stood to carve it.

In those days it was considered a matter of course that a lady should know how to carve, though (as was the case with the mistress of Mount Vernon) she might not spell correctly. The accomplishment, like the making of jams and cider, was appropriate for a housewife.

Christmas at Mount Vernon in those times was an exceedingly jolly and festive occasion. Washington was the richest man in Virginia, and the equipments of his household were in many respects more luxurious than could be found in the houses of his well-to-do neighbors. For example, the guests at this Christmas dinner were provided with silver forks — a rare luxury at that period, when gentlemen customarily ate with their knives, because it was out of the question to lift pease and other such edibles to the mouth with the three-tined steel forks commonly in use.

It is a shock to learn that the Father of His Country ate with his knife, yet such is undeniably the fact. That sage historian, Peter Parley, tells a story (probably apocryphal) of an occasion when somebody tried to kill the immortal George by putting poison on his pease. Shoving his knife beneath a few of them, and raising them to his lips, he looked across the table at his enemy, and said, "Shall I eat of these?" Still holding the knife suspended, he again transfixed the man with his gaze, and repeated the question. So overcome was the would-be poisoner by Washington's seeming prescience that he fled from the table, and the perilous pease remained uneaten.

At that Epoch, in Virginia, the men who waited on the table in most of the country houses wore plantation garb. At Mount Vernon, however, the household servitors were attired in a handsome and even striking livery of scarlet, white, and gold, and the butler was a dream of gorgeousness. One man for each two guests was the minimum allowance. Not only were there viands to be supplied, but a constant succession of bottles containing wines of choice vintages for the consumption of the male guests.

Ladies in those days drank next to nothing at all. To take more than a sip of wine, for either maid or matron, would have been regarded as the height of impropriety. But for the men — all through this Christmas dinner the bottles were kept going around. Mr. Bryan Fairfax, of Alexandria, would say to Mr. G. W. Lewis, across the table, "George, a glass of wine with you!" "With pleasure, Cousin Bryan!" the latter would reply, as he bowed and drank. Then Mr. Fairfax would go through the same performance with every man at the table — and so it went throughout the repast.

The eatables served at the dinner were nearly all of them products of the Mount Vernon estate. From a gastronomic point of view, no region in the world was richer than that section of old Virginia. There were canvasback ducks to be shot on the river in front of the house; partridges and venison were plentiful, and the proprietor of the mansion raised his own beef, pork, and mutton. The only vegetables were sweet potatoes, white potatoes, and beans.

From a latter-day standpoint the repast was conducted in a peculiar fashion. All the dishes, including three kinds of meat and several of game, were put on the table at once.

While Mrs. Washington carved the turkey, the gentlemen who happened to be opposite the mutton, the venison, etc., were expected to lend expert assistance in the dissection of these comestibles. The puddings were eaten before the withdrawal of the cloth, the removal of which left bare a shiny expanse of mahogany, upon which the fruit, nuts, and decanters were set forth in festive array.

When the cloth had been withdrawn, the host would lift his glass, filled with choice Madeira, and drink the health of his guests. Five minutes of general conversation would follow, perhaps, and then Mrs. Washington would rise, giving the signal for the departure of the ladies. Everybody would get up; the ladies would make an elaborate curtsy to the gentlemen, and the latter would bow profoundly in response. With the retirement of the women the real drinking would begin, and might be kept up almost indefinitely, though, for his part, Washington never went beyond a second glass of wine, and it was his usual custom to leave the table within a few minutes after his wife had gone.

Toasts, in those days, were never drunk until after the ladies had left the table, and no beauty's health was ever pledged in this fashion while she was present. But when the men found themselves alone, it was the proper thing for a young gentleman to get upon his feet — which, it is to be hoped, were still steady — and to say, "I give you Betty Lomax, the most beautiful girl in Westmoreland County!" Or perhaps it might be Susan Lee, of Rappahannock. Such a toast was customarily drunk standing — with all the honors, as phrase was.

Indeed, Christmas was a great day of festivity in the Virginia of that epoch. Breakfast was at eight or nine o'clock, unless it had been decided to go a-hunting in the morning — in which case the meal was eaten by candle-light. If there was a fox-hunt — a sport of which Washington was very fond — the host wore a brilliant red waistcoat trimmed with gold-lace, and the ladies who rode were beautiful in scarlet habits. On such occasions Mrs. Washington would go out in her "chariot and four," keeping as close to the hunt as the roads would permit. Not until 1785 were the Mount Vernon kennels abolished and the dogs sold.

Those were the days when meals were ample, but were not multiplied. Eating, when undertaken, was no mere frivolity, but serious business. This Christmas dinner was at 3.30 p.m.; there had been no lunch, and there was no supper to come. After dinner there were games — blind man's buff, hunt the slipper, and the like — with much romping and more or less kissing. A sprig of mistletoe was hung up in a convenient place, and if a girl happened to be kissed under it by a young man she did not faint or call for help. In fact, it might be suspected that she did not seriously object.

Never, and nowhere, in this world were there more capable and more expert makers of love than the young men of Washington's day in old Virginia. Nobody ever saw jollier fellows than they were. If they loved fiercely, they showed their sincerity by marrying early; and, when one of them was so unfortunate as to lose his wife, he would invariably marry again. Marriage was considered just about the most important duty of life, and the love affairs of the gentle folks were freely confided even to the servants. Black Tom knew that Mars' James was "going after" Miss Sallie Lee, and would talk the matter over with his young master. And it was the same way with the girls.

So it may easily be imagined that on a festive occasion such as this Christmas celebration a good deal of incidental love-making, some of it serious enough, was accomplished. But the Master of the Revels, though he himself had been sufficiently ardent in his youth, was in later life no eager sympathizer with such follies.

Though Mr. Washington took no part in the romps that followed the dinner, he heartily enjoyed the fun. Occasionally he relished a game of cards, and probably on this Christmas evening he indulged in some such amusement, in company with the older people, while the young folks scampered and romped. He played for money, but the stakes were small.

There were two young people at Mount Vernon in those days—the son and daughter of Mrs. Washington by her first husband. It is easy to imagine the part they took in the romps on Christmas day. John and Martha their names were, but everybody knew them as Jacky and Patsy. Patsy died in 1773, when just budding into womanhood, while her brother married young, and had four children, two of whom, George and Nellie Custis, were adopted by Mr. Washington. To George he left the famous Arlington Estate, opposite the city of Washington, which afterwards fell by inheritance to the wife of General Robert E. Lee.

On Christmas there was a dance, to which all the neighbors for many miles around were, as a matter of course, invited. The party began before 8 p.m., and was over by ten o'clock. Young ladies' beauty in those times was not spoiled by late hours. For music there was a single fiddle, played by an old slave on the place—a white haired negro who kept the time and helped on the tune by pounding on the floor with his big foot.

All the young ladies wore low-necked dresses, making a brave display of pretty shoulders, and the men were in knee-breeches and silk stockings. Mrs. Washington's gown, cut V-shaped and filled in with ruching, was of French silk; but the clothing she ordinarily wore was of domestic manufacture, being woven at Mount Vernon, where no fewer than sixteen negro women were kept constantly at work in what was called the "spinning-house." This industrial annex of the establishment remains to this day, and visitors to Mount Vernon are taken by the guides to see the very room in which the spinning-wheels were operated.

Of course, there was high festival not only for the master and his guests, but also for "my people," as Washington was accustomed to call the negroes on his estate. He would

never have thought of speaking of them as slaves. There were at that period about 100 negroes on the place, and at the Yuletide season they enjoyed exceptional privileges. Good things for their consumption were distributed with no niggard hand by the mistress of the house, a treat much appreciated being a drink known as "methigler," composed of fermented honey, spices, and water. Another beverage brewed by Mrs. Washington was a sort of peach brandy sweetened with honey.

Those were days when a capable housewife was supposed to be able to compound a variety of beverages. Beer was brewed at Mount Vernon under Mrs. Washington's own supervision, and cider as well, the latter being a drink of which her husband was very fond. He always had it on the table at dinner, and would take it freely in place of the wines which were more to the taste of his guests.

By ten o'clock in the evening the festivities of Christmas day at Mount Vernon were over. Even had the fashion of the time been otherwise, Mrs. Washington would scarcely have tolerated late hours. She always insisted on putting her husband to bed early, and he meekly obeyed. Whether it be true or not, as some chroniclers have asserted, that Mr. Washington was henpecked, it is certain that he considered it judicious to submit in most things to his wife's wishes.

The frame for this picture of a Christmas at Mount Vernon before the Revolution is ready made; for, thanks to the effort of patriotic women, the old mansion stands today almost exactly as it did when Washington lived there. There is much of the old furniture, and even a great deal of the old china and glassware. The house is a veritable fragment of American history, and, though more than a century and a quarter have gone since the merry Yule-tide festival here described, the imagination readily re-people the old place with its throng of guests, eating, drinking, dancing, and making love, and hears the joyous laughter of the romping young folks, while through the crowd moves the stately figure of the host, who, offering his hand to the prettiest girl in the room, proceeds to lead her through the graceful and decorous steps of a minuet.



A Christmas Wish.

What blessing can I wish you, O my friends,
Save that the joyful calm of Christmas-tide
Should wrap your hearts so close that never jar
Of the world's care or grief can enter in,
But only love, to keep you pitiful,
And faith, and hope, to keep you strong and true?
"A Merry Christmas" and "A Glad New Year"
I wish you, and may God's exceeding love
Enfold you all, until His tender hand
Shall lead you safely home, to love's own land!

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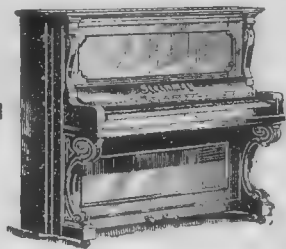
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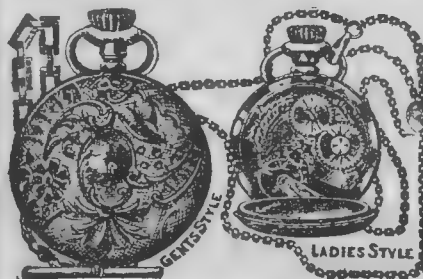
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CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR CREW AND CABIN.

By Lilian C. B. McAlister Meyer.

WE HAD a very interesting company on board that Christmas voyage. There was Mr. Samuel Clemens, bound for Paris, delightful writer, but still more delightful raconteur; the late Bishop Potter, of New York, affable, radiating good will towards his fellow-passengers; a Japanese gentleman who had come to America to study social and industrial conditions; a young Russian of noble birth; a German baroness with her two beautiful blond children; one of the Krupps, of gunmaking fame; an Italian composer who looked like Sven-gali; and Mr. John Smith of Arizona, reputed to be the owner of three silver mines. These were the notables. The project of a Christmas entertainment on shipboard met with instant favor. Half the guests volunteered to "do something," while the Captain was more than willing to aid us. He ordered brought from below the holly, bay and fir which had been provided for the dining-rooms on Christmas Day, and wreaths and festoons and mistletoe converted the long saloon into a real drawing-room, homelike and hospitable.

The merriment began in the saloon soon after dinner with Christmas songs of many nations sung by a group of students, and afterwards there was a gay informality. Men and women who were utter strangers to each other conversed with the familiarity of friends. Every one seemed imbued with the Christmas spirit of cordiality and good cheer. The only person in the least downcast in that whole assemblage was the young Russian, who bemoaned the fact that he was away from home and had no one to call him Michael. He had a box of bonbons hung on his door that night with "To Michael" written on it.

Some of the seasick people recovered amazingly, and an old lady of seventy-four, who had not been to a single meal since we started, was so carried away by one of Martin Luther's hymns that she joined us and remained all evening, relating some odd Christmas incidents that happened "when she was a girl."

* * * * *

The children of the Baroness were the life and light of the company. They had made great friends with Mr. Clemens and it was for them that he declined to dance the Virginia reel in order to fulfill his promise to tell them a story. "Not that I don't think a reel a particularly appropriate dance on shipboard," he explained, "but the children come first at Christmastime."

"Now, my dears, you know the cows and horses and sheep knew all about the little Christ-Child long before the people did, for they were right there, and some of them were feeding out of the manger where He lay. So those that knew first told the other animals, and there was a great 'mooing' and 'baaing,' so glad were they that a Baby was born who would grow up to be the kindest and best Man in the world, and who would teach all the people in the world to be kind to each other and to them. You know the little song about the cattle lowing and waking the Baby, but it didn't frighten Him and He didn't cry at all. That was because He knew the animals were glad He had come into the world, and the noises they made were noises of joy to let Him know they were happy. And so every Christmas—for this story about the sweet little Babe in the manger has been told to the baby lambs and calves and colts by their mothers each year since then—the animals celebrate His birthday and have the most beautiful time among themselves you can imagine. Now, when you are in the country at Christmastime you must wake up very early and then you will hear them for yourselves and you will know what it all means."

The little ones were much impressed with this story, and begged another.

"No," said Mr. Clemens; "now you must tell one to me."

Editha was shy, but Constance came to the rescue bravely:

"Well, zen, I'll tell you a nice one. Do you know zat in Germany zere are fairies in Christmas trees? All ze long summer zey fly in ze air and gather ze sunbeams and zey take zem to ze fairy queen, and when it gets cold zey build up fires out of zem and keep the fir-trees in ze wald green all winter. Isn't zat nice? Did you ever see a real fairy, Mr. Clemens?"

"There are two of them here this very minute," said Mark Twain.

But it was Editha who, as she went off to bed, spoke the wish in all our hearts.

"The good Kriss Kringle can't take his reindeer way down in the big ship where it is so hot," she said, "and the men who feed up the fires all the time won't have anything pretty tomorrow. Mother, can't we give something to all the men that work so hard to make the big ship go?"

And it was decided to remember the men on Christmas morning. One lady further bethought her of the little children in the steerage, and there was great ransacking of steamer trunks and bags.

As we had had no Christmas tree some one suggested our hanging up stockings on retiring, after giving all packages into the hands of the stewardess, who would act as Santa Claus. This was successfully carried out, and an officer on watch said the next morning that it was half ridiculous and half pathetic to see stockings of every size and color depending from stateroom doors that night, from a three-year-old's wee red silk bootie to the gray half-hose of Mr. Clemens.

Christmas morning dawned cold, with a luminous blue sky and the waves running rose-color from the eastern glow. Even the fashionable folk were up betimes untying boxes and packages. Suddenly a high, pure soprano rang out in the old carol, "Come, All Ye Faithful." It was Carl Svenson, the boy soloist of a Boston church, who, with his mother, was making a journey to her native city, Stockholm. The next instant a hundred voices caught up the song and the ship resounded with it. This brought out Bishop Potter, who was exuberant.

"What is the conventional church programme compared to this!" he exclaimed. "Why, it's wonderful! It is like the spontaneity of the olden times when carols were sung in the streets on Christmas morning. Go on!" And we did go on, singing every Christmas song, hymn and canticle that came into our heads.

We had a special Christmas service at 11 o'clock and dinner at noon. There were few absentees and every one looked happy. Our own enjoyment was heightened by the knowledge that the crew to a man had been served with all the extras of the day—turkey, cranberry sauce and other delectable things.

Perhaps there is no piano that has taken such rapid strides towards perfection as the Morris. This excellent instrument is a household name in Canada, a name which has become known to purchasers as representing the highest possible value produced in Canadian piano industry. Mr. S. L. Barrowclough has received orders to clear one hundred and fifty pianos before the end of December consequently he is offering them at a heavy reduction to effect immediate clearance. This sale means a great saving to piano purchasers as it gives them the highest grade piano at a low price with easy terms of payment. The country orders are numerous and each instrument is selected by Mr. Barrowclough and with each is given an unlimited guarantee from the Company.

A Christmas Tree in Mid-Ocean.

By Edith Comander Breithut.

OF ALL the Christmas trees last year surely none was more welcome than that which stood on the steerage deck of the steamer "Carpathia," the gift of the Steamship Company to one hundred and twenty little Hungarian children on their way to the United States. The ship sailed on the fourteenth of December, and ten days later was well out on the Atlantic, plunging through a stiff wind and a stormy sea towards New York. Down in the steerage the atmosphere was decidedly gloomy: depressed by the bad weather, filled with longing for the Old World and vague fear of the New, the emigrants grew daily more lonely and homesick.

Added to the other burdens of these poor fathers and mothers was the constant pleading of their children for a Christmas tree. Every year they had had one; in fact, that had been their supreme joy—looked forward to with eager expectation for half a year, and during the other half looked back upon with reminiscent delight. The fact that their Christmas tree had never been very large, nor brightly lighted, nor richly laden—that sometimes, indeed, they had been quite small and shabby and bare—did not matter at all to the little ones. Kind Saint Nicholas himself had hung their gifts upon the branches, and to be deprived of his precious bounty was unbearable. Their parents besought them to be reasonable and not to expect Saint Nicholas to perform miracles.

"A Christmas tree!" they said, "how can you speak of such a thing in the middle of the ocean? Trees do not grow in the water; you know that very well. What is it you are saying, that Saint Nicholas will not know where to put your gifts? Surely you do not look for him to come to you this year! How could he get here? He cannot fly like a bird, and reindeer cannot travel on the water. Do not talk nonsense! Be good children and do not tease, and perhaps next year in America you shall have a beautiful tree."

But this promise had small consolation for the band of disappointed little ones, to whom next Christmas was an eternity to wait.

On Christmas eve the emigrants gathered round the piano in the dining room and sang the songs of native land and Christmas tide that they had known since childhood, sang while visions rose before them of beloved faces now far away, and of the dear old home that would know them no more, sang till eyes grew misty and voices broke with sobs; then, one by one, they crept away to their berths. The lights were put out and silence fell.

And then in the stillness of the gloom—there rose from the middle of the deck a stately tree. None more marvelous ever reared its head on sea or land—a beautiful Hungarian fir, its graceful boughs clothed in those long, glossy, green leaves for which that species is remarkable, and so tall that it reached through the hatches of the deck above almost to the deck above that. To place the tree securely and to arrange upon it the hundreds of gifts which had been provided by the company and contributed by the first-class passengers was a strenuous task which occupied Mr. Jones, the chief steward, and a band of volunteer assistants for several hours. It was finished at last, however, its boughs bending with beneficence.

The first one to see it was a ten-year-old boy who had earned the title of "Early Bird." As he stepped on to the deck he caught a sight of the wonderful tree that had sprung up in the night. One moment he stood in open mouthed wonder, then, turning back to his roommates, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Karacsonyfa! Karacsonyfa!" (a Christmas tree!)

The news spread like wildfire. Doors burst open on every side and children rushed out in all stages of undress. Some clad in but a single garment, broke away from their mothers, who were forced to pursue their excit-

ed offspring and complete their toilets in public.

Breakfast was a minor consideration, hurried through as fast as possible. Even the inviting and elaborate Christmas dinner could scarcely tempt them from their "szep Karacsonyfa" (beautiful Christmas tree). The parents, who were as fascinated as the little ones, hovered near, admiring the visible toys and speculating endlessly on the contents of the many packages. In answer to the children's eager inquiries as to where the tree came from, and how Saint Nicholas had managed to cross the water, the parents replied truthfully, "We do not know. Ask Joe." Joe was a favorite sailor. On being appealed to he assured the little questioners that, while Saint Nicholas could travel only on land, there was another being who presided over the ocean, a Saint Nicholas of the deep called Father Neptune. He it was, doubtless, who had provided the tree.

The "Carpathia" carried one other child passenger on her Christmas voyage, a fortunate but lonely little girl who travelled in the luxurious first cabin. Many times she had looked wistfully down at the little Hungarians and had wondered why in the crowded

steerage there were so many children, while up in the spacious saloon there was only one. She had not been allowed to go to them nor to have them come to her, but now the wonderful Christmas tree bridged the chasm between saloon and steerage. To her intense delight the child of fortune was permitted to descend with the other saloon passengers to watch the disburdening of the tree.

It was late afternoon, and the dull, short December day was already closing into darkness, when Captain Pentecost decided that the pleasures of anticipation had lasted long enough, and proceeded to the steerage to distribute the precious fruitage of the "Karacsonyfa." At his approach excitement ran high, and a moment later sprang to fever heat, for, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole tree was ablaze with brilliant, starry, many-colored lights, flashing upon the dazzled little ones, who screamed and danced up and down for joy.

To insure a just division of the presents the Captain formed the children in a circle, and as they passed him each in turn received a gift. A glad triumphal march that was around the glittering tree, as the little ones, with glowing cheeks and radiant eyes, received their heart's desire. Was there ever such a wonderful, wonderful Christmas tree in the world? There seemed no limit to its bounty. Round and round they went, rosy and rapturous, for the great

tree gave and gave, nor ceased to lavish its treasures till it had satisfied the longing hearts and heaped to overflowing the little hands, which had never been so full before.

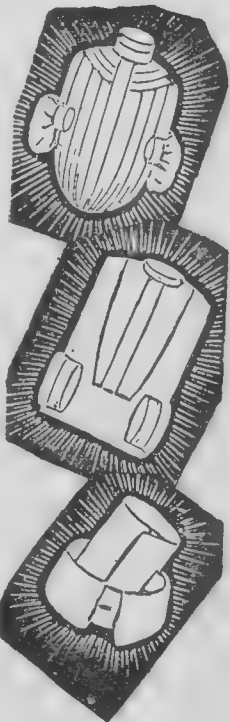


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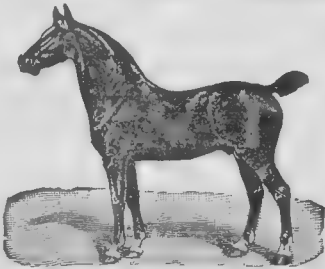
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The Night Before Christmas.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house

Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads:

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below—

When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:—

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer!
now Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!"

As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too,

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Christmas Don'ts.

Don't leave the cost mark on presents.

Don't let Christmas giving deteriorate into a trade.

Don't embarrass yourself by giving more than you can afford.

Don't try to pay debts or return obligations in your Christmas giving.

Don't give trashy things. Many an attic could tell strange stories about Christmas presents.

Don't make presents which your friends will not know what to do with, and which would merely encumber the home.

Don't give because others expect you to. Give because you love to. If you cannot send your heart with the gift, keep the gift.

Don't give too bulky articles to people who live in small quarters, unless you know that they need the particular things you send them.

Don't wait until the last minute to buy your presents, and then, for lack of time to make proper selections, give what your better judgment condemns.

Don't decide to abstain from giving just because you cannot afford expensive presents. The thoughtfulness of your gift, the interest you take in those to whom you give, are the principal things. The intrinsic value of your gift counts very little.



At the Christmas Matinee.

J. J. GOULD '08

The greatest improvement in sound reproducing instruments was made when Mr. Edison invented AMBEROL Records

No one thing has added so much to the pleasure of the Edison Phonograph as a Record which plays more than four minutes, and reproduces the melody or voice so clearly and perfectly that the illusion almost defies detection.

Edison Amberol Records are the same size as the ordinary Edison Records. They can be played upon any Edison Phonograph by the addition of an attachment which any dealer can supply and any dealer can affix.

Longer selections are now available for the Edison Phonograph than have ever been available before for any sound-reproducing machine, and these selections are better given.

No Edison Phonograph outfit is complete without the attachment to play Edison Amberol Records.

You can hear these new Records at any dealer's. Learn about the attachment and equip your Phonograph with it today. If you haven't an Edison Phonograph, you can now buy one which plays both styles of Records—the two-minute and four-minute.



NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 109 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, New Jersey.
THE EDISON BUSINESS PHONOGRAPH saves the time of high-salaried men and increases their letter writing capacity.

Christmas Poems we've liked.

The Guest at the Inn.

The Princess came to Bethlehem's Inn;
The Keeper he bowed low;
He sent his servants here and yon,
His maids ran to and fro.

They spread soft carpets for her feet,
Her bed with linen fine;
They heaped her board with savory meats,
They brought rich fruits and wine.
* * * * *

The Merchant came to Bethlehem's Inn,
Across the desert far,
From Ispahan and Samarcand,
And hoary Kandahar.

Rich Orient freight his camels bore;
The gates flew open wide,
As in he swept with stately mien,
His long, slow train beside.

The Pilgrim came to Bethlehem's Inn:
Wayworn and old was he,
With beard unshorn and garments torn,
A piteous sight to see!

He found a corner dim and lone;
He at his scanty fare;
Then laid his scrip and sandals by,
And said his evening prayer.

The Beggar came to Bethlehem's Inn:
They turned him not away;
Though men and maidens scoffed at him,
They bade the varlet stay.

"The dogs have room; then why not he?"
One to another said;
"Even dogs have earth to lie upon,
And plenteous broken bread!"

Maid Mary fared to Bethlehem's Inn:
Dark was the night and cold,
And errily the icy blast
Swept down across the wold.

She drew her dark brown mantle close,
Her wimple round her head,
"Oh, hasten on, my lord, she cried,
"For I am sore bestead!"
"For I am sore bestead!"

Maid Mary came to Bethlehem's Inn:
There was no room for her;
They brought her neither meat nor wine,
Nor fragrant oil, nor myrrh.

But where the horned oxen fed
Amid the sheaves of corn,
One splendid star flamed out afar
When our Lord Christ was born.

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

The Gift.

She awoke on Christmas morning,
And she found beside her bed
Gifts of gold and costly jewels,
Sapphires blue, and rubies red,
Filmy lace and costly silver,
Rare brocade of satin sheen;
Ivory, pearl and scented leather,
Treasures to delight a queen.

But a single rose of crimson
Overladen with perfume
Gave its soul to thrill her senses
And to fill the lofty room.
And she knew the love that sent it,
Hopeless, humble, unconfessed,
And she pinned its fragrant beauty
In the laces on her breast.

"Fold me in my velvet mantle,
Bring the coach unto the door."
O'er the frozen snow it rumbled
Where it ne'er had passed before.
Halting at a crazy dwelling
In the outskirts of the town,
Where the grimy panes were broken
And the stairs were falling down.

Up and up she mounted, panting,
Guided ever by a thin
Thread of faint, uncertain music
From a mournful violin,
Till she stood upon the threshold
Of the attic where he played.
"Lo! you sent me glowing summer,
And I bring you love," she said.
—Minna Irving.

A Greeting.

We wish you a merry Christmas,
And if we could have our way,
We would drive all care and sorrow
Out of your life today.

This beautiful Christmas morning
Should be brightest of all the year;
We would bring you peace and gladness,
With God's good will and cheer.

There would be no empty places,
Not even one vacant chair,
And not a sigh or a heart cry,
Should fall on the Christmas air.

Only the song of the angels
Should float through the air this day—
Peace and plenty fill the earth,
If we could have our way.

Christmas.

The Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,
And blowing winds their notes prolong,
Like echoes from an angel's song;
"Good-will and peace, peace and good-will,"
Ring out the carols glad and gay,
Telling the heavenly message still
That Christ the Child was born today.

In lowly hut and palace hall
Peasant and king keep festival,
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tenderer shine all mother-eyes;
The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born today.

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Just send us \$1.00 to pay for your own renewal, and a year's subscription for a new subscriber and we will mail you this book absolutely free. The Farmer's and Rancher's Guide contains all the regulations affecting farmers and ranchers in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, together with legal and other forms necessary in the transaction of business, and many thousands of copies have been sold at \$1.00 apiece. If you wish to avail yourself of this great offer, you should write to-day, as we have only 500 guides left, and when these have been disposed of, the offer will be withdrawn.

The Western Home Monthly
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Buy your Groceries direct—make up a trial order at our Wholesale Prices and compare with the prices you usually pay and note the difference—and bear in mind that our goods are only the purest and freshest on the market.

SUGAR	APPLES
Granulated, per 100 lbs. \$5.00	Evaporated, very choice, per lb. 9c
Light Yellow, per 100 lbs. \$4.75	Per case (50 lbs) \$4.10
TEA	JAM
Choice Black, 35c value, per lb. 25c	Imperial 5 lb Pails, each 33c
5 lbs. \$1.10	MARMALADE
COFFEE	Superior, 7 lb Tins, each 60c
Extra Special Value, per lb. 22c	SYRUP
TOMATOES	No. 1 for table use, per 5 lb pail 28c
1908 Pack, No. 1 only, per tin 10c	Per 10 lb pail 53c
Per case (24) \$2.30	Per 20 lb pail \$1.00
CORN	RICE
Boulter's or Delhi, per tin 9c	No. 1, Bee, per lb. 5c
Per case (24) \$2.05	Per Sack (50 lbs) \$2.25
PEAS	No. 1, Japan, per lb. 6c
Boulter's or Delhi, per tin 8c	Per Sack (50 lbs) \$2.50
Per case (24) \$1.80	TAPIOCA
PUMPKIN	No. 1, Pearl, per lb. 7c
1908 Pack, No. 1, per tin 10c	BEANS
SALMON	Common White, per lb. 5c
Tiger Brand, none better, per tin 14c	Per sack (60 lbs) \$2.45
Per dozen tins \$1.60	STARCH
RAISINS	No. 1 Laundry, per lb. 8c
1908 Fine Off-stock, per lb. 8c	10 lb for 75c
Per case (28 lbs) \$2.00	CORN-STARCH
CURRENTS	The very best each 8c
Fine Filiatras, new, per lb. 8c	Per dozen 90c
25 lbs for \$1.80	BISCUITS--Soda's
PEEL	In boxes (about 17 lbs) per lb 8c
Mixed, fresh, per lb. 17c	BAKING POWDER
PRUNES	The 25c lines per lb, tin 18c
New and meaty, per lb. 6c	Per 3 lb tin 45c
Per case (50 lbs) \$2.70	SALT
PEACHES	Common, per 50 lb sack 47c
Evaporated, new, per lb. 10c	SOAP
Per case (25 lbs) \$2.25	Royal Crown per Carton (6 bars) 20c
APRICOTS	
Evaporated, choice, per lb. 12c	
Per case (25 lbs) \$2.75	

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The Month's Bright Sayings

J. M. Barrie: A woman's mind shows through her face much more than a man's does.

William Howard Taft: Instances in which violence helped on reform are very few indeed.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox: Woman became emancipated on the day that fainting went out of fashion.

Mary Angela Dickens: The tone of a house depends on the mother's character more than the father's.

Thomas A. Edison: The horse in agriculture will never be displaced by any sort of machine.

William Jennings Bryan: A joyous spirit is a thing that can be cultivated just as much as any other talent.

J. J. Hill: When I hear a man say he does not want to be rich, I know there is little chance of it.

George Ade: A palmist always looks at the face first. It is not palmistry; it is "faciology" after all.

Rudyard Kipling: It is useless to expect a youth to profit by the mistakes in life that his father has made.

Rev. R. J. Campbell: Most of our clever men are spending their lives finding out what calamities await posterity.

Mary Wilkins Freeman: No woman ever hits herself with a hammer half so much as a man pricks himself with a needle.

John Burns: Sleep and work; work and sleep; it is not the life of a man with a soul, but the existence of an insect.

Goldwin Smith: Modern machinery does everything for us but our thinking; and we are getting automatic about that.

Cy Warman: It is a poor man who will not insist that the women of his country are the most beautiful in the world.

Andrew Carnegie: A fairly accurate idea of what real work is may be obtained by watching Mr. Edison when he is taking a vacation.

Marie Corelli: Marriage should not be based on a fleeting passion for a pretty face, but on a union of soul and mutual sympathy.

Mark Twain: However, Kaiser William's weakness is one of the commonest. There are not many William the Silents nowadays.

Agnes Deans Cameron: The sympathy and self-sacrifice of the teacher in the school are the indispensable elements in all true educational work.

Dr. Osler: Hygiene is the science of prevention, medicine being the science of cure. To mend a broken leg is surgery; to learn to avoid orange peel on the pavement is hygiene.

George Meredith: The number of men in England who can drive a plough is getting smaller and smaller every year. Pen-driving is the rural young man's ambition.

Cynthia Westover Alden: The wives of the men who are continually agitating for an eight hours day would only be too glad if some kind friend would get them a twelve hours day.

Lord Roseberry: Only two of our kings have had a sense of humor, Henry VIII, and Charles II., and on the whole they were two of the worst kings in our annals.

George Meredith: People never make any more real friends after they get to a certain age. The friends we appreciate most are those who can speak to us about old associations.

The Latest Triumph in a Steel Range

THE NEW

Monarch-Peninsular

There is nothing that will give more joy or comfort to the housewife than a good range. The "MONARCH-PENINSULAR" is the acme of perfection in Steel Range construction, embodying as it does the experience and invention of a skilled staff of mechanical experts who have spent a lifetime in range making.

The Monarch-Peninsular is made on graceful lines, combining many new features, having round corners on steel body—a contact encased reservoir which can be placed at either end of range—braced oven door—a drop door on high closet—removable duplex grates only takes 30 seconds to change for coal or wood—a spacious oven.

It is an excellent baker, a splendid heater and an economical user of fuel.

Write us for further particulars and folder "W". If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct giving his name and address.

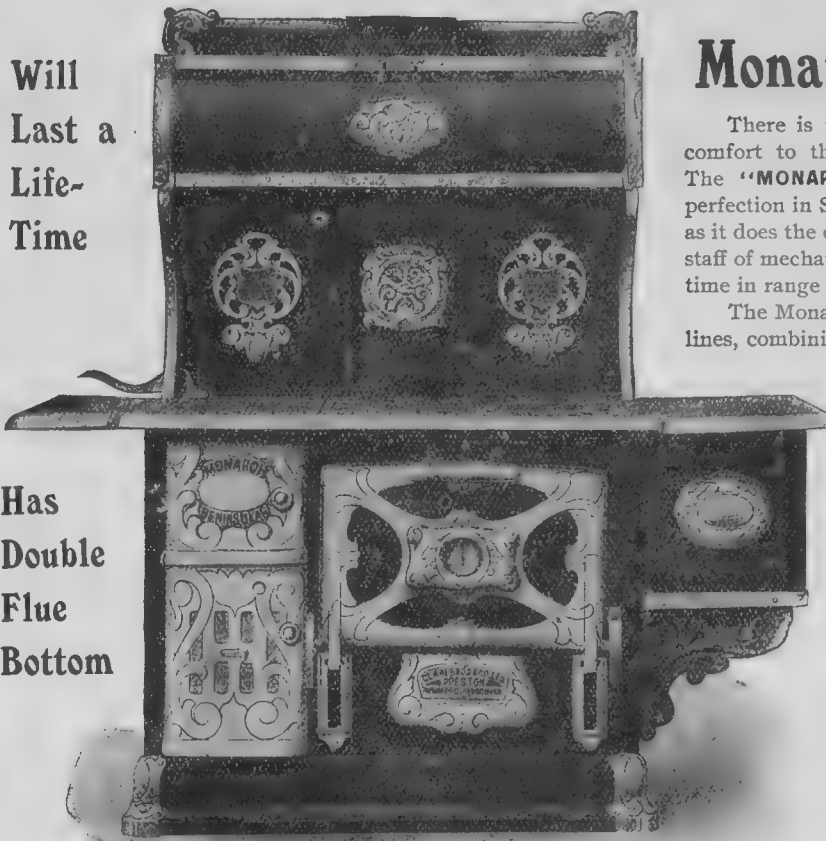
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Will
Last a
Life-
Time

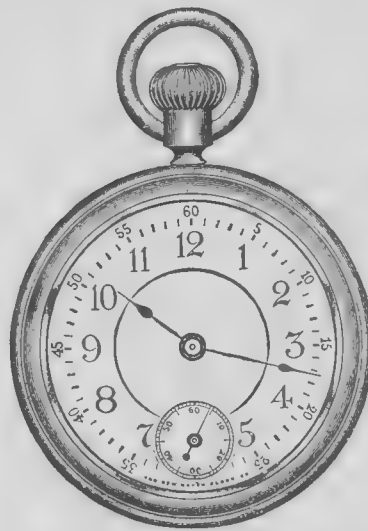
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For further particulars of the Christmas Number see page 30 of this paper.



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This Axe will stand in frosty weather and hold a keen edge.

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Single Bit \$8.50 per doz.
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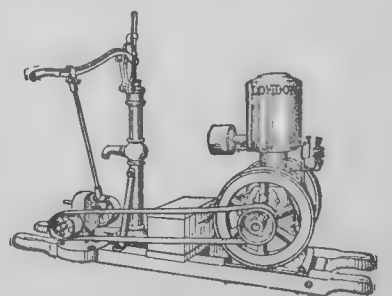
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POST CARDS Send 15c. for ten post cards and 15¢ popular songs. Manitoba Novelty Co., P.O. Box 1, Winnipeg, Man.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The Young Man and His Problem

KEEP YOUR BRAIN CLEAR.

The temperance agitation has entered the business realm. Men are cutting out the drink habit because it does not pay. The business world has made up its mind that the joys of a night's intoxication do not compensate for an unsteady hand and an injured reputation. The following reference to Dr. Lorenz, the Austrian surgeon, is to the point:

Dr. Lorenz, the great Austrian surgeon, was at a banquet in his honor. Many of the guests were drinking. The principal guest, however, pushed his wine aside untasted and someone asked him if he were a teetotaler.

"I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator," said Dr. Lorenz, "but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquor without blunting these physical powers which must be kept on edge. As I am a surgeon I must not drink."

SYDNEY SMITH.

Sydney Smith, the English divine and humorist, went through life laughing. He manufactured smiles for humanity. He created genuine humor for the world. Some of his neighbors thought that this was hardly the calling of a preacher of the gospel, but nobody doubted the sincerity of the reverend gentleman. We quote his words in the following paragraph:

"When I arise in the morning," he said, "I will form the purpose to make the day a happy one to some fellow creature. I will give a left-over garment to the man who needs it, or a kind word to the suffering or an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles that in themselves are as light as air, and I will do it for at least twenty-four hours. If I send one person, only one, happily through each day, then if I live for forty years, so doing for each of the 365 days of those years, I shall have made 14,600 human beings happy, at least for a time."

A GREEK STATESMAN.

In harmony with the foregoing we clip the following from a strange little book entitled "Bottles of Heaven." Each paragraph in the book is supposed to be one of the heavenly bottles. This is labelled "Bottle 183."

A story is told of a Greek statesman who, as he lay on his death bed, was asked what the thing was in his life that he most regretted.

He lay silent for a little, then turned his face to the company, with a tone of sadness: "It is that I have been disagreeable where I might have been pleasant—frowning where I might have just as easily smiled—and unforgiving where a kind word would have made me a dozen friends."

"Yes, I am a famous man, but my greatness dies with me, because the gloom that it cast about me chilled those who might otherwise have perpetuated it, and now all my friends can be counted on the fingers of my right hand. Oh, that I might live my life over again!"

What was true in Greece two thousand years ago is true here today and always will be true.

Are you a sunbeam or a shadow in the lives of your associates? Do you do your work gloomily or do you smile and sing as you toil?

A PURE IMAGINATION.

A man with a pure imagination is clean within. The walls of the temple of his soul are adorned with beautiful pictures and every window of his soul looking outward upon the world, admits the sunlight of love and the radiance of true sympathy. Inward beauty is a rare charm. Do you possess it? Victor Hugo describes a wonderful tent given to Napoleon by the Sultan Selim: "From the outside it appeared like an ordinary tent, remarkable only for having in the canvas little windows, of which the frames were of rope, three windows on each side. The inside was superb. The visitor found himself inside a great chest of gold brocade; upon this brocade were flowers and a thousand fancy devices. On looking closely into the cords of the windows one discovered that they were of the most magnificent gold and silver lace; each window had its awning of gold brocade; the lining of the tent was of silk, with large red-and-white stripes. If

I had been Napoleon, I should have liked to place my iron bed in this tent of gold and flowers, and to sleep in it on the eve of Wagram, Jena, and Friedland."

A HERETIC OF YESTERAY.

Be a hero! Take your stand. First you will be denounced and then you will be deified. First you will be rejected and then you will be accepted. First they will swear at you and then they will swear by you. Elbert Hubbard, in one of his "Little Journeys," speaks thus of Garrison and his paper, the "Liberator":

"New England must have cotton, and cotton could not be produced without slaves. Garrison was a fool. All good Christians refused to read his vile sheet, and business men declined to advertise with him or to subscribe to his paper. However, he continued to print things, telling what he thought of slavery. In 1831, he was issuing a periodical called 'The Liberator.' I saw a partial file of 'The Liberator' recently, at the Boston Public Library. They say it is very precious, and a custodian stood by and tenderly turned the leaves for me. I was not allowed even to touch it, and when I was through looking at the tattered pages, they locked it up in a fire-proof safe. The sheets of different issues were of various sizes, and the paper was of several grades, showing that stock was scarce, and that there was no system in the office."

GOOD DIGESTION.

Good digestion is the secret of health. Good digestion is the secret of happiness. Good digestion is the secret of success. Good digestion means good blood, good spirits, good motive power and a good disposition. I quote the following words from Sydney Smith, the English preacher and philosopher:

"I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life; and that character, talents, virtues, and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust, and rich soups. I have often thought I could feed or starve men into many virtues and vices and affect them more powerfully with my instruments of cookery than Timotheus could do formerly with his lyre."

KEEP A NOTE-BOOK.

Keep a note-book. Jot down occasionally an original idea of your own. Insert that beautiful piece of poetry which stirred you when you first read it; write down that illustration which let in such a flood of light when you were listening to the sermon last Sunday morning. Outline that specimen of logic which gave the political orator such a grip on your soul as he swept on from the argument to the application. Use a note-book. Nine out of every ten successful men carry a note-book. Robert Louis Stevenson says: "All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a pen version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words."

EDISON A PRACTICAL GENIUS.

Business men are afraid of visionary mortals. They are afraid of brilliant men who are not practical. They cannot afford the luxury of having on their pay rolls men who dream great dreams but do not seem to be able to face present day facts, and the living problems of the present hour. The writer of Edison's biography says of him:—"Edison is remarkably practical. This was shown years ago when he declared that he never wasted any of his time upon inventions which would not prove useful or which would not pay for the time spent in perfecting them. When the phonograph was in its infancy he was complimented by a well known scientist upon the wonder he had achieved, when the inventor somewhat startled his admirer by replying, 'Yes but it doesn't bring in any money.' It was Edison who worked on the phonograph until he had reduced the idea involved in it to a practical

working and paying basis. Let every young inventor ask himself the question "Will it pay?" "Will it pay?" "Can it be made to pay?"

Eugene Field was six feet tall and just a little over it. But he never stood straight. He shambled through life—ever bending, ever leaning, ever stooping. He certainly appeared two inches shorter than he really was. The world never gave him credit for "six feet one." Young men should stand straight to their physical proportions and also to their present opportunities. The man who can make a good speech with ease should make a splendid speech with the exercise of an effort. There is all the difference between crouching from "six feet one" to five feet ten, and stretching oneself from five feet ten to six feet one. It is the difference between ease and energy.

IT TAKES COURAGE TO MAKE RIGHT

It takes courage to make right, not expediency, our standard, truth our test of action and conscience our sole court of appeal. It takes courage to fight the conventionalities of life that often place the semblance higher than the reality, that too often let mere worldly success, obscure the methods by which it has been attained, to fail nobly, going down with colors flying on the ship of an exalted purpose is greater than to succeed at a price that brings twinges of remorse to conscience for the hours of solitude when one is alone with his own soul.

It takes courage to choose the harder road and walk bravely in it, simply, steadfastly and uncompromisingly. If you are right and know you are right it matters not what the world thinks or what it says. You can fight your way through the smoke of doubt, the choking atmosphere of misrepresentation, the blinding sulphurous clouds of unjust criticism, and plow through the serried ranks of jealousy, cruelty and injustice vitalized to new, wondrous powers of resistance by the consciousness of right. You will know no fear of failing to do your best; you will glow in the thought that, no matter how long and hard the fight, the eagles of victory must finally rest on the banners of the right.

It is on the battlefield of the soul that the hardest warfare and the longest sieges are fought. Each of us has his own temptations, his own struggles, his own close-hand fight with human weakness and sin of which the world knows naught.

Knowing the special weaknesses within us, the traitor in our camp that dampens the powder of our best effort, we can conquer it. It is sometimes easier to fight a big foe than a little one or an army of small ones.

DON'T WORRY

There are men who are courageous enough to grapple with a strong temptation and kill it, but who are victims to vague fears and phantoms of worry. Worry must be fought to a finish. It will kill us if we do not kill it. It is the spell that what may not happen casts over our present. When we fear we acknowledge something as being greater than we, more powerful.

Worry always saps our strength, before the time of need. It requires real courage to cut worry absolutely from our lives; it means realizing with every fibre of our being the utter, unqualified, uselessness of worry. Forethought helps, but worry disturbs; it is forethought—wild, rebellious, unruly; dominating us instead of serving us by obedience.

There are times in life as in war when the wisest course is simply to stand still, to rest on one's arms, to watch and wait. When a mist of uncertainty shrouds us and life seems to come to a pause, when we do not know just what to do, it is best to await the sunshine of revealing that will show us our way. To active, nervous, energetic natures, keenly hungering for action, the hours of waiting are hard. But they are often necessary; they are part of the discipline of life. It requires more courage sometimes to survive the dull, dead tedium of a siege than the tingling, thrilling exhilaration and excitement of the perils of a close fight.

COURAGE IN DAILY LIFE

If hero medals were given to those who show truest moral courage we would find often their true place on the breasts of those brave ones bearing crosses for others, silently, serenely, sweetly unknowing their own greatness. It takes courage to bear bravely for ourselves; more sometimes to bear for others; most perhaps to bear from others where every act of our lives makes the infliction doubly the greatest physical courage on the field of battle seem spectacular and garnish compared with the unjust.

There is courage unnoted in daily life that makes great simple courage of those who for years fight fairly, fearlessly and faithfully not for self, but that the sunshine of life may fall a little stronger and fuller and more glowing on some loved one.



COLUMBIA DOUBLE DISC RECORDS

85c.

**Fit any Disc Machine and
double its value.**

Your record money will go nearly twice as far hereafter. Columbia Disc Records are now **two records in one**—a different selection recorded on each side of the disc. We are not merely offering you unquestionable double value for 85 cents, we are offering you actually a better record on each side of the New Columbia Double-Disc than you have ever bought at the old price, under any name, for the single record—better in surface, tone and durability.

COLUMBIA INDESTRUCTIBLE CYLINDER RECORDS 40c.

Fit any Cylinder Machine and last for ever.

We now offer for the first time the Indestructible Cylinder Records under the new name of "Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records" at their regular price, 40 cents.

The Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Record means as much to owners of *Cylinder* machines as the Columbia Double Disc Record means to owners of disc machines.

Indestructible Columbia Records won't break, no matter how roughly they are used; they won't wear out, no matter how long they are played. They can be mailed as readily as a letter and climatic conditions do not affect them—wet or dry, hot or cold.

On *any* machine, with *any* reproducer, their tone is far purer, clearer and more brilliant than any other cylinder record made.

If you own a disc or cylinder machine, be sure to get at least one of the New Double Sided or Indestructible Columbia Records from your dealer and take it home and hear it.

Be sure you see a **Columbia** dealer or write us direct.

Write us for the new catalogues of Columbia Double Disc and Indestructible Cylinder Records. Remember they fit any machine and last for ever.

We sell every make of Columbia Phonograph Machines on the EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

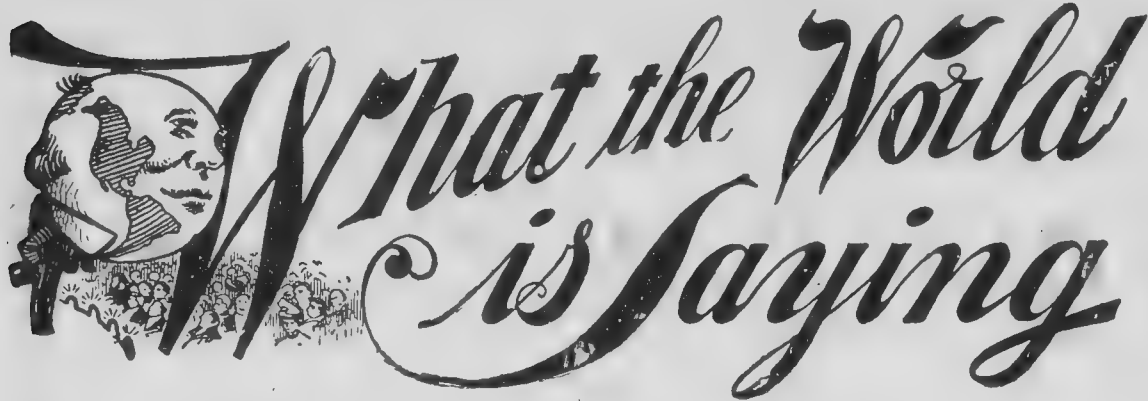
WRITE FOR CATALOGUES AND TERMS.

The Winnipeg Piano Co.,

295 Portage Avenue

WINNIPEG.

SOLE JOBBERS FOR MANITOBA.



What the World is Saying

It All Depends on the West.

The heavier the wheat movement the faster business travels.—Financial Review.

The Suffragettes and the Law.

The suffragettes have shown that if they are not to be allowed to make laws they will at all events break them.—London Times.

Education in Moose Jaw.

Moose Jaw has let the contract for a High School building costing \$93,000. Nothing is too good for the rising generation in the West.—Municipal Journal.

The Growth of Moosomin.

Owing to the large number of pupils attending the High School, it has been necessary to open a room for junior pupils in a business block.—Moosomin Spectator.

Archbishops from Beyond the Tweed.

The new archbishop of York is a Scotchman. So was his predecessor. So is the archbishop of Canterbury. It looks like a case of Scotch ascendancy in the Anglican church.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Answer is Easy. It Is "None."

Saskatchewan coal mines produced 158,944 tons of coal last year. Will those Ontario people, who refer to us as living on the bald prairie, kindly state how much coal was mined in Ontario last year?—Regina Leader.

Railway Development Goes on Apace.

Twenty-four years ago Edmonton received its mails once a week, when the trail was not blocked. Now it is on two lines of railway with two others heading that way as fast as they can be built.—Halifax Herald.

Expansion of Banking in the West.

When the first bank opened in Wainwright it did business in a corner of the hotel sitting-room with a tin bread box for a safe. Now it has a comfortable office and is reaping the reward of its enterprise.—Financial Chronicle.

There Certainly Would.

Mr. F. W. Thompson, President of the Ogilvie Milling Company, estimates at \$159,000,000 the money value of the Western Provinces crops this year. If somebody could find a mining country to produce half as much in a year what a boom in stocks there would be.—Monetary Times.

A Four Million Bushel Elevator.

The Grand Trunk Pacific has let the contract for a four million bushel elevator at Fort William. That is more grain capacity in one building than Fort William possessed all told for a good many years after the West was opened.—Montreal Gazette.

Lord Milner's Advice to Home-seekers.

Lord Milner lived for a good many years in South Africa and for only a few weeks in Western Canada, yet he has seen enough to lead him to say that Canada is a much better country for the British emigrant than is South Africa.—Toronto Star.

Regina is Not Displeased.

Regina is somewhat pleased because an English visitor in writing home described it as a city of 30,000 inhabitants. But that is all right; as he is taking a tour around the world it probably will be before he gets home.—Montreal Herald.

This Year's Output of the West.

At present market value this year's grain crops of the three prairie Provinces are worth \$159,000,000. That is more than all the mines of the Klondike have produced ever since they were opened, and the Klondike was a great mining camp.—Toronto World.

Resources of Our North Land.

At Whitefish Lake, Athabasca, missionaries report that they had onions, lettuce and carrots for their tables in June, and new potatoes on July 23rd. Every day brings forth additional proofs of the wealth of Canada's north land.—Peterboro Examiner.

Brandon's Collegiate Institute.

Let those intellectual Eastern towns which pride themselves on their educational equipment ponder over the fact that Brandon has just opened a new collegiate institute costing \$85,000. It is a handsome building that would do credit to any city in Canada.—Brandon Sun.

Saskatoon's Progress.

When we first came to Saskatchewan the agent handled all the freight and passenger business in a disabled box car. Now the Canadian Northern is erecting a freight shed 240 feet long, and it is only one of three railways doing business in Saskatoon.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Mr. John Bull's High Opinion of Canada.

The newspaper at the brand new town of Watrous, in Saskatchewan, says that John Bull, jr., is living on his homestead near that town. Now, everybody can understand why John Bull, sr., is beginning to take such interest in Western Canada. Several other sons of John Bull will settle in the West next spring.—Ottawa Free Press.

This is No Land of Lotus-eaters.

M. J. J. Hill says that wheat is the modern lotus flower and that, when people once taste it, they will never again be content with poorer fare. Unlike the lotus-eaters of old, however, the wheat-eaters do not dream away the time in idleness, but go out to conquer the world.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Canada's Mediterranean.

People who have only seen Hudson's bay on maps have mainly regarded it as a patch of polar desolation forbidding and unexplored. In reality it is nothing of the kind. It is a huge inland sea as large as the Mediterranean reaching down into the centre of the Canadian continent.—Milling.

He Is Glad He Left Chicago.

Three years ago a Chicago merchant lent fifteen dollars to a man who was down on his luck. Last week he received fifty dollars as principal and interest on his loan. The borrower had settled in Saskatchewan. Worked a year on a farm, bought a farm on time and his crop this year sold for \$2,556. He is glad he left Chicago. So are a good many others in the West.—Toronto Saturday Night.

Should Be Punishment For Both.

Two hotelmen in Hamilton were fined \$60 each for selling liquor on election day, and those who bought were fined \$10 each. Would it not have a beneficial effect if the amount of the fines were reversed. The man who tempts is the chief offender, and no hotelman opens his bar during prohibited hours without being urged to do so by buyers. Fine the hotel keepers, and imprison the buyers.—Brantford Expositor.

Euphrates Valley Would Be Lost Out Here.

People in Europe consider it a world stirring event to irrigate three million acres in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. In Western Canada the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is

half through its work of irrigating three million acres east of Calgary. The Euphrates valley would be lost if it were put down in Western Canada.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Development Is In Its Beginnings.

Hundreds of new towns have been started in the West in the last five years. The organization of a town means opportunity for the young men who are alert. Consequently thousands of men who were seeking fortune five years ago are pretty well settled. But do not think that all the chances are gone. The country is just at the beginning of its development.—Montreal Witness.

Western Transvaal.

The Johannesburg mines this year will produce precious metals worth \$120,000,000, but the grain crops alone of Canada's three Prairie Provinces are estimated to be worth \$159,000,000. Then there are besides the stock-raising, dairying, lumbering, fishing, hunting and mining interests of the West. The Transvaal is a rich country, but it does not compare with what Canada has to offer to energetic settlers.—London Canadian Gazette.

Vermillion's Rosy Prospects

Three years ago there was no Vermillion, and five years ago there were only two ranches in the whole district. This year one firm sold fifty binders at Vermillion. Seventy-five per cent. of the land in the Vermillion district is fit for agriculture. Then there are big coal areas, marl for making cement and fishing in the lakes and rivers. Vermillion's prospects are as warm-tinted as its name.—Vermillion Signal.

The Number of Buffalo There Were.

Western authorities who have studied this particular phase of the question hold to the view that the great northern herd of bison which roamed over the three Prairie Provinces about 1850 numbered four million head. This seems a large number, but when it is stated that in Alberta alone there are over one million head of domestic animals, the figures seem reasonable. The enormous piles of buffalo bones also support this estimate.—Journal of Science.

"All Aboard for Hudson Bay!"

It is only a little more than twenty years since travellers at our railway stations heard the guards call out for the first time, "All aboard for Vancouver." In less than a quarter of that number of years our stations will daily ring with the call, "All aboard for Hudson's Bay and the North." The shipper of goods from the Orient, of cattle from Alberta, and of grain from the prairies, will have to decide whether his freight will reach the ocean by way of the St. Lawrence or by way of the great Inland Sea of the North.—Montreal Star.

The True Vision Of Empire.

Lord Milner crystallizes the ideal Imperial sentiment when he says that he is loyal to the Empire as a whole rather than to Great Britain. The Empire is Canadian and Australian as much as it is British. It is as a common heritage that it appeals to the younger nations as well as to the people of the Mother Country. The Empire is a potent humanizing and civilizing force in the world. Mankind would suffer from its disintegration. It lies with the present generation to draw the various States into closer alliance for common ends. At the same time each daughter nation is to retain perfect freedom in the management of its own affairs.—Toronto News.

The Reunion of the Churches.

A Nonconformist church may be full of spiritual life, a nursery of all the virtues, a center of Christian activity, fulfilling any practical test that Christian criticism may suggest; yet the neighboring vicar, as I have shown, will forbid his people to enter its doors, and, if some rare cleric of broader mind accepts an invitation to speak within its walls, the brotherly act is prohibited by a bishop. A Nonconformist minister, solemnly ordained by "fathers of God" of his own communion, may spend a lifetime preaching the same gospel as the vicar's, may inspire thousands to lead the Christian life, may write books that Anglican professors embody in their lectures and hymns by which Anglican congregations voice their highest aspirations, may be wise, cultured, saintly, eloquent, and apostolic; but is there a single Anglican pulpit in which he would on any account be allowed to preach? When appeals are made for more Anglican churches and clergy to relieve "spiritual destitution," it is constantly implied either that no one else is doing anything to relieve it or that what others are doing is of such inferior quality, so lacking in validity, as hardly to count.—By a Nonconformist Correspondent of the London Times.

MAYORALTY ELECTION ESTIMATES. \$10,000 GIVEN IN PRIZES

For the Nearest Estimates.

MAKE YOUR ESTIMATE

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING

One \$525 Mason & Risch Piano given as First Prize.

THE PRIZES

A \$525 MASON & RISCH PIANO will be given as the first prize to the person sending in the nearest correct estimate of the total number of votes polled in the 1908 Winnipeg Mayoralty Election. To the next nearest correct estimate a Credit Certificate will be given to the amount of \$150. To the twenty-five next nearest correct estimates, Credit Certificates to the amount of \$100 each will be given. Each of the competitors sending in the next five nearest correct estimates, will be given Credit Certificates for one dollar less than the preceding prize, or \$99, and following this, in groups of five, each of the competitors sending us the next five nearest correct estimates will be given Credit Certificates for one dollar less than the preceding prize, until the entire \$10,000 shall have been distributed.

VOTES POLLED IN FORMER MAYORALTY ELECTIONS

We are informed, and believe our information is correct, that in 1905 the total number of voters was 18,900 and that the total number of votes cast in the Mayoralty Election was 6535; that in 1906 the total number of voters was 24,916 and the total number of votes was 7419; that the total number of persons eligible to vote in the 1908 Mayoralty Election in Winnipeg is 33,500.

WHY THIS OFFER IS MADE

This extraordinary offer is made because of our desire to compile a mailing list of all the homes without instruments in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. We believe we can secure the information desired more quickly and more economically than we could by spending twice the sum by using solicitors and canvassers.

The fairness of this offer at once appeals to the public from the fact that the Mason & Risch product has been sold for a number of years exclusively upon a uniform or fixed price plan, all instruments being marked in plain figures, which are conclusive as to price. Therefore, to all winners of Credit Certificates there is absolute assurance of a genuine reduction of the amount of the Credit Certificate on any New piano you may select.

CONDITIONS.

In case of a tie, the value of the prize in question will be awarded on neatness and legibility of answer. All answers must be written plainly, giving name and address, also stating whether you have an organ, square or upright piano, giving name of maker. For convenience sake you may fill out the blank below, or, at your option, use other paper. Remember, every person sending in an estimate has equal prospects of getting a prize, regardless of when the estimate is sent in, provided it reaches us before the close of the contest, December 8th, 1908.

It is conditional upon sending in your estimate that you agree to abide by the decision of the judges, who are disinterested parties, and whose decision will be final.

Those who receive Credit Certificates can apply them on the purchase price of any New Mason & Risch, Henry Herbert, Newcombe, Dominion, Classic, or Harmonic Pianos in our Winnipeg warerooms, but cannot apply them on any purchase made prior to the close of the contest, December 8th, 1908. Credit Certificates will be good until January 1st, 1909. These Certificates will have no cash value, and can only be used as a credit on the purchase of one of said Pianos.

Any one residing in Manitoba and Saskatchewan may send in one estimate. Not more than one estimate will be received from the same party or family. Where more than one estimate is sent in by the same party or family, all will be rejected. Our employees and their families, the judges and their families, and all other persons in any way connected with the piano trade will NOT be allowed to compete.

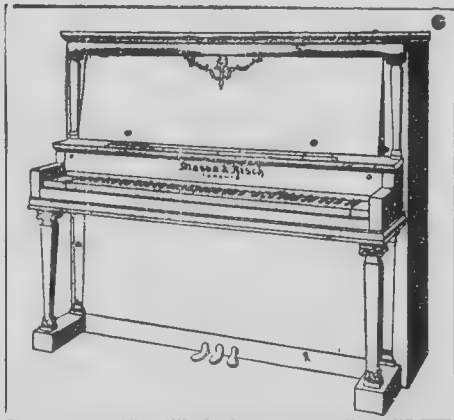
No announcement of the estimates will be made until after December 8th, and the names of the winners will be announced as soon as complete returns are in from all wards.

THE JUDGES—The awarding of the prizes will be left entirely to disinterested parties and the following well known newspaper men have kindly consented to act as judges. Mr. McCurdy, of the Winnipeg Free Press, Mr. Hoit, of the Winnipeg Tribune, and Mr. Massey of the Winnipeg Telegram.

The contest will close at 6 p.m. on Tuesday, December 8th, 1908.

And all estimates must be received by that time and all answers must be addressed to the Manager Contest Department, The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited, 356 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

The Prize Piano is on exhibition in our Warerooms,



This is cut of our \$525 Prize Piano.

The MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Limited, 356 Main St., Winnipeg.

My estimate of votes is.....

Name..... Address.....

City..... Province.....

If you own an organ, square or upright piano give name of maker

Organ..... Square..... Upright.....

Name of Maker.....

MONTHLY.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Ltd. Factory Sales Parlors
356 Main St., Winnipeg.



THE PHILOSOPHER

The year has two Springs. One begins in April. The other blossoms in December. Christmas is the Springtime which touches with a renewal of life many sleeping emotions. The recurrence of the festival which Christendom for ages has been wont to hallow with rejoicing not only reminds us of the centuries that have passed since the Divine Child was born in the stable at Bethlehem, but stirs the heart with the happiest impulses. The young associate it with experience of the greatest delight; the old with hallowed recollections of their own childhood. Christmas is the Festival of the Child; and men and women of years are bound to its celebration by the memories of their childhood. No season of the year brings us all such newness of feeling. It is a season dominated by the higher and homelier feelings, by worship, by joy, by charity, by good cheer. The good news heard by the shepherds has lost none of its power, but has, on the contrary, been many times multiplied. Ignorance, the foe of the race, whence spring most of the ills that beset it, is an ever-narrowing factor in our civilization. The light has brightened steadily since the first Christmas.

The Great Festival

Life's renews form a main factor in making life worth living. Spring is Nature's great annual renewal. The beginning of a new calendar year is marked by no rejuvenation either in Nature or in ourselves, but so wedded are we all to the idea of a fresh start that each succeeding January 1 is an occasion in our lives. The true view to take, of course, is that every day is the beginning of a new year. But we are all observers of times and seasons. The little page of a new book, the fresh clean page turned over in the ledger, have a tonic exhilaration that is all their own. It is still as true of the generality of mankind as it was in the days of Pope that

Th Fresh Start

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast; Man never is, but always to be, blest."

Pope knew human nature. And if this be the common attitude with regard to the daily happenings of life is it to be wondered at that the beginning of a new year should be considered a fresh start, a time for hopeful resolutions and expectations? The year nineteen hundred and eight will have gone into the irrevocable past before the next Western Home Monthly is issued. The Philosopher has no intention of taking time by the forelock and uttering beforehand any of the reflections and moralizings suitable for the New Year's Day. There are many things that might be said, but everybody knows them by heart. Jacob probably made use of them to the patriarchs, when the patriarchs were more or less harum-scarum boys. They were an oft-told tale before the Pyramids were built, and they may well be believed to have found a place in the papyrus of Ptah-hotep in the Fifth Dynasty. But their triteness does not in any way diminish the responsibility that lies upon us, all and sundry, to take them seriously to heart and act up to them.

The Taming of the Kaiser

The event in Europe during the past month which has been the occasion of the most comment on both sides of the Atlantic was undoubtedly the bringing of the German Emperor to time, and his being forced to abandon his assumption of absolutism and personal rule and make himself meek and humble in the face of the demand of the German people for his submission to constitutional restraints. Hereafter he must moderate his conversational transports. He has promised that he will only say in regard to public affairs the things which the responsible Ministers of the German Government shall decide that it is fit and proper for him to say. This is a remarkable advance for Germany. The bold and self-willed William will announce no more that he rules by divine right, without any accountability to the German people. His impulsive temper and unguarded tongue have precipitated what is in reality a revolution. It is a revolution unique in that it has been so peaceably brought about. The German people have reason, all things considered, to be thankful that the Kaiser by his habit of unrestricted speech has, as it has happened, wrought no harm to his country or the peace of Europe, as there was constant danger of his doing, but himself hastened the inevitable day when he had to be curbed, his repeated excesses of foolish talk having made it all the easier to curb him, when

at last it had to be done. His case illustrates afresh the soundness of the blunt advice of Chaucer, which is of none the less value for its being more than five hundred years old:

"The first vertue, sonne,
Is to restraine and keepeen wel thy tongue."

Women and Politics

Miss Mary Angela Dickens, who is a granddaughter of Charles Dickens, is the organizing secretary of the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League in England, which came into existence in London last June and is now showing great activity in opposing the agitation carried on by the suffragettes. Branches of the league are now being formed all over England. The attitude of the League is that while a generation ago women had serious grievances, nearly all these grievances have by now been removed without the franchise being extended to women. Miss Dickens in her addresses frankly takes the old-fashioned ground that the fundamental difference fixed by nature between the existence of men and women makes it impossible for the latter, without unsexing themselves to enter into political activity. She admits that there are exceptions; but she regards them as exceptions which prove the rule. One good result is to be looked for from the fact of there being two organizations of women now active in England, one for, and the other against, the granting of woman suffrage. There should now begin to be light thrown upon the question whether the women of England who seriously want the suffrage form a really considerable proportion of the whole number of the women of England or not.

A Wonderful Woman

A wonderful woman, whose dominion over her vast empire with its teeming millions has been without parallel in history for its length of years and its arbitrary character, has passed in the death of Tsze Hsi An, the Dowager Empress of China. The Queen of Sheba, of Semiramis of Babylon, of Theodora, who sustained the Byzantine Empire, of Cleopatra, the last of the Ptolemies, and of Catharine the Great, of Russia,—all these pale before her. From being a slave she advanced by her indomitable will to the position of being for forty-seven years the absolute ruler over 300 million people. She was an inaccessible personage, hedging herself about with the glamor of divinity, intangible, shadowy, inscrutable, terrible, putting forth a spectral hand to impose her will upon her millions of subjects, who hated no less than they feared her. She was slow to learn that China could no longer stand in utter isolation from the rest of the world. She was accountable for rivers of blood in uprisings among her own subjects, speedily and mercilessly suppressed. Through wars with foreign foes she was only partially taught that the traditions of two thousand years could no longer detach her Empire wholly from the rest of humanity. To the Chinese people she was the symbol of terrible might; and enough is known to show that at last it was only in their secret prayers that they dared invoke deliverance from her.

Safety on the Prairie.

A Nebraska paper speaks of people getting lost on the prairie in this country in the winter time, and suffering from exposure to the cold, as though that were a fate unavoidable by dwellers in Western Canada. It is true, indeed, that in the prairie States on the other side of the international line raging blizzards originate as suddenly as cyclones do in the summer, and cause disasters unavoidable even by the most careful; but in Western Canada common, ordinary precautions will always ensure safety. Of course, at night a newly settled prairie region offers no landmarks for the unwary tenderfoot who is attempting to make a short cut home on foot. If it is a summer night, the wayfarer who gets lost suffers no serious misadventure; but to get lost on the prairie on a winter night may be a very serious matter. As fast as the country fills with settlers danger of this kind to the unexperienced is minimized by the frequency of houses and the building of fences. The lesson for new settlers to learn is to stick to the beaten trail at night, or make sure of reaching shelter before dark. The winters of Western Canada are enjoyable and healthful, and there are plenty of men who have spent twenty years and more on the prairie without suffering even a frost-bitten ear; but our winter weather is sometimes such as to be neither enjoyable nor healthful to the wayfarer

hopelessly lost on a vast expanse of plain at night. A little common prudence, a little reasonable forethought, would obviate the unnecessary discomfort or suffering which inexperience and recklessness are occasionally accountable for.

Going Too Far

Now comes Dr. D. F. Luckey, State Veterinarian of Missouri, with the announcement that he believes that before long the leaves and stems of alfalfa will be ground into meal for the making of bread. "If for any reason a scarcity of breadstuffs should occur in the United States," he says, "I believe that alfalfa bread would be used pretty extensively, provided, of course, that the alfalfa crop were not a failure at the same time." Thus it is proposed that man shall burglarize the fodder box of the gentle cow. Only some ten years ago began this movement for the appropriation to human use of the food of our domestic dumb beasts. Beginning mildly with the whole grain and the bran mash, it seized husks, germ, the seed pod, the bark, the branch, the roots of vegetable creation. Each new scientific health food meant a further inroad than the last upon the food supply of the beasts. They looked on in mild and helpless wonderment while ruthless but scientific hands violated the stable, dragging hence the oat box, the bran mix, the sack of chop, all but the harsh dry and homely hay. The mow alone escaped. Now Dr. Luckey wants hay seized upon, too. Does he want to have humankind brought down to neigh and paw the ground, to champ the bit, or, to moo, and hook the horn and frisk about. No; man will not turn to hay as an article of diet. Dr. Luckey is without doubt an able veterinarian; but he is no prophet. Man will leave the pasture to his four-footed friends, the pasture-bred.

The Hindus as they are

Uninformed writers who represent British rule in India as oppressive and who express sympathy with "the inspirations of the people of India for liberty," would change their minds if they went to India and studied its actual conditions and problems. The history of India does not lead to the belief that the Hindu people would prosper if left to their own devices. The terrible famines in India have with gross ignorance and injustice been charged against British rule, by writers living on the other side of the globe from India; the truth is that the famines would be vastly more terrible without British relief. India's ignorance, her fanaticism, her outbreaks of brutality, the grossness, extravagance, and sensuality of some of her native princes, her fast hold to caste and other degrading and injurious customs, would all be stimulated by the withdrawal of the white man from the seats of government. A reversion to native rule would mean that the Hindus would lapse completely into their old ways; that caste would become inexorable once more; that child marriages would continue; that the widow be completely outcast, and the suttee restored; that the social position of woman would fall again so low that parents would, as of old, destroy their female children—whether out of spite, or out of mercy, would matter little; and that the ancient governmental absolution would be exercised by native rulers who respected neither the lives, liberties, nor property of their subjects.

In France last year, according to the official figures made public by the French government a few weeks ago, there were 19,920 more deaths than births. The decline in the number of births in France has of recent years been steadily advancing year by year.

A Plan for Taxing Bachelors

In 1907 the total number of births was 857,274; last year the number was 773,069. Forty years ago the population of France was 38,000,000, and the population of Great Britain, 30,000,000. Today the population of France is 39,000,000 and the population of Great Britain is 42,000,000. In considering the significance of these figures, it must be remembered that the emigration from Great Britain is very large, while from France it is very small. So seriously is the decreasing birth rate regarded in France that a Parliamentary Commission is planning ways and means of checking, if possible, the tendency towards comparative depopulation of the country. One scheme which the Commission has already reported in favor of is that legislation be passed by the French Parliament relieving heads of families of a portion of the taxation, in accordance with the number of their children, and imposing a tax upon bachelors. It remains to be seen how such a plan, if it is adopted, will work out. From the point of view of the state the special taxation of bachelors in a country like France may easily be justified. The father of a family assumes financial burdens in rearing children, and the state derives an advantage, inasmuch as no state can continue to exist unless the population is continually renewed. If a man chooses to avoid marrying and rearing children, says the French Commission, let him pay in the form of extra taxes for his exemption from domestic duties and responsibilities.

A Page of Christmas Gift Suggestions

Our Special Catalogue of Christmas Goods has just been issued and we want you to receive a copy. It contains such goods only as are intended for gift giving. The selection is very wide and embraces all the most popular articles for Christmas.

If you have not received a copy write for it without delay as it will prove a valuable guide in making your selections.

Besides our Christmas catalogue our regular Fall and Winter Catalogue contains a great many articles well suited for Christmas Gifts.

We refer especially to our Fur Garments for men and women, boots, caps and mitts which are always useful gifts. Some piece of furniture or a sewing machine would delight the heart of anyone, while our Eaton Cabinet Grand Piano at \$185 would make a truly magnificent gift.

We cannot too strongly urge the necessity of early buying as it greatly lessens the possibility of disappointment or anxiety at the last moment.

Christmas Handkerchiefs

These are four very special lines, bought expressly for Christmas.

8 W.H. 1—Women's 13 in. Grass Bleached Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched in assorted hems. Special **3 for 25c**

8 W.H. 2—A special purchase of about 500 doz. Women's Fancy Handkerchiefs, in assorted Lace trimmed and Embroidered design. The embroidered are in both scalloped edge and hemstitched of fine Irish lawn. All very dainty and will make pretty gifts. Special **12½c each.**

8 W.H. 3—A very attractive handkerchief for men of pure Irish Linen, 20 in. size, in beautiful fine quality grass bleached Irish Linen, hemstitched in neat narrow hem with handsome colored block initial in corner. Colors, blue and red. Special value **3 for 50c.**

8 W.H. 4—Another Special Xmas feature is for the children. Fancy tin boxes contain 3 fine lawn hemstitched handkerchiefs. The boxes are in assorted Hunting Scenes, Trunks, and Kindergarten styles, also Xmas Hampers containing 3 fine Lawn Handkerchiefs. Other novelties in Suit Case and Puzzle styles. All one price..... **15c. each**

Cameras Are Welcome Gifts

6 W.H. 1—The No. 1 Murer Folding Camera takes pictures $3\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ adapted for Roll Films. This camera is fitted with a brilliant double periscope lens and good shutter, working at instantaneous, bulb and time. (This is the best value in a $3\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ Folding Camera we have ever seen). **\$10.00**
Price with continuous Shutter Release. Xmas special.....
Carrying Case \$1.25 extra. Films for above camera, 35c. per roll.

ELECTRIC BATTERIES 6 W.H. 2—Medical Electric Batteries, complete with all attachments and a book of Instructions. The Anti Doc Battery, \$4.00. The No. 4 Home \$6.00. The Double Cell Medical Battery, \$8.50. (This battery is extra fine value.)

ELECTRIC MOTORS 6 W.H. 3—Run by one or two Dry Cells, for running mechanical toys. Price \$1.50. Red Seal Dry Cell, 35c. Extra.

STYLISH FUR SET \$10.00



16 W.H. 100—Finest natural Muskrat Tie Scarf 60 inches long. Lined throughout with best grade brown satin. These scarfs positively guaranteed to be made of only choice selected dark skins. Special price for scarf..... **\$5.50**

16 W.H. 110—Natural Canadian Muskrat Empire Muff, made in large design. Choicest selected skins. Lined with brown satin. Finished wrist cord. Special price for muff..... **\$5.00**

Special to our Mail Order Customers for the balance of this season, we offer this set complete

At \$10.00

The value we guarantee fully 25% less than goods of like quality, bought elsewhere.

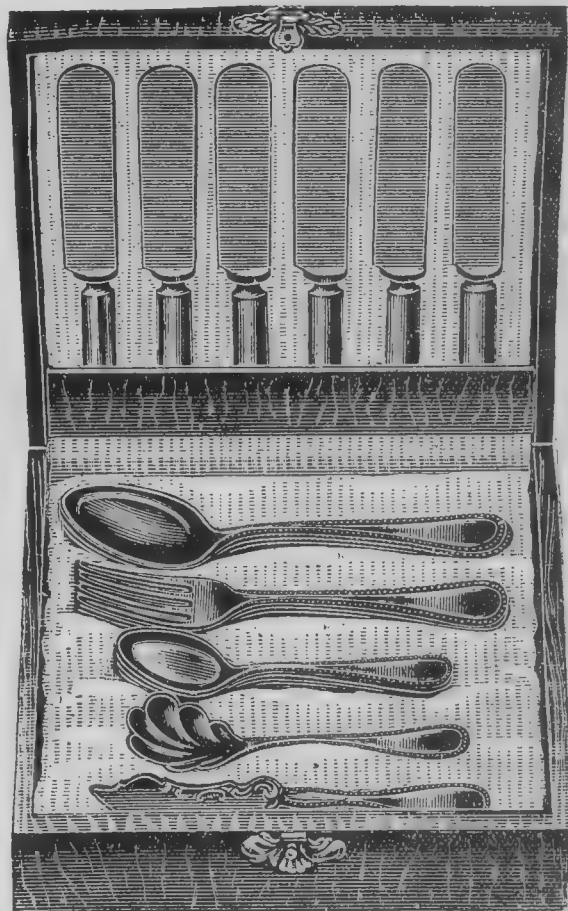
The Eaton Full Desk Cabinet Sewing Machine.

This beautiful machine is made and designed especially for us. The woodwork is of quartered oak. The cabinet into which the head drops is dust proof. The cut shows the machine open and ready for use.

We guarantee each machine for ten years. A certificate to this effect accompanies each machine.

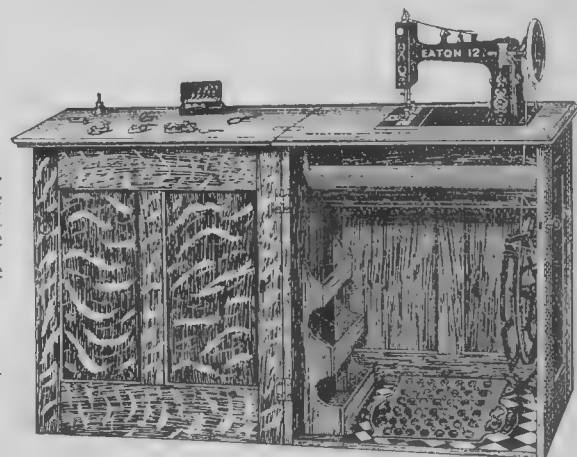
The price is only..... **\$22.75**

Set of Silverware \$4.55



4 W.H. 200—The cut above faithfully represents one of our very best values in tableware. The set consists of half a dozen each table knives and forks, half dozen dessert spoons, half dozen teaspoons, a sugar shell and a butter knife—26 pieces in all, of the very best quality of silver plated ware. The pattern is a beaded design around edge. The set comes in a neatly lined case and presents a very handsome appearance. It would make a very useful as well as beautiful Christmas Gift.

Price for set complete..... **\$4.55**



The New Style in Fancy Frilling

8 W.H. 10—Neat box containing 3 wide frills of chiffon and net. The most popular widths for this season and all the prettiest colorings. Per box..... **35c**

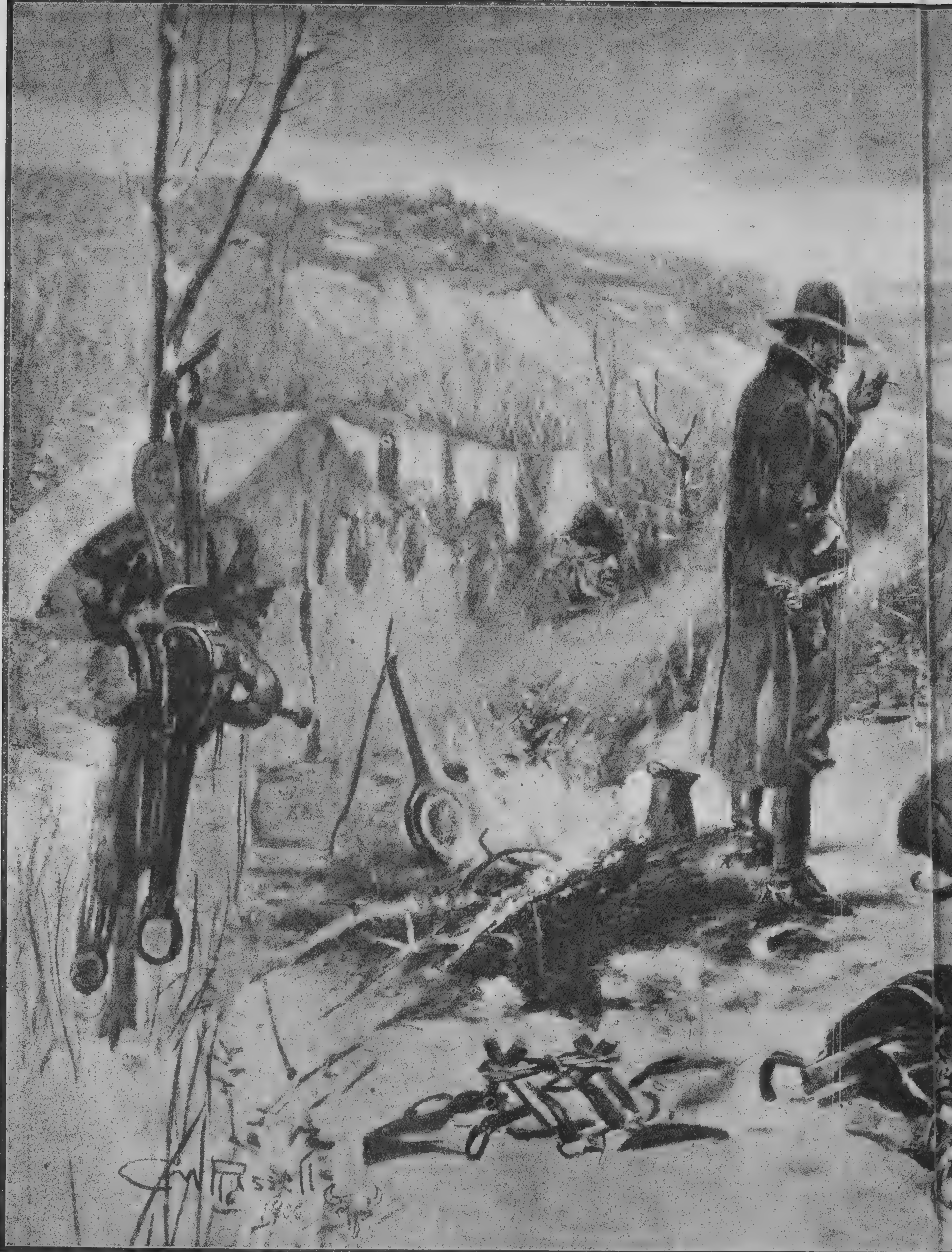
HANDSOME NOVELTY MUFFLER

8 W.H. 20—Women's Novelty Crossover Mufflers in a wide assortment of dainty color effects. They are made of handsome Dresden Silks and the color combinations include pink, blue, brown, green, navy, mauve, cardinal. Each muffler is put up in fancy box. Each..... **\$1.50**

Order Early to
Avoid
Disappointment.

THE **T. EATON CO.**
WINNIPEG, LIMITED
CANADA

Freight Ship-
ments are Most
Profitable.



"THE RED MAN'S CH



CHRISTMAS GIFT."

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

WINNIPEG CANADA

A LEADER IN STYLE

JUMPER SUIT

W5505 at \$10.00

This is the great leader of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is the most handsome, neatest and smartest novelty of the season, and represents by far the best value offered—in fact it has never been equalled. Illustration and description below is exact.



W5505
JUMPER
DRESS
\$10

W5505—Ladies' Jumper Dress. Made as illustration, of French Panama. Decidedly chic. Smartly trimmed with bands of satin to match material and buttons. Colors, black, brown, navy and green. Price \$10.00

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

We mail it Free on receipt of request. Write To-day.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

WINNIPEG CANADA

WATCH FREE!

This Silver Nickel, guaranteed Stem Wind Man's Watch, given for selling only \$2.50 worth of DR. SNYDER'S Famous VEGETABLE PILLS. They are the greatest remedy known for indigestion, weak or impure blood, catarrh and also for all liver and kidney troubles. Send us your name and address stating you will do your best to sell the pills at 25c a box. When sold, return us the money and we will mail you this handsome watch. We take back what you cannot sell and give you a premium for amount sold. Please write plainly and at once.



The RELIABLE PREMIUM CO.
Pill Dept. WATERLOO, ONT.

CHRISTMAS POST CARDS

Eight beautiful designs embossed in colors and gold sent post free for 10c. coin or stamps. Sixteen different, 20c. Eight different New Years 10c. write for price list.

THE WESTERN SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. A. Winnipeg, Canada.

Repeat it:—"Shilo's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."



Christmas

It will be less than a month to the anniversary of the Christ Child when this reaches my readers and I cannot but express the old, old wish "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Sometimes I wish with all my heart for some means of taking a bird's-eye-view of all the homes into which the Monthly penetrates in order that I might write something that would meet the needs of every woman who reads it.

It is only possible, however, for me to write from what I know of the needs of a very few and the experience which life has brought me.

To very many of the women in the West the return of Christmas but emphasizes the loss of dear ones during the year. The one perhaps who was always foremost in the planning for gifts and remembrances of the day or the child for whom it was always such a delight to make Christmas, and the mere thought of remembering the day is a keen pain.

To all such I want to repeat the lesson that this year I am trying to learn myself—that somewhere near to us is someone who needs the love and the gifts that we can no longer bestow upon our lost ones, and the best proof of our love and remembrance is to see that

gift has been in the giver's mind a goodly portion of the year. I have just a word to say to the young women who read this page and I hope they are not a few. This is the word—give mother something for herself. Do not give her spoons or table napkins or towels or dishes or any other things that all in the home will benefit equally in the using. Give her a picture or a book or a pretty collar, or a special chair, a pair of gloves or a new gown, but let it be something for her alone. Give her the other things also, if she needs them and you can afford it, but do not be guilty of the greed and snobbishness of giving your mother something that will benefit yourself quite as much as it will benefit her, and perhaps a little more. Girls on farms have not a great deal of money, I know, but if they care to deny themselves, a very great many of them at least, can make their mother some such special gift, and they will never realize until mother is gone, how much good that self-denial did them.

What I have said of gifts to mother applies as much to the boys as the girls. One other thing I would say to the boys, if this comes under their notice, if you are away from home do not think you have done your whole duty when you have sent your mother money and told her to buy herself a Christmas present that she wants. It is often not well for a boy or a young man to spend a great deal of money on buying things for his



Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny."

such needy soul does not miss Christmas. It is a hard lesson, how hard only those know who have tried to learn it. The true spirit of Christmas is giving, not only of our time and money but of our very selves and only by lavish giving ourselves to others can we ever hope to take the sting out of our loss. I know so well the feeling of "O, I cannot do it this year, no one has a right to expect me to make Christmas." But it is this Christmas that is the test and there is someone who has the right to expect that you will rise up and do the duty that lies next no matter how hard it may be. I hope this little word spoken in love and sympathy will help some soul over the hard places of Christmas week and though it may not be possible to be merry there may be happiness in the thought that others have been blest by your forgetfulness of self.

Gifts

The west, on the whole, has been very prosperous during the year and people are in a lavish mood as Christmas approaches, much more so than they were at the same time last year. The merchants have anticipated this and the stock of things suitable for gifts seems to be without beginning or end. I hope every reader of this column is observing the golden rule, and doing her buying early so as to prevent the dead rush at the last moment. Before this reaches my readers many gifts will have been bought and many more will have been made, and the latter are always the most highly prized because they indicate that the recipient of the

mother unless he knows of some more expensive article, such as furs, that she really needs, because his purchases may sometimes be more of a burden than a blessing, but with his money gift to his mother at Christmas the young man or boy should always send something that he has chosen for mother himself. Let it be a ribbon, some fancy note paper, a pair of gloves, a book, a simple picture, but let it be something that mother can show to her friends and say "my boy chose that for me himself, wasn't it dear of him to take so much trouble to please his mother." The giving of the opportunity for this little speech, means more to mother, almost than the gift itself.

You would never dare to send money to the young girl whom you hope some day will be your wife, and tell her to buy a gift for herself. You take any amount of time and pains to find out what she wants or what she would like. How, dare you then, be less considerate of your mother.

Dear boys and girls, young men and maidens, remember that mothers are very precious things and on this earth at least, you cannot have them forever.

Y.W.C.A.

Just at this time of the year every woman feels that she has a dozen uses for every penny she can lay hands on and I am sure that it is of little use to suggest money contributions to the Young Women's Christian Association during December. Nevertheless I want to say a few words about that institution. The building is

in course of erection and owing to the extremely fine fall it has made more progress than was hoped for this year. All the money necessary for the completion of the building has not yet been raised. Every dollar that comes in is prized by the building committee, as it is their laudable ambition to open the building free of debt.

You may say the Young Women's Christian Association is for the girls in the city. So it is, but for what girls? For the girls who are in the city, earning their own living, and away from home. Where do these girls come from? By far the larger percentage of them come from the country, so that any help you may give the Young Women's Christian Association is but an investment for the girls from the country who are urged either by necessity or ambition to the city to earn a livelihood. I have stated many times before, and I repeat it now, that Winnipeg, as a city, is no more unsafe for young girls to come to than is any other city of its size on the American continent. But every city is unsafe for the inexperienced girl. There are a hundred dangers of which the girl from the country is wholly unaware, and often she is entangled before she is conscious of what is happening. The Young Women's Christian Association is a sheet anchor for every girl coming a stranger to a strange city. If she is wise and writes ahead to the secretary she will be met at the train. If she does not write all that she needs to do on arriving in Winnipeg is to apply to the "Travellers' Agent of the Association" at the depot. She is easily found and is distinguished by a badge that is not so easily counterfeited. This agent will see that a girl goes to a safe, respectable, and moderate priced boarding house. When the new building is finished there will be rooms for transients in it, but at present there are three boarding homes in different parts of the city and to any one of these the Traveller's agent will either take or direct the new arrival. She may stay in one of these homes for a few days until she has time to look about her, or should she so elect, she can frequently secure permanent board in one of them at a very reasonable rate. At present the Association are maintaining a few rooms on Portage Avenue, one of the chief thoroughfares of the city and here the stranger may join classes for instruction at night or enjoy a social evening. With completion of the new building this work will be greatly enlarged and there will be baths and a gymnasium and best of all, good and cheap meals. Only those who have boarded in Winnipeg can know how extremely difficult it is to obtain that combination. In all these ways the Young Women's Christian Association will be a help and protection to the girl who comes a stranger to the city. Is it possible then, that the women in the country, especially the mothers, can ignore the claim which this work has upon them? I think not. Remember no large gifts are solicited, but any sum however small, will be a real help. All such amounts should be sent direct to the General Secretary, Miss May Bambridge, Y.W.C.A., 260 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.

Treasure Valley

This is the name of a new volume by Marian Keith, the author of Duncan Polite and Silver Maple. It is a sweet and whole-some tale of country and village life in old Ontario. The scene is laid in the township of Oro on Lake Simcoe, and it would be difficult to imagine a more faithful and kindly picture of the life of the province. I would suggest it as a Christmas gift for anyone who has come from Ontario for it will assuredly be a pleasant reminder of old home ties.

On the other hand I would suggest that those who wish to send a book as a Christmas gift to friends, either in Ontario or in the old land they can hardly do better than Nellie L. McClung's "Sowing Seeds in Danny" for it will give people who have never seen the west an excellent idea of the farm and village life of the prairies. I am glad this month to be able to introduce my readers to a picture of the author telling stories to the children of Manitou. The boy in the ringed sweater is

none other than the original of the famous character of "Bugsey Watson."

Mary's Little Hen

Mary had a little hen
Upon her little farm.
Against the wolf before the door,

It proved to be a charm.
Each day it laid a little egg,
Which Mary sold at town,
And thus she bought her groceries,
And now and then a gown.
The years passed, and Mary paid
The little mortgage due,
And sent her girl to boarding-school,
Her boy to college, too.
She has a nest-egg in the bank,
And even keeps a cook,
And everything about her has
A thrifty, well-kept look.
Says she, to those who daily fail
With needle, brush and pen;
"If you would do as well as I,
Just keep a little hen."

The extreme money value of the little hen may appear exaggerated, but I must confess it looks feasible to anyone who has to buy newlaid eggs in Winnipeg just now. The last time I attempted to buy any hen fruit that could be guaranteed newlaid the grocery man looked at me pityingly and told me I might as well ask for the moon. When guaranteed newlaid eggs are 50c a dozen in November and in such a November as we have had this year, there surely must be money in hens. It is no idle dream that from the present indications newlaid eggs will be 60c by Christmas and 75c before the winter is out. Let me say a word of warning, however, to anyone who is attempting to have newlaid eggs in the winter. Do not feed the hens musty grain, as more than one lot of eggs coming in this fall has had to be rejected as newlaid and sold simply as fresh gathered on this account. Another suggestion I would make to any woman who is near enough to Winnipeg to get eggs in while strictly new and without freezing.

Coal Oil and Gasoline

The past few weeks have been a period of unusual tragedy from the use of coal

oil and gasoline. With regard to the coal oil there is no doubt that the major portion of the accidents are due to the oil being defective and that of course is being dealt with by a government board of inquiry. What I want to say a word of warning about is the persistent use, in so many farm homes, of coal oil as a means of lighting the fire. It is all very well to say "we never use it except on the wood when there is no fire in the stove." People have done that for years and in the end fallen victims to some chance spark which they did not think was there. The only absolutely safe way is to divorce the coal oil can and the kitchen stove completely. Surely no advantage of a hurry-up fire is sufficient to endanger a life for the sake of getting it. There is no need for it either. A little care in drying kindling wood in the stove oven when nothing else is in and the fire is still on would provide a means of lighting the morning fire much more effectively than can be done with damp wood and coal oil. Hundreds of accidents occur through this practice every year and many lives are lost and many bodies disfigured for life through this practice. Surely it is time for the householder to arise in her might and banish the coal oil can as a means of lighting fires.

Gasoline is another fruitful source of trouble. I am sure it has been written a thousand times that this fluid should never be used at night in a room where a lamp is lighted, and again that it should never be allowed to come in contact with heat from a stove or from anything else for that matter. Gasoline is one of the most highly explosive fluids that can be brought into a house and it is simply impossible to exercise too much care in the handling of it.

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely recognized remedy, which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents. at all dealers.

Two Sides of the Same Face



Send four cents in stamps for a copy of my book "The Soul of Beauty." It's interesting to women.

Mme. Marie

—The Right Side, Disfigured by Scars
—The Left Side, Smooth and Beautiful
after being treated by Mme. Marie.

This is not a rare case. I am doing this difficult work every day. Hundreds of ladies in Montreal and other parts of Canada owe their charming appearance to my skill and experience.

My success in removing such blemishes as Smallpox Pittings, Scars from Burns and Surgical Operations and Birthmarks, is the best evidence that I can help you.

My mission is to make women beautiful.

If you are losing your figure, your complexion or your hair, write me in strict confidence and I will tell you how to regain your beauty.

Special Offer On receipt of \$5, I will send Mme. Marie's "FACE BLEACH" and "ELECTRICINE." These celebrated preparations will clear any skin, no matter how badly disfigured with Pimples, Freckles or Moth Patches.

Beauty Specialist, 485 St. Catherine St. West,
Montreal.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC TOWN

Registered Plan

Torrens Title

BEING PLAN OF SUBDIVISION OF LOTS 123 & 130, PLAN 1421, ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION PROPERTY
This is your opportunity to save money and make big percentage by the investment of your savings as a result of the NEW THINGS being built to the east of the city. What the C. P. R. has done for G. T. P. Town is a good guarantee of what the G. T. P. is going to do for G. T. P. Town, therefore get in at the commencement at right prices.

Three years ago we offered, through this paper, lots in the vicinity of the new C. P. R. shops, and we quote the following advice and prophecy which appeared in that advertisement: "Buy these lots now they are selling at \$100, but they'll be worth \$250 inside of two years." What are these lots worth today? From \$300 to \$600. What was then nothing but blank prairie is now a hustling town with graded streets, sidewalks, sewers, waterworks and street car service. Hundreds of residences, banks, schools, churches, etc., have transformed this land into a hustling town; to look upon it now one would hardly believe that such a vast change could be brought about in such a short time. What has caused all this? The C. P. R. shops is the answer. Hundreds of men came to these shops to work; business place sprung up to take care of their wants; banks, schools and other necessities followed, and each development did its share to enhance the value of the surrounding real estate.

New registered plan of G. T. P. building lots, Torrens title, plan 1421.

\$3.00 **PRICE \$75.00 PER LOT** **\$3.00**
\$3.00 CASH AND \$3.00 PER MONTH, NO INTEREST; OR \$15 CASH AND \$15.00 HALF YEARLY, NO INTEREST

You can certainly save \$3.00 or more per month to invest in good real estate in the coming manufacturing town. Our prices and terms insure a rapid sale of these lots. Write now how many lots you require and get choice.

Write for plans and copies from Winnipeg newspapers, showing what is being done in G. T. P. Town. Contract for building locomotive and car shops awarded to Thos. Kelly & Sons, value \$500,000.

Plans have been prepared for the other large shop buildings, which will involve a further expenditure of \$1,000,000. These will include the new car shops.

J. J. BOREBANK, Suites 217-218 **Kennedy Block, Winnipeg**



**Holly Wreaths, Mistletoe,
Holly Branches,
Wreathing.**

Holly Wreaths, 14 inch., each 35 cents, postpaid 50c.

Mistletoe, sprig postpaid 20 cents, per lb. postpaid \$1.00.

Holly Branches per lb. postpaid 60c. 5 lbs., \$2.00 by express only.

Bouquet Green Wreathing, per yard 10 cents. By express only.

Ask for our new seed catalogue when ordering.

WM. RENNIE CO. LTD., 188 Market St., Winnipeg



Dress Economy

Simpson-Eddystone calico prints are fine long-wearing cotton goods. The patterns are stylish and beautiful, and the colors are absolutely fast. Some designs in a new silk finish. They solve the problem of stylish dressing at little cost.

Standard for over 65 years

Ask your dealer for Simpson-Eddystone F. mts. If he hasn't them write us his name. We'll help him supply you. Don't accept substitutes and imitations.

The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Philadelphia
Established by Wm. Simpson, Sr.

Three generations of
Simpsons have made



Short Sleeves

Let me say to the woman or girl who has a good summer dress that she will wear occasionally for the evening this winter and will have for second best next summer, do not destroy it or in any way mutilate your short sleeves because of the present prevailing passion for long sleeves. The glove makers are a good index of what sleeves are to be for at least a year ahead and the makers of both kid and fabric gloves are manufacturing the long gloves right along in readiness for next summer's trade. The fact of the matter is, that the American woman, though she has followed her Parisian sister to a certain extent and for the nonce adopted the long sleeve, is not satisfied with it, and is determined to go back to the short sleeve for summer. Fashions are curious things, women will for long periods accept them blindly but all of a sudden some one style strikes them as particularly useful, or becoming, or comfortable and all the king's horses and all the king's men will not divorce them from it for more than a passing moment. It was so in the case of the shirt waist and the shirt waist suit. Shirtwaists are being made by the thousands for next year's trade and yet if women stopped to realize it, it is quite sixteen years since, with the introduction of the safety bicycle, came the shirtwaists. They have survived the use of the bicycle itself and bid fair to continue on their victorious way for another year at least. There are modifications and it is no longer good form to wear a black skirt and a fancy white waist for informal evening gatherings, but in one form and another the blouse or shirtwaist holds it own. It seems quite probable that the same will be the history of the short sleeve, for summer wear at least. They may not suit all arms, in plain fact the skinny woman should never wear them, but they are so comfortable, and there it ends.

self and with them she expected to make sufficient change in her gown to not be conspicuous as always wearing the same frock. I pass the idea along to the woman in the small town, who would like to look nice, would like to go to a good many functions and who is limited to one or two frocks.

Velvets

For the girl in the country who has to drive a good long way to a party, and there will be a good many parties round Christmas and New Year, I really do not know of any more satisfactory frock than good velveteen, the chiffon velveteen, in one of the many lovely shades shown this season. There are many shades of green, mahogany, dregs of wine, puce, prune and prunella all of which are effective at night. The material is not very expensive and if a girl chooses this material she should get enough to make two waists. One plain for less dress occasions and the other as fancy as you please, with plenty of lace and net and several ribbon girdles or contrasting or harmonizing shades.

If any girl with a clear bright complexion hankers after a gown of Taupe velvet, do not let her hesitate to get it because it may not be bright enough for evening wear. There is hardly anything so artistic as this soft, dull shade and with it can be worn little daring flights of color that are distinctive and at the same time would be quite impossible with a brighter gown. Take for example scarlet. A gown of taupe velvet worn with scarlet morocco slippers, stockings to match, a scarlet fan and a scarlet ribbon in the hair will make a picture that many a benighted male individual will carry away in his eye and have no conception of how it was achieved. In wearing taupe at night, however, be careful always to wear cream and not dead white lace against the neck and arms. The dead white makes too harsh a line between the velvet and your skin. Pale blue and green and for a fair girl touches of violet, may be worn effectively with this soft, dead tone of velvet.

Black Sleeves

There is a tremendous revival of the shiny black satin that has not been in vogue for more than twenty years. It is being used, as I said last month, for decorations of all kinds of gowns, but with the coming of the time of evening gowns and many parties the black satin evening gown is a leader, and not only for married women but for quite young girls. Personally I think the latter use of it is a mistake, girls should wear light and bright colors while they may, but to the woman who can have but one good evening gown this winter, the black satin is a godsend, as it requires little or no trimming, excepting folds and buttons of itself. I saw a perfectly plain Empire gown of black satin this week. It was cut with a deep "V" back and front and had the waist made with the long Gibson shoulder. A wide bias of the satin finished with a wide hem and buttons set at regular intervals was caught down at the bottom of the "V" at the back and brought over the shoulder so as to slightly drape the top of the arm, and then down to the waist in front where it finished with long sash ends completed by jet tassels. For evening against the neck and arms a little sequined lace was worn. But I saw the lady with the gown on for afternoon when she wore an underbody of dead white chiffon tucked by hand and with the long sleeves and high Gibson collar. The effect was quite stunning and for a moment I did not recognize it for her evening gown. She confided to me afterwards that she had one or two of these tucked underwaists, all of which she had made her-

Hats

The high crowned hat has had its day, and in very fashionable centres it has ceased to be shown. The extremely high crown was not very generally becoming and women are not sorry to part with it. During the past ten days there has been quite a stream of women to the millinery shops to have the crowns of the hats bought earlier in the season lowered. In many cases this can be done, in others it is impossible without spoiling the hats. Some of the very up to date milliners sent little cards to their patrons to come in and have the crowns lowered and of course this work was done without extra charge in the case of very expensive hats.

Slip Waists

It is quite a fad this winter to have an extra waist of string colored net or lace and to wear under it a slip of brightly flowered Japanese silk and the effect is very good. Let me whisper to the girl without much money to spend, mercerized sateen looks quite as good as the silk and wears much better.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: Any grandmother will tell you that the children of today are not as good as the children of her day, but you need not believe her.



By Royal Warrant
To His Majesty
The King.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

The Original & Genuine
Worcestershire.

A LOVELY WATCH FREE

A Solid Gold Watch for ladies or gentlemen, costs \$25 to \$50. Don't waste your money. If you wish a watch to keep time equal to any solid gold watch, send us your name and address immediately and agree to sell 12 boxes only at 25c. each, of our famous Pink Tablets, which are an excellent remedy for the blood, nerves and tissues of the entire system, thereby curing nervous debility or prostration, anemia, brain fag, nervous headache, female weakness, dyspepsia, indigestion, sleeplessness, mental depression, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, female complaint, and all diseases arising from excesses, overwork, worry, and deficient nutrition. The use of these Tablets will change the pale and sallow complexion into the ruddy glow of health. They are easily sold. Don't miss this grand opportunity. Send us your order and we will send you 12 boxes by mail prepaid. When you have sold them, send us the money, \$3.00, and we will send you a watch for ladies or gentlemen, (new design), the same day the money is received. We give these watches to introduce our Tablets and all we ask of you, when you receive the watch is to show it to your friends. Hundreds of persons have received our watches and they are more than pleased with them. It is a rare opportunity to secure a lovely watch without spending a cent. This watch is a stem winder and set and not a common clock watch as given by most premium concerns. Order the Tablets without delay. Address CANADIAN MEDICINE CO. Watch Dept. W. H. M., Montreal.



POST CARDS

Send us your photo and \$1. we will copy and print you 1 dozen Post Cards, or 25 Stamp Photos for 25c. First class work. Your photo returned unharmed. No postage stamps taken, send Post Office Money Order, The Carter Co., Bawlf, Alta.

WANTED

Reliable Parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address

The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co.
ORILLIA, ONT.

Free Medicine

Women—don't suffer with Sick Headaches, Pains in the Back and Hips—don't be pale and thin and too tired and miserable to work. Cure yourself with "HEALTH" TABLETS. We will gladly send you a regular 50c box of "HEALTH" TABLETS—the great medicine for women—free of charge on receipt of 10c to pay postage.

B. N. ROBINSON & CO. Coaticook, Que.
Sick Women

Hat Pins

MADE OUT OF

Real Roses



\$1.50

\$2.50

REAL ROSE HAT PINS

It does not seem possible, yet it is true, that these Hat Pins are made out of live roses, and changed into metal by a secret process. This discovery is without doubt one of the lost arts of the ancient Egyptians. They are the most beautiful of all Hat Pins. No two are alike. Made in finishes to conform to the prevailing fashions in millinery. Six sizes at the following prices:

\$1.50 \$2.50 \$3.00
\$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50

For a Xmas Gift to a lady we can suggest nothing more practical or artistic.

D. R. DINGWALL, LTD.,

424—Main Street—588

WINNIPEG.

CANADIAN PACIFIC WESTERN EXCURSIONS

Single Fare

Plus \$2.00 for the
Round Trip

From all stations in Ontario, Port Arthur and West, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to

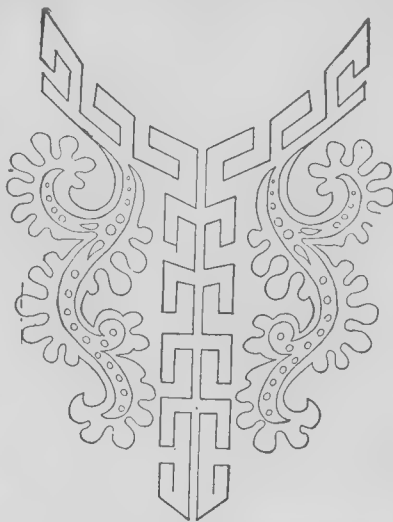
**VANCOUVER
VICTORIA and
WESTMINSTER**

Also to OKANAGAN VALLEY
and KOOTENAY POINTS

Tickets on sale December 1, 2, 3, 17, 18, 19, 1908. January 4, 5, 6, 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1909, good to return within three months.

Transferable Embroidery Designs.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10x15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.



Pattern 53. Braided Shirtwaist.

This may be worked with either rice or soutache braid, the former being the more popular. Two pieces of rice braid will be required. The braid may be sewed on from the front, over and over with small stitches, or by catching in the braid from the back.

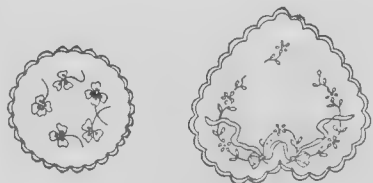
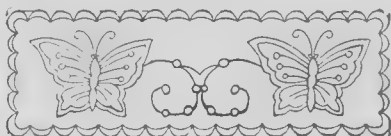
Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material uniformly with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon, as you will notice if you raise the paper by one corner occasionally.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10x15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.



Pattern 55. Pin-Cushions.

The edge of each should be stuffed before button-holing. Embroider as desired.

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Address Western Home Monthly, Embroidery Department, Winnipeg.

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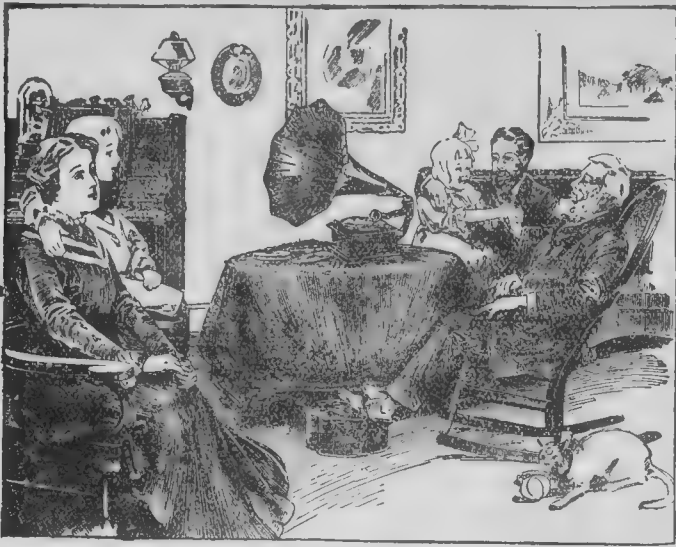
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No. 8. Special Value in a wear-resistant cloth ladies' skirt. This exquisite garment is well tailored, of good quality cloth; has deep inverted and side pleats in front to hips and flaring pleats below. Color: Black only. \$4.50

No. 9. Man-tailored skirt, made of the best quality Voile, has a deep box pleat in front and side pleats all around; is tastily trimmed with silk fold around bottom, headed with two narrow bands and straps of silk, has an inverted pleat in back and deep hem. Colors: \$8.90
Black. Price: \$8.90

SEND FOR SAMPLES

SINCLAIR BROS., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Music and the Drama.

Farmers visiting Winnipeg just now will find ample fare provided for them at all the playhouses. The dramatic season is now in full swing and large audiences nightly patronise the Walker, Winnipeg, and Vaudeville theatres. While occasionally we get some undesirable shows, it must be admitted that the general standard of quality is high and considering the fact that Winnipeg is so many hundreds of miles from another respectably sized city, it is wonderful that the managers of the local theatres are successful in persuading such excellent organizations to visit the Prairie City.

Though Christmas is such a short time off, little or nothing has been heard about the churches making efforts to provide special music for the festive season. Possibly preparations are going on all the time and we are to be treated to some big surprises. Let us sincerely hope that such is the case and that the good old hymns which have been sung in our churches for centuries at Christmas-time may again be heard and bring back tender memories of the past. It has truly been said that there is nothing that makes one so reminiscent as music and is not this particularly so when on Christmas Day we hear the organ peal forth the tunes which we remember hearing in the days of our childhood?

Mrs. Temple's Telegram, Raffles, Salomy Jane, and Madame Sans-Gene were all excellent presentations at the Winnipeg during November and the capacity houses which were always in vogue gave ample evidence of the popularity of the Stock Company. Miss Browne has quickly won her way into the hearts of all by her bright and vivacious acting while Edgar Baume as leading man has come up to the standard required by the most exacting matinee-goer. An excellent repertoire is promised for December.

"The Great Divide" was undoubtedly the piece de resistance at the Walker last month. The play is a masterpiece and a first class company sent here by Henry Miller did it full justice. The second most important play was "The Lion and the Mouse" which was the attraction on Thanksgiving-day and drew record houses. In addition to these two dramas a number of tuneful musical comedies were enjoyed, the most popular being the four put on by the Pollards' whose names seem as magnetic as ever.

The third annual competition for the trophies offered by His Excellency the Governor-General will take place at His Majesty's Theatre, Montreal, during the week commencing April 19th, 1909. The competition is open to all amateur companies in Canada and Newfoundland. The executive committee, however, reserve the right to reduce the entries from any one city or province in case the total number of entries exceeds the number which can be conveniently accommodated during the week of the competition. All entries must be filed by the honorary secretary on or before April 1st, but it is especially desired that all companies intending to compete should notify the secretary at the earliest possible moment, and that no entry should be made until the company is reasonably certain of being able to compete. Serious embarrassment heretofore has been caused by companies dropping out at the last moment. Each company must state for which trophy it desires to compete, and comply to the rules applicable thereto.

Mr. S. L. Barrowclough, leader of the Winnipeg City Band, who was in Dauphin recently assisting in a Thanksgiving service informs me that one of the best of the smaller bands

in Manitoba is to be heard in that sleepy little town. And as usual the townspeople of Dauphin hardly realize that they have a good band in the town, and are not alive to the fact that a first class brass band is a standing advertisement which attracts attention to the place.

The leader, a Mr. McMurray, formerly of Winnipeg, has been working faithfully and hard to produce good results, and has succeeded so well that Mr. Barrowclough could not help expressing his surprise and appreciation of the excellence of their work. This is the time for the country bands to get busy and keep it up and bombard Winnipeg next year with a band competition which will make our citizens sit up and listen.

On Monday evening, Nov. 9th, the Masonic Hall, Indian Head was filled,—despite the fact that the most popular dance of the season was taking place simultaneously,—with an appreciative audience; the occasion being the visit of Miss Lena Duthie, a charming artiste hailing from Aberdeen.

The programme was divided into three parts, Miss Duthie appearing in the first part dressed in full Highland costume, which looked very picturesque and became her well. We need not say that this part was purely Scotch, and embraced old favorites. In the second, the talented performer was dressed in Irish peasant costume and sang the complimentary songs; whilst in the third part she appeared in fishwife's dress, and sang the characteristic songs.

A very enjoyable programme was rendered at an entertainment held at Maple Creek Monday evening, Nov. 9th and listened to by a fairly large audience. The following programme was presented.—

Selection, Maple Creek Orchestra; part song, "Sweet and Low"; song Mr. Hardy; song, Miss Smith; Mother Goose Melody, 16 children; song, Mr. Baker; recitation, Miss Quick; song, Mrs. Price; musical sketch, Mr. Newton; selection, the orchestra; song, Mr. Waller; song, Miss Dunne; song, Mr. Baker; characteristic song, Miss McCulla; selection, the orchestra; Recollections of Camp, Mr. Newton; pantomime, "A Bachelor's Dream"; part song, "Good Night"; Tableaux, Cinderella, and The Gipsy's Warning. Accompanists, Mrs. Cooil and Miss Bell.

Tofield, one of the most progressive towns of Western Canada, enjoyed a very good concert given by its local talent on Thanksgiving Day. The following ambitious programme was presented.

PART ONE

Chorale, "Thou Crownest the Year," Mendelssohn; Chorale, "As Pants the Hart—Spohr; soloist, W. J. Tompkins. Solo, "The Volunteer Organist"—W. B. Glenroy, Mrs. J. B. Harper. Reading, "Selected," Miss M. Schultz. Song, "Alabama Coon," Mr. H. Thorne; Violin Solo, "Selected," Mr. H. Chillman; Solo, "Selected," Mr. S. Carter; Male Quartette, "My Queen,"—Bucaloss; Song, "Encore one Polka"—A. Lloyd, Mr. W. S. Aldis; Reading, "Selected," Rev. A. G. Rainer; Quartette, "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins"—Chevalier.

PART TWO

Chorale, "Thy Marvellous Work"—Handel's "Creation", soloist, W. J. Tompkins; Trombone Solo, "Mona"—Adams, Mr. C. A. Davison; Duet, "Home To Our Mountains"—"Il Trovatore," Verdi; Mrs. R. N. Whillans, Mr. W. J. Tompkins. Song, "The Turkey Bird"—Tough, M. R. N. Whillans; Reading, "Selected," Mr. J. Fletcher; Solo, "The Dear Home Songs," Mrs. J. B. Harper; Solo, "The Flight of Ages"—Bevan, Mr. W. J. Tompkins; Solo, "Angels Serenade"—Braga, (adapted from the Italian), Mrs. R. N. Whillans; Reading,

"The Passing of the Range", Miss Clara Thorsley; Song, "She Was, She Was", Mr. W. S. Aldis; Quartette, "Love's Old Sweet Song"—Mullay; God Save The King.

At Frobisher on Nov. 12th a very enjoyable concert was given by the Oxbow Choir. Following is the programme in its entirety.

Piano Duet—March from Tanhauser; Harvest Anthem—Praise the Lord O Jerusalem—Choir; Song—Japanese Love Song—Mrs. Waterhouse; Recitation — Miss Gould; Duet—O Tell Me Gentle Stranger—Miss Hogan and Mrs. Waterhouse; Part Song—Let the Hills Resound; Piano Duet—Anitra's Dause—; Song, —Somewhere—Mr. C. H. Smith; Duet — Life's Dream is O'er — Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Encore—God is Love; Piano Solo—Arabesque—Miss Riddell; Quartette—Pro Phundo Baso; Part Song—Good Night Beloved; The King.

Professor C. Newman Olding has been giving a series of lectures every Friday afternoon and evening during November in the academies of the London School of Oratory, Hamble Block, Winnipeg. Mr. Olding is undoubtedly the most brilliant orator Winnipeg has ever had the pleasure of listening to and it is to be hoped that these "talks" will be continued weekly throughout the winter.

Prof. Emil Conrad Erickson, director of the Imperial Academy of Music and Arts, Winnipeg, has engaged on the staff the following European artists:

Laura Helbling, violinist.
Signor Savin, tenor.
Herr Soeller, wind instruments.
Mon. Lafont, pianist.
They sailed on the 26th ult., and on arriving in America will give a series of concerts in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, also an initial concert in Winnipeg, probably in the Walker theatre.

Savin is a tenor of continental reputation and has a top D that is said to rival Caruso's in power.

The programme of the concert given at Elstow, Sask. on Nov. 9th was as follows.

Song,—Spirit of the Storm—Mr. R. Sanderson; Song—Shamrock, Thistle and Rose—Miss Simpson; Recit.—The Railway Crossing — Mr. Lorne Ross; Song—The Chorister — Mrs. Binnie; Dialogue — Thanksgiving — School Children; Recit. — Dolly's Thanksgiving—Miss B. Wallace; Song — Miller and the Maid—Miss Plummer; Song—Sentry Song from Iolanthe—Mr. Binnie; Recit. — Crossing the Bridge — Mr. W. Huntingford; Recit.—Thanksgiving T — Master A. Coristine; Duet—Down the Vale—Miss Plummer and Mr. Binnie; Recit.—The Book Agent—Miss Simpson.

The Polmatier sisters gave a highly successful entertainment at Grenfell on Nov. 5th.

The directress of the company, Miss Lu Seba Polmatier plays the violin with skill, but without feeling and expression and her reading was undoubtedly clever, though lacking refinement.

Miss E. Phyllis possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of excellent quality which she used to advantage in her song, "Adoration" for which she received an encore, she had to respond to. Her solos on the trombone were fine. Cannot say her appearance was graceful.

Miss Helene and Miss Ina K. Polmatier received repeated applause for their instrumental solos on the cornet and xylophone.

Perhaps the feature of the evening was their vocal trio, "The Glow Worm," by Misses Phyllis, Helene and Lu Seba.

At Lacombe on November 5th a large and highly appreciative audience greeted the talented amateurs who presented "The Deacon's Tribulations." The play was a very heavy one for persons not accustomed to acting, and the way in which it was staged speaks highly for the histrionic

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ic ability of those participating. Every member of the cast was word perfect, and from start to finish there was not a hitch.

The following is the cast of characters:

Deacon Thornton, L. Overton; George Graff, G. Haylock; George Darrah, C. Craig; James Reed, R. Goldring; Dusty Jim, Percy Harding; Billy, F. Towler; Pete, F. R. Young; Constable, J. Wheeler; Amelia, Mrs. T. F. Roberts; Mrs. Thornton, Miss L. Roberts; Daisy Dean, Mrs. C. B. Halpin; Nellie, Miss Muriel Simpson; Stage Manager, R. Young; Secretary, J. Wheeler.

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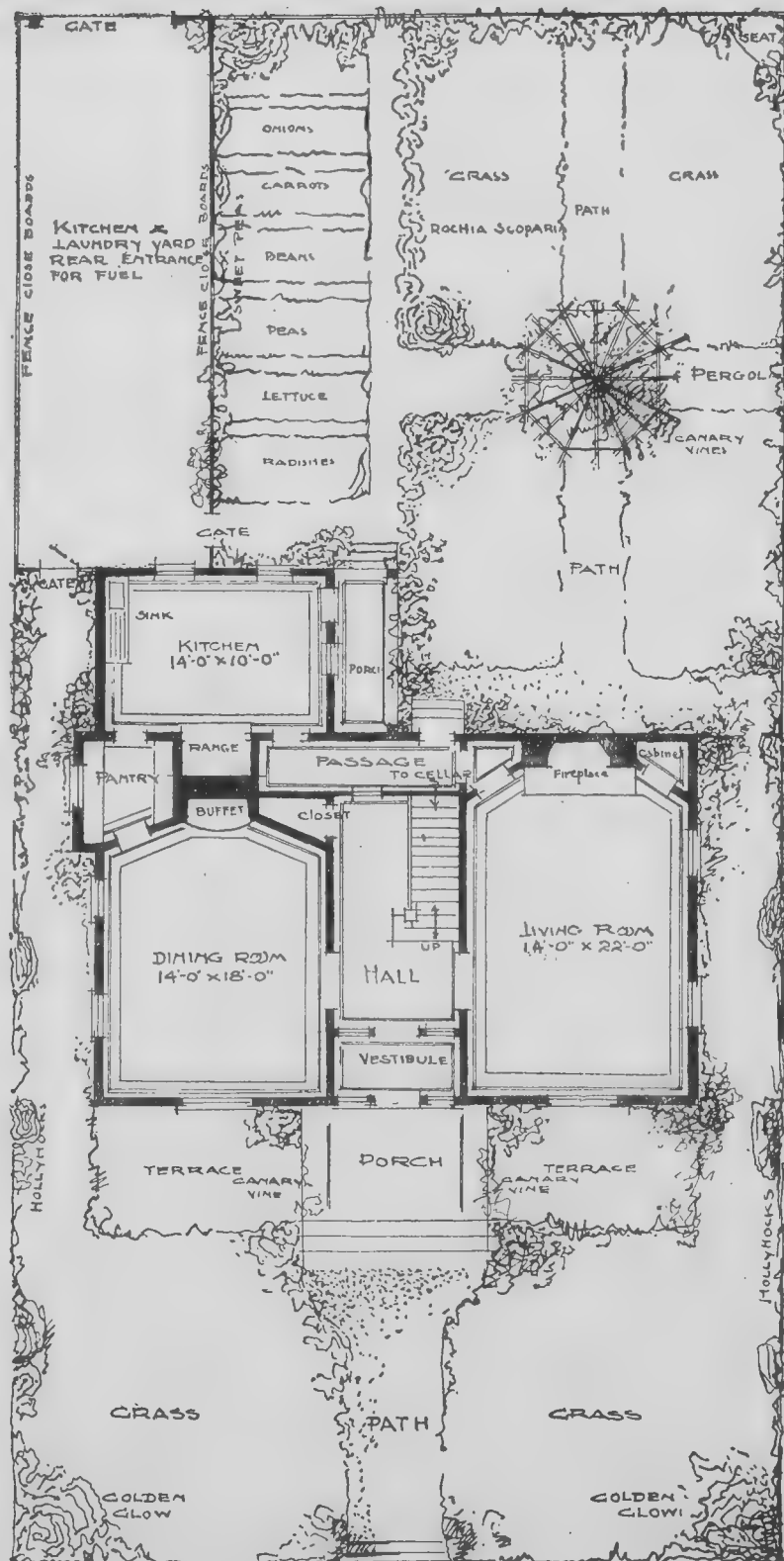
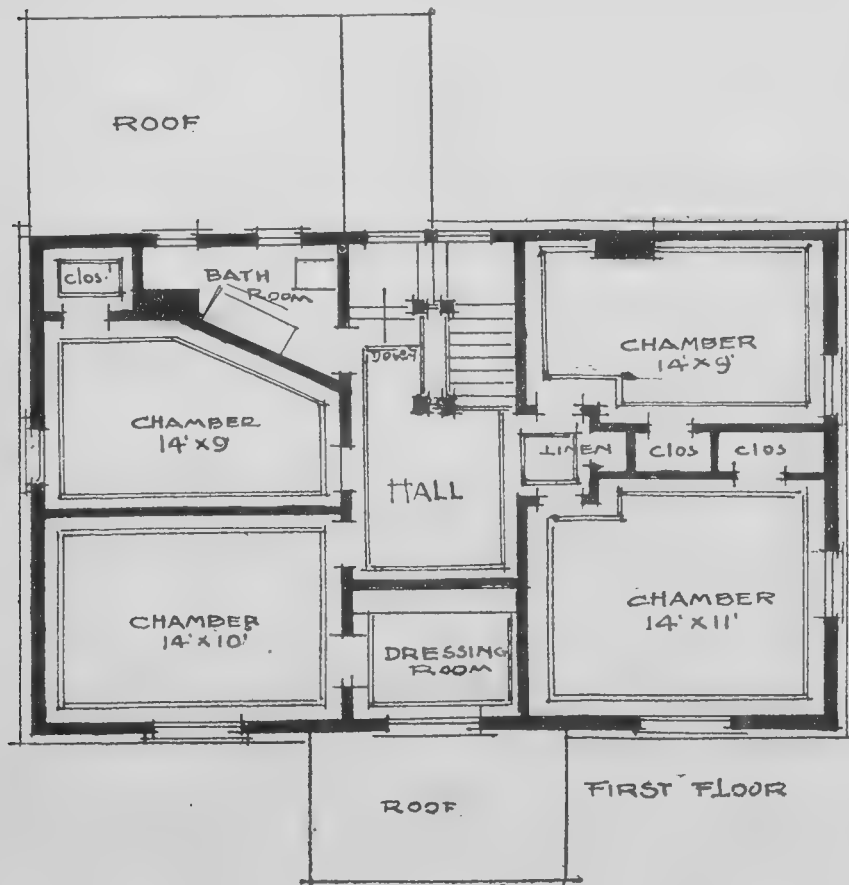
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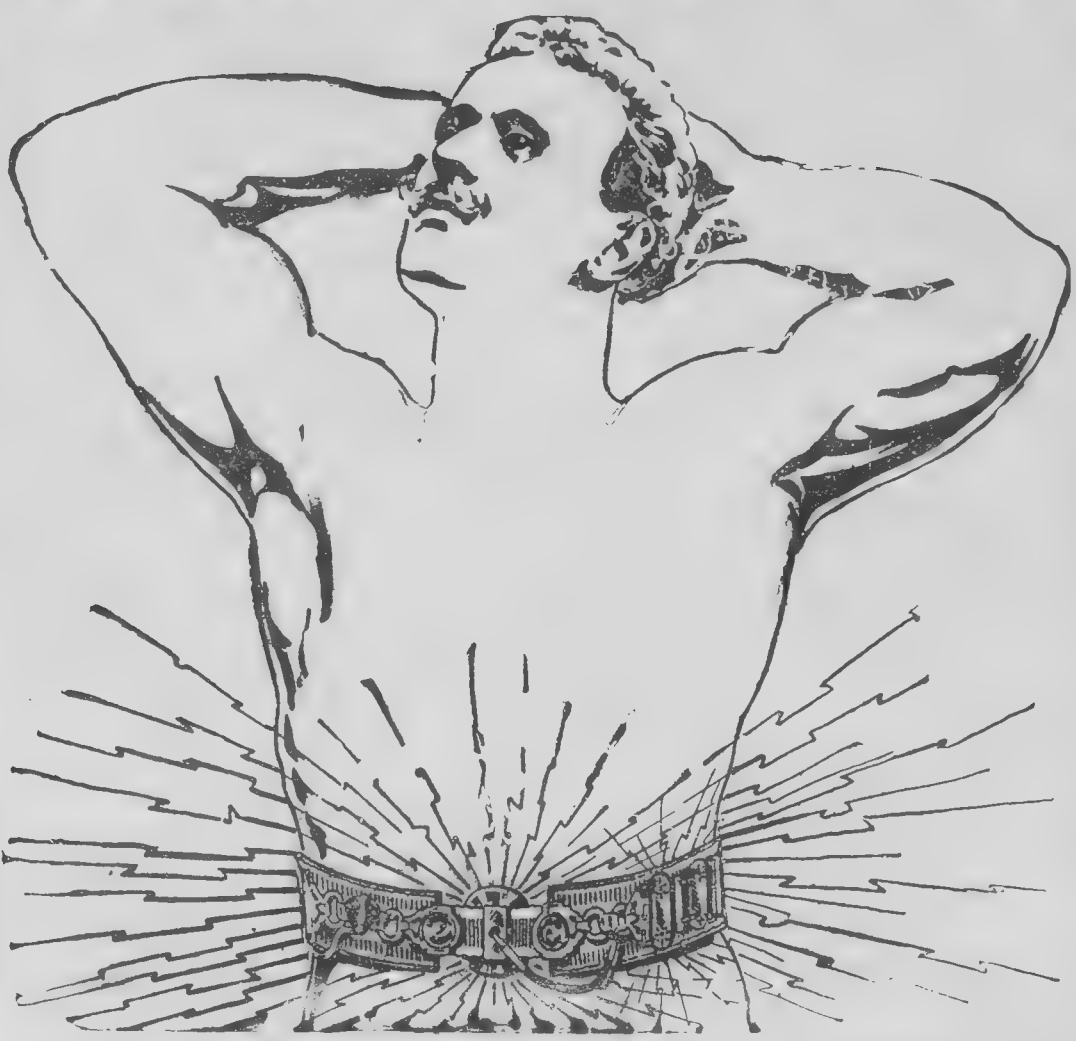
Original Plans. By V. W. HORWOOD, Winnipeg.

It has been my aim this month to show an artistic low cost dwelling and also to show the possibilities of a lot 50x100 feet deep. The house, gardens and surroundings have been carried out with great simplicity and directness, in the style of one of our best Colonial types; and yet enough picturesqueness has been given to keep a home of this small size from stiffness and formality. The kitchen, and service yard, and vegetable garden are given their proper relation to practical convenience and attractive design, both for the owner and for his neighbors. There are flower gardens laid out with grass centres and walks bordered with hedges. In the centre of all this is a pergola in open effect which would be charming with trailing canary vines over it. At the front there is a terrace and lawn, and some old-fashioned hollyhocks and bright golden glow. In the summer, with such delightful surroundings, one would, of course, stay outside to admire them, so I have planned the home to be as comfortable as is possible for our Canadian winters. On entering, we pass through a vestibule lighted by a window on either side the door. To the right is the living room, 14x14,

which has the special fireplace, with red brick hearth and sides laid with a white joint. There is a cabinet built in one corner and in the other there is a passageway to the basement so that the fireplace may be easily replenished. The dining room has a buffet built in and there is a pass pantry. Particular attention is given to the practical working of the service portion. The pantry and kitchen are well lighted, have generous cupboards and shelves, and are in positions of convenience. The kitchen odors, noise and heat are kept from annoying anyone, yet a servant may pass directly to the front door, the hall or stair-case without crossing a room. The cellar entrances are reached without trouble from either outside or inside. There is a cloak closet in the front hall. The stairs are good, having a landing with a window. Upstairs are four bedrooms and a bathroom, each with a closet. The kitchen is just one storey, not built over. The plumbing pipes for bathroom, kitchen and (basement) laundry are all well concentrated. This is an economical arrangement. The foundations of the house are rubble stone. The exterior of the house is shingled and stained, and the trimmings are painted white.



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S. H. SAGER, Okotoks, Alta., says: "I am cured of Rheumatism; your belt has done its work well. I am satisfied it is the only cure for that disease."

"I sleep better, am more fit and putting on flesh. The parts are getting firm and there is no dragging pain, and more, I have a good appetite and no indigestion, which is remarkable for me; thanks to your belt."—**ERNEST E. SAUNDERS, Bresaylor, Sask.**

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OLD COUNTRY DOMESTICS FOR THE WEST.

The Woman's Domestic Guide, with headquarters at 71 Drummond St., Montreal, has been doing a splendid work in bringing out trained domestic servants from England, Ireland and Scotland, and placing them, where they are so badly needed, in Canadian homes. Since the first of the year they have placed considerably over a thousand.

The girls come out about every two weeks in parties which include housemaids, cooks, nurses, generals, and country girls for farm work. By writing the Guide from any part of Canada, advancing \$40 for passage money, and in addition sufficient to pay travelling expenses from Montreal, one can secure, promptly, a good servant of any class. The money advanced applies on her wages, and the greatest care is used in selecting a suitable maid for each position.

The Spirit of Christmas.

By Harry Stuart Smith.



THE good Christmas smell was everywhere, and the group of merry girls sniffed it eagerly, one of them crying: "I think that Christmas is just the best day in the whole year."

"Of course it is," chimed in another, while the others nodded.

They had met by appointment in one of the department stores of a large city, having decided to go shopping together, and they were charmed with the Christmas decorations, the boughs of evergreen everywhere, mingled gay ribbons, costly palms and flowers, while the spirit of Christmas seemed to pervade everywhere.

Crowds filled the great store, and behind the counters the clerks were kept constantly busy, waiting upon the wants of those who filled up the aisles.

The group of half a dozen girls, gathered about one counter, loaded with trinkets of sterling silver, and began handling them, commenting upon them, and assigning different ones to various acquaintances, not close friends, for they were too insignificant for that, according to their elaborate plan of gift-giving.

Standing patiently behind the counter was a pale-cheeked woman, scarcely more than a child, although upon her hand was a wedding ring, who replied to their various questions and tried to give them her whole attention, although it was difficult, for she was besieged by other customers, and fellow-clerks not as well informed about the stock as she.

At last one of the girls, clothed in sealskin and ermine, picked up a number of the trifles and said, carelessly: "Here, girl, I'll take these. Just have them charged to my account. There's not anything worth much, but I can work them in on some for whom I care nothing at all. A dollar each, you said? Ten will be ten dollars."

"I beg pardon, madame," said the clerk respectfully, "but five of those are three dollars."

"Nonsense," said the girl, sharply, "you said a dollar, didn't she, girls?"

The others, who had really been paying no attention, nodded, all but one, and she looked perplexed. She had not understood it that way.

"No, I do not think I could have made any mistake," said the clerk, "for I am very accurate. See here, all these are one dollar; those at the end of the counter are three dollars."

"You said these five things were a dollar, and I hold you to the price."

A deep flush slowly mounted the woman's face, but she said earnestly: "Indeed you are mistaken. If you hold me to that price I will have to stand the loss, and ten dollars is a big amount to me."

The other gave her a haughty stare, saying coldly:

"And what do I care for that? If you cannot mind your business you deserve to lose."

The clerk summoned the floorwalker, who immediately recognized the customer as an old one, and an extravagant purchaser. Against her custom and that of her companions the rights of the clerk were as nothing. Bowing, he said blandly:

"Of course, Miss Septon, your word is sufficient. Make out the check for ten dollars for the ten articles."

"But Mr. Vance," the girl behind the counter began, when he stopped her with a wave of the hand, and with a rage in her heart the clerk complied, and the crowd pushed on.

"Pretty smart thing that," laughed Sylvia Septon, as the six sat about a lunch table a few moments later.

"What?" asked one of the girls.

"Saving ten dollars. It will pay for a dandy lunch," and she showed

two rows of small teeth.

"Do you mean that you deliberately cheated that clerk?" asked one of the girls, the one who had not backed up her friend in her statement relative to the price quoted.

"Oh, there goes Beth," laughed one of the girls, daintily balancing her menu card.

"Will you answer, please Sylvia?" and Elizabeth Burton's voice was very low, but there was an intensity in it which made the others feel ashamed.

"Cheat is a rather ugly word," Sylvia Septon said angrily.

Elizabeth Burton gathered her furs about her and arose, her own face very white, and it could be seen that she was putting a strong control on herself as she replied with such contempt that her words stung like a blow:

"Not a bit uglier than the act," then she turned and left the others.

"Well, did you ever?" Sylvia Septon, and the others echoed her words outwardly, but they all wished they had the courage to follow Beth.

Back to the store in which she had witnessed the little tragedy, for she knew it must mean that to the clerk, she went with head aloft, cheeks burning, and sought the floorwalker.

He smiled at her, for although she had no account in the store, a friend of Miss Sylvia Septon was not to be neglected.

Feeling more embarrassed than ever before in her happy young life, Elizabeth said quietly: "I want to correct an error made a short time ago."

"About those ornaments?" he asked.

"Yes," she said slowly, wondering how to straighten out the tangle without betraying a confidence, "for after talking the matter over we came to the conclusion that Miss Septon was wrong in the matter, and I have come to redress any injustice done the clerk," and crimson, she took out her pocket-book.

"How shall I do it?" she asked, trembling as though she had been the culprit.

"Let me give it to her," said the floorwalker, kindly. He well knew who was to blame, and that this sweet-faced girl was making up the money out of her own allowance.

"Thanks, it will relieve me," she said prettily, and the man encouraged, said hurriedly, for many people were needing his services:

"You've done a fine thing, Miss, for poor Mrs. Gardner needs every cent she can get, for she has a little baby, a sick husband, and they are in debt already, what with her sickness and his."

"Poor thing!" cried the girl of wealth. "Can you give me her address?"

"I can get it," the floorwalker replied, his heart warmed by the kindly spirit of the girl.

"Please. Here is my card, and number. If you will send me her name and number, perhaps, well," with a sweet smile. "Santa Claus might be able to find her," and then she was lost in the crowd, and the floorwalker, a poor man himself, looked after her, saying to himself:

"Bless her, she looked like the spirit of Christmas as she said that," and as soon as he could get to her he lightened the heart of poor, weary Mrs. Gardner, who had been almost heartbroken over the matter, for ten dollars is an immense sum to those who only earn six dollars a week, and have a tiny baby and husband stricken down with an illness which may incapacitate him for months.

The store was all the more Christmasy to Beth Burton than ever before, as she went through it alone, and she made a decision. Although her father was as wealthy as any father of her friends, he did not believe in giving his daughter too much money, and was teaching her its val-

\$200⁰⁰ in Cash

And 500 Valuable Premiums Given Away FREE

Below will be found three sets of mixed or jumbled letters. The first set when placed in proper order spell the name of something that is in every kitchen.

The second set spell the name of something we all wear.

The third set spell the name of a popular fruit.

Here are all the sets:

TSVOE (something that is in every kitchen.)

HTOCLSE (something we all wear.)

PALPE (the name of a popular fruit.)

Can you place the above sets of letters in proper order, so as to spell the words wanted? It is not easy. But with patience and perseverance, it can be done. It may take a small amount of your time, but as there are cash prizes and valuable premiums given away as an advertisement, it is well worth your time to make an effort.

It is just possible that you may have entered contests before and have not been successful, but please remember that in this instance you are dealing with a reliable firm and that there are over five hundred prizes to be distributed.

Write your answer to the above neatly and plainly on a slip of paper, and send it to us at once. Both writing and neatness count in this contest. If you do not happen to be a good writer, have some neat writer enter the contest for you, in his or her name, and if you are awarded a prize, agree with the person who does the writing that the prize belongs to you. All this may take up a little time and be a little trouble, but the prizes are handsome and valuable and worth many times the amount of time that anyone will give to the above.

Should you read this advertisement and yet not desire to enter the contest yourself, please point out the advertisement to some relation or friend who might be interested. This is an opportunity of a lifetime and should not be missed.

This contest is not open to children under 14 years of age. We propose to hold a contest for young people very shortly, but will not accept entries from children in this one.

Below is the prize list for the most correct, best written and neatest solution of the above.

1st prize		\$50.00 in cash
2nd prize		\$40.00 in cash
3rd prize		\$25.00 in cash
4th prize		\$25.00 in cash
5th to 9th prizes, five prizes of \$10.00 each		\$50.00 in cash
10th to 14th	" Five Ladies' or Gents' Gold Filled Hunting Case Watches.	
15th to 19th	" Five Family Dinner Sets (97 pieces).	
20th to 24th	" Five Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Plated Watches.	
25th to 29th	" Five sets of half a dozen Silver Plated Knives and Forks (Rogers).	
30th to 34th	" Five Ladies' or Gents' Solid Silver Watches.	
35th to 39th	" Five Hand-some Violins and Bows.	
40th to 44th	" Five Hand-wood Accordions.	
45th to 49th	" Five Magnificent Fur Ruffs.	
50th to 59th	" Ten Ladies' Toilet Sets.	
60th to 159th	" One Hundred Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Filled Rings.	
160th to 259th	" One Hundred Waterton Fountain Pens.	
260th to 359th	" One Hundred Sets of 6 Silver Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers).	
360th to 399th	" Forty Ladies' Hand Bags.	
400th to 510th	" 110 Sets of Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives (Rogers).	

CONDITIONS

The judging of the above will be in the hands of three gentlemen of undoubted integrity who have no connection whatever with this office. No employee of ours nor any of their relations will be allowed to compete. We do not ask anyone to send ANY OF THEIR MONEY in order to enter this contest.

THERE IS A SIMPLE CONDITION THAT MUST BE COMPLIED WITH, ABOUT WHICH WE WILL WRITE YOU AS SOON AS WE RECEIVE YOUR ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

This contest is open to persons of either sex over fourteen years of age. No entries will be received from children.

When replying to this advertisement, be sure to write your name and address very plainly in the space below. Cut out the advertisement and send it to us, together with the slip of paper on which you have written your solution to the puzzle, and we will write you at once in regard to the simple condition mentioned above.

I wish to enter the above contest and agree to accept the decision of the three judges appointed by the Bovel Manufacturing Co., whose decision will be final.

NAME

ADDRESS

(State whether we are to address you as Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

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Mrs. Humphrey Ward
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F. Marion Crawford
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ue by making her plan to carry out her ideas. When Christmas morning dawned, not one of the five girls with whom Beth had been shopping upon that eventful day had received any present from her, but in Mrs. Gardner's little flat the spirit of Christmas reigned. Two immense packages had been delivered the night before, and when opened disclosed material for such a dinner; a pair of soft, white blankets, sadly needed in sickness; some very slightly-worn clothing, strangely enough just Mrs. Gardner's size; a set of furs, also slightly worn, but beautifully warm; some pretty little trifles of feminine attire; a bundle of magazines; several games suitable for a man well enough to need amusement upon anything serious, and an envelope addressed to Mrs. Gardner. With trembling fingers she opened it, and out fell twenty five-dollar bills, and a little note.

"If you will accept the amount intended to buy gifts for those who do not need them you will give the writer the best Christmas gift she will have this season."

The little woman, weeping, had thrown her arms about her husband, and with the baby cooing beside her, she whispered through her sobs:

"Tim, it's that young lady who paid my ten dollars for me, I know. She was just about my build, and was so nice and quiet. God bless her, for she has the true spirit of Christmas."

A Morning Prayer.

Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord I will not shirk,
If I should die before the night,
I pray the Lord my work's all right.
—Amoretta Fitch.

The Lazy Man's Prayer.

Now I get me up to shirk,
I hope I will not have to work.
If I should die before the night
Thank God there'll be no work in sight.
—Amoretta Fitch.

The Twentieth Century.

No spider preying on his kind,
An idler and a parasite;
No autocrat of people blind
Ruling his slaves by right of might.

No plaything of a by-gone age,
A picture pleasing to the eye,
Strutting for one brief hour the stage,
A foolish, useless butterfly.

But one whose hand is brown with toil,
Whose face is tanned by wind and sun;

Who beautifies and tills the soil,
Whose crown by right divine is won.

A toiler, not a useless drone
In the world's busy hive of men;
His sceptre is a tool, his throne
A symbol, and his sword a pen.

He wears a laurel wreath for crown,
And throughout all the land men sing
His good deeds, praises and renown—
The twentieth century king.
—Henry Coyle.

Giuseppe to His Dog.

Hi, Carlo! jompa down from dere,
You lazy dog! Com' see,
Dees jontleman would have dat chair
For seet an' talk weeth me.
Eh? wai! you gona growl an' bite?
Aha! I show you den—
Don't go, signore. Wal, alla right;
I hope you com' agen.

Ha, Carlo! w'at you theenka dat?
You drive da man away,
You lazy, ogly lumpa fat.
You good-for-notheeng! Eh?
Seence time w'en I was kind to you
An' peeck you from da street,
Dees not wan leetla theeng you do
For earn da food you eat.
Eef you would even chase a rat
You might be worth to keep.
But, no, you are so dumb, so fat,
You jus' can eat an' s.e.e.p.
How dare you do sooch ogly treeck
An' growla so like da-?
Jus' wait onteell I gat my steeck—
Now, see w'at you weell gat!
Eh? Don'ta roll your eyes at me;
Keep steell your taila, too.
No leecka my handa! Don't you see
Dat I am cross weeth you?
Ha! Stop! You theenk dees mak' me feel

You love me like you should?
Not mooch! Jus' keep dat taila steell
An' I weell beat you good.
You theenk baycause I gat so few
Da frands dat lova me,
I am afraid for whippin' you?
Jus' close your eyes an' see!
Aha! so now you run away.
Oh! wal, dees steeck weell keep;
I gona beat you good som' day—
Som' day w'en you are sleep.
—T. A. Daly.

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If already a subscriber, send both papers to friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada, who are hungry for news and illustrations of the West, and to whom you are too busy to write regularly.

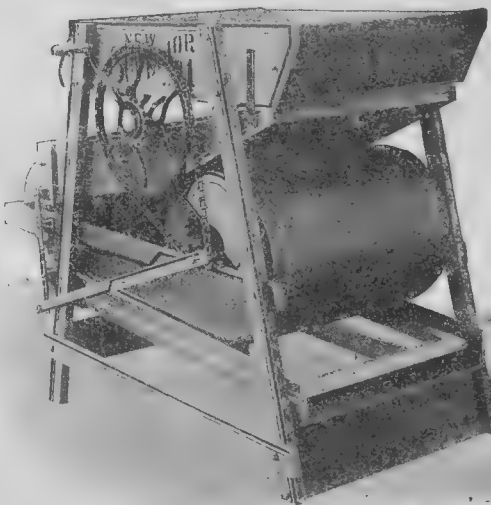
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All merchants are authorized to refund full purchase price when any package bearing our Gold Standard Label fails to give entire satisfaction.

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Please forward a copy of your 80-page Cook Book.

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"SUPERFLUOUS HAIR—Secret, harmless 'formula,' that removed it from my face beautifully; no return; mailed FREE; to sufferers only; enclose stamp; Alice Smith, 834 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa."

Health and Beauty Notes.

A magnetic personality is often more powerful than ability, and is often, very often, placed in the balance against it. It is therefore advisable to exert oneself to the utmost to cultivate that wonderful charm to the highest degree, and she who has it not is not so much to be pitied as blamed, for it is, more or less, within the reach of all.

Nature intended every woman to have a beautiful figure. It is in the chest, in the carriage of the shoulders and the poise of the head that the power of personality lies. "Personality" is that subtle charm which it is impossible to define. It is the mysterious something that makes your presence noticeable and pleasure-giving before you have even said a word. She who possesses this charm of "personality" has a potent weapon with which to fight the battles of life. Whether her lines be cast in pleasant places, or amongst those who are vulgarly called the great, or she be obliged to earn her daily bread, her personality is the chief weight which turns the scales for or against her. An erect carriage is the first quality to be sought for and acquired, giving as it does the sensation of vigor and good physical development, which is always pleasing. A "good carriage" implies that the body be held erect, but without stiffness, the abdomen be well drawn back, the chin prevented from protruding and the chest kept high. For each of these points there is a special set of exercises, and the exercises are commenced by standing with the palms of the hands against a wall, the body being kept at arm's length from the wall; then, by bending the elbows, the body is carried slowly towards the wall as if to bring the chest in contact with it. This action throws the shoulders back and stimulates the circulation of the blood, and a sensation of exhilaration is felt after it has been done two or three times. The exercise tones up the muscles of the back and appeals direct to the nerve centres, and there is no better plan than this for resting the body after fatigue.

A similar exercise that can be taken frequently during the day if one but give a little thought to it is this: Open a door and stand in the centre of the threshold, with one hand on either side of the casement. Lean through the doorway, forward and backward, grasping the woodwork all the time. This is an excellent exercise, and at first will seem almost impossible except to the specially agile, but perseverance will insure good results. An inevitable result of the proper development of the chest is the burying of the shoulder-blades, the prominence of which will spoil any figure. They are particularly unsightly in themselves, but flattened to their proper position and well covered with graceful lines such as this beauty-culture treatment is sure to provide—they may even be termed "aids to beauty."

There are many movements demonstrating the method of arm-exercise, for the purpose of broadening the chest and giving the lungs plenty of room. In one exercise the directions are to stand firmly on both feet with as nearly the upright position of the body as is possible. Place the palms of the hands together, keeping the arms extended and down. Take a deep breath, and then, while holding the breath, raise the arms over the head. When the hands are high above the head it is time to commence to exhale. The breath must be let out very slowly and at the same time the arms are to be lowered towards the back with the palms of the hands turned out, and always with the feeling that they are seeking to meet again at the back. This keeps the shoulders back and the chest thrown forward. It is also a good plan to rise slowly on the toes during the first half of this exercise and descend to the heels as the last half is accomplished, giving particular attention to the breathing.

A Habit of Health

You don't have to think about brushing your teeth every morning. It's a habit of health. It should be the same in regard to taking

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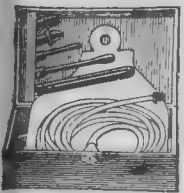
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STARR'S MAGIC RHEUMATISM CURE—a positive and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Acute, Inflammatory and Chronic, also Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Gravel and all Kidney troubles. Don't suffer, but write for a bottle at once. Dept. B., Osborne Remedy Company, Toronto.

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FOR SALE—S.A. LAND WARRANT Immediate delivery \$20 acres, unlocated. Highest cash offer takes it. Box 346, Woodstock, Ont.

Gold Watch AND RING FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch Stem Wind, beautifully engraved Gold Gold case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years; also a Solid Gold Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling like a \$50 diamond, for selling 50 packages of beautiful high grade Art Post Cards at the per package. Order 25 packages and when sold send us \$2 and we will positively send you the watch, ring and chain. ALTON WATCH CO. Dept. 808, CHICAGO

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The American Squadron Abroad.

An American exchange prints the following: The departure of the United States Fleet on a world-wide cruise to the nations of the earth was an occasion of no small importance to our country. No such errand was ever undertaken by any nation before in the history of the world. It will undoubtedly demonstrate to our neighbors what a world-power we are, besides tending to cement more closely than ever our ties of friendship and good-will with all peoples of the earth.

This act may justly be regarded as a master-stroke of diplomacy. And what an experience it is for those of Uncle Sam's boys who were fortunate enough to make the voyage!

One curious incident has recently come to our notice by the receipt of a photograph from far-away New Zealand. It pictures Admiral Sperry, commanding the American Squadron, upon his arrival at Auckland. There, amid the throng gathered to do him honor, he stands receiving this British dependency's welcome under a roof covered with Genasco Ready Roofing, that great American product made by the Barber Asphalt Paving Company, Philadelphia. It reminds us that the world is not so large after all, when we can travel to the antipodes and there find our old home-friends—tested and true. The important fact that it brings to light, however, is the fitness of Genasco for use in every climate and every weather-condition under the sun. It emphasizes the peculiar merit that this product of natural Trinidad Lake asphalt must have when it gains favor, not only to so large an extent in our own country, but in the distant islands of the sea as well.

Genasco does have exceptional merit because it neither rots, rusts, cracks, nor breaks. It defies heat, cold, acids, alkalies and every weather-condition which a roof is subject to, and continues to give lasting service in every quarter of the globe.

A NEW PIANO.

Handsome Instrument Being Manufactured by J. J. H. McLean & Co.

Fresh examples of western enterprise are continually being brought to the notice of the public, but the latest, and by no means the least important of these, has been provided by J. J. H. McLean & Co., the well known local dealers in musical supplies.

From their many years of experience, that have made them thoroughly acquainted with the needs of western purchasers, they have put on the market a piano of their own design which is manufactured expressly for them in the east, thus ensuring perfect workmanship in addition to supremacy in design.

At present only one model is being manufactured, but as the demand increases it is hoped to present a wide range to the public from which they may choose, at exceedingly moderate prices.

The instrument is a very handsome and solid one; a Corinthian upright model finished in polished mahogany and walnut, and possessing a full, rich tone of surprising volume and sweetness.

An exclusive feature of this piano is the lever, conveniently placed at the left side of the keyboard, by means of which either the practice pedal or the mandolin effect may be applied.

The manufacturers state that they are satisfied that this western piano will stand the test of comparison with any of the old and well established designs.

This is the Fifty-fifth Year of the Temple Pump Co.

The Temple Pump Company, of Chicago, is the pioneer in the manufacture of the Multiple Cylinder Gasoline Engine. The Master Workman, a double cylinder gasoline engine, was the first in the field. Now the whole course of progress in the making of gas engines is toward the multiple cylinder type, engines of two, four, six and eight cylinders being made. The Temple Pump Co. are now manufacturing two and four cylinder engines for general farm use.

The advantages of the two and four cylinder engines for the farm are: Economy in the use of fuel, greater certainty of continuous running, quick and easy starting, less cumbersome and adaptation not only for stationary use but for portable and traction use. Sooner or later the need of an engine for traction purposes, as well as for stationary will be felt by every agriculturalist.

Violin Outfit for \$7.50.

The attention of our readers is directed to the business announcement of Warner's Limited, Brandon, Man., appearing on another page. Warner's handle almost everything in music and musical instruments. They are making a special offer of a violin outfit complete for \$7.50, which is sure to attract the attention of shrewd buyers. When writing Warner's please mention the Western Home Monthly.

The "Wellington" Specialties.

The "Wellington" photographic specialties which have for many years been recognized upon the British market as those possessing the highest quality are now making for themselves a like reputation throughout the Dominion of Canada.

All those of our readers who indulge in the fascinating hobby of photography and who are not at present using any of these goods would do well to place themselves in communication with the Canadian representatives, Ward & Co., 13 St. John St., Montreal, and obtain booklet or apply to their local dealer for a trial packet of plates or papers. When writing please mention the Western Home Monthly.

A Successful Stock Farm.

H. G. McMillan, proprietor Lakewood Farm, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, under date of October 29, 1907, writes: "To Whom it may concern: For several years we have used Absorbine at Lakewood Farm with splendid results. It is one of the very best remedies we have ever used to reduce any kind of bunch or bruise on the ankle, stifle or hock. In many cases we have entirely cured valuable horses that had received serious injuries to the joints. At Lakewood Farm Absorbine is always kept in the medicine chest." Absorbine penetrates to the seat of the trouble promptly and effectually, without blistering or removing the hair. Does not require a horse to be laid up. Mild in its action but positive in its results. It will give you satisfaction. \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or express paid. W. F. Young, P. D. F., 138 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. Canadian agents: Lyman Sons & Co., 380 St. Paul St., Montreal, Que.

Regina Winter Fair.

A copy of the premium list of the Provincial Winter Fair which will be held at Regina on March 23, 24, 25, and 26 has come to our desk. The secretary and managing director of the fair writes on the introductory page as follows: To the Stock Breeders of Saskatchewan.—The directors of the Stock Breeders' Association wish again to invite you to their annual and other meetings in connection with the forthcoming winter fair. As in the past, the fat stock show, horse show and pure bred cattle sale will be the prominent features. A Provincial poultry show will be held at the same time and probably on the same grounds.

In addition there will be several stock judging competitions and public meetings. Each forenoon will be devoted to the discussion of important live stock problems facing the breeder, and each evening will be given up to public addresses by some of the leading live stock authorities of Canada. In the afternoon the judging in the various departments will take place. The directors are sparing no effort to give the educational features of the Saskatchewan Winter Fair the prominence that is their due. The annual meetings of the Saskatchewan Stock Breeders' Association and the Provincial Poultry Association will be held on one of the evenings of the Fair. These, with the competitive and commercial features, should make the Winter Fair of 1909 one of great value to those who attend. We wish to thank the live stock men of the province for their assistance and harmonious co-operation in the past and trust they will again avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by these meetings.—John Bracken.

The Modern Farm Horse.

What is "The Modern Farm Horse?" This is the name given to the Hart-Parr kerosene gasoline tractor—the highest development of traction engineering—the only engine made that successfully meets the requirements of the farm.

The designers of the Hart-Parr were educated engineers and the success of this engine is a result of experience and scientific knowledge combined. The distinctive features of the Hart-Parr engines are that they have two cylinders, they are dust-proof, they are oil-cooled, they use kerosene as well as gasoline. They are conceded by all farmers who have used them to be the most economical as well as the best engine in use. Write the Canadian agency for catalogue "W" giving full particulars. Address Hart-Parr Co., 23 Main St., Portage la Prairie, Man.

Harmonicas.

On another page of this issue will be found the announcement of the J. J. McLean Co. A feature of the Xmas offers of this well-known firm are two special lines of harmonicas at 25c and 50c apiece.

Advice to the Thrifty.

We beg to draw our readers' attention to the advertisement of the Un- Trading Agency on page 59 of our November issue. Their offer is certainly worthy of consideration.

Barn Roofing

Fire, Lightning Rust and Storm Proof

Durable and Ornamental

Let us know the size of any roof you are thinking of covering and we will make you an interesting offer.

Metallic Roofing Co.

Limited

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WINNIPEG Business College

Cor. PORTAGE AVE. and FORT ST.

does not close for

Christmas

holidays other than Xmas Day and New Year's Day.

Students may enter at any time.

Don't wait until the New Year.

Begin now.

Individual Instruction.

Thousands of our ex-students can be found throughout Western Canada. They are our best recommendation.

Write for Catalogue A.



G. W. DONALD,

Manager and Principal

FOR FOURTEEN YEARS.

ASK FOR CATALOGUE A.

Repeat it:—"Shilo's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Proving by Actual Experiment



This experiment will always interest the children, and will provoke a good deal of thinking. The explanation, of course, is that the lighted piece of paper which is inserted into the inverted glass drives out most of the air, so that when the mouth of the glass is quickly put down into the water there is very little air, and consequently very little pressure above the water within the glass. Hence, the weight of the pressure of the air on the water outside the glass drives the water up into the glass to occupy the space from whence the air was driven by the burning paper.

A practical demonstration of this kind is always more convincing than any mere statement. This is particularly true of medical remedies.

The effect of the anti-toxin treatment for diphtheria is noticeable within a few hours, so that everyone must believe in its virtue. In a similar way, the treatment known as ORANGE LILY gives a practical proof of the progress it is making in curing women's disorders, and that, too, within a few days after commencing its use.

All authorities agree that in every case of women's disorders there exists a congested condition of the womanly organs. The circulation in these parts is sluggish or stagnant, and the result is that the broken down tissue or waste matter which should be carried off if the blood was circulating freely, remains in these parts, causing inflammation, irritation, oppression of the nerves, etc. ORANGE LILY is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering organs. It is absorbed into the circulation, and its antiseptic properties at once act on the waste matter referred to above. The consequence is that this waste matter, which is causing the inflammation, ulcers, nervous troubles, etc., begins to be discharged, and it continues to be discharged until all foreign matter is removed from the circulation. At the same time the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, the nervous trouble disappears, the circulation is restored and good health follows.

Toronto, Ont., June 2, 1904.

Dear Mrs. Currah.—I wish to tell you that Orange Lily is doing me a great deal of good. Those ulcers come away one or two every week, and I have less pain and fewer headaches. I feel sure I will be perfectly cured in a little longer time.

MRS. D. S. T.

The explanation of the wonderful cures performed by Orange Lily is very simple. It is a scientific remedy, based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. The conditions existing in all female troubles are alike in character, differing in degree and development only, so that a positive remedy, as Orange Lily is, acts with all the certainty of a chemical experiment. In order to convince every suffering woman that Orange Lily will cure her, I make the following

FREE TRIAL OFFER

I will send without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the ORANGE LILY treatment to last her 10 days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are suffering you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer, and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctors' bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Coonley, President of the Coonley Medical Institute, and he will answer her direct. Dr. Coonley is the discoverer of ORANGE LILY, and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, inclosing 3 cent stamps, Mrs. Francis Q. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

ELECTROLYSIS

is the ONLY successful process for destroying Superfluous Hair without danger of injury to the Skin.

Proper massage with pure, clean, harmless, nourishing Flesh Food, is the only safe way to remove wrinkles.

Pimples, Eczema, and Blackheads are permanently cured by my "Ideal" Acne Cure.

Write for Booklet. Consultation Free.

MRS. E. COATES COLEMAN

4 AVENUE BLOCK, 265 PORTAGE AVENUE

WINNIPEG

BOOKS

Books make the best Xmas gifts, send for our lists, free on request.

BY MAIL Chapman's Bookstore, Montreal

How To Do Things For Christmas.

For the Baby's First Christmas Tree a little pine tree planted in a pot is a pretty idea. The tree may be planted outdoor later, and if it lives it will always be a source of pleasure on account of its association.

When Children No Longer Believe in Santa Claus let them trim their own Christmas trees. Christmas Eve, so busy a time for the older people, is often very long and tedious for the little ones.

For Covering the Contents of a Suit-Case take a piece of linen, either white or colored, and hemstitch, bind or featherstitch the edge. If desired, a monogram may be embroidered in the centre. A little girl could easily make such a gift.

When Making Pincushions for Christmas Gifts place a piece of pasteboard, the size of the cushion, in the filling, about half an inch from the top. If this is done needles will be prevented from passing through the filling beyond the covering.

A Tray Made by Framing an Embroidered Centrepiece would be a useful and ornamental gift. After working the centre-piece have it framed in a simple manner, with glass over the work. Glue heavy felt over the entire back to prevent it from scratching the table.

A Butterfly Tree was one of the prettiest sights witnessed at a celebration last Christmas. The tree was covered with paper butterflies of all colors. Some were pinned on, and others suspended by wires. A large butterfly with gilt wings was poised on the top twig.

Two Friends Solved the Christmas-Gift Problem in the following manner: Each agreed to send the other no gift, but to write a letter instead. The money which would have been spent for the two gifts was sent to some needy person or cause. One had the disposal of the money one year, the other the next.

A Pretty Bureau Cover may be made of white dotted Swiss muslin to fit the top of the bureau. Select a muslin with very large dots. On the wrong side draw with pencil, around each spot, six or eight petals resembling those of a daisy or sunflower. Fill in the petals with the popular "shadow" stitch in silk of the color desired. Finish the edge of the cover with a frill of the muslin and lay it over a white lining.

Those Small Baskets in Which Gifts are Packed may be made into pretty work-baskets when empty. Sew a strip of cretonne, or wide ribbon, to the upper edge, without gathering, and draw up at the top with a narrow ribbon or cord put through a casing. Handkerchief-cases may also be made of fig-baskets by cutting rounds of pasteboard for covers, and covering them, besides lining the baskets, with thin silk. The covers may be attached to the baskets with baby ribbon.

A Unique Wrapping for Small Gifts may be made of a card about five inches and a half by eight long. On the card should be pasted, in the centre, a small pocket or bag of crepe paper, about three inches by four. Painted or drawn on the card, as if protruding from the bag, should be the feet of a turkey. The little gift is to be slipped in the pocket and fastened by a bit of baby ribbon which passes through the card. Under the pocket should be printed or written: "Don't miss the stuffing."

A Family of Five Received Magazine Subscriptions from a friend last Christmas. To each one a different periodical was given, prettily bestowed in this way: The giver sent from a florist's a palm, and to each of the five spreading branches was tied with red ribbon an envelope bearing the recipient's name, and enclosing the subscription receipt. The palm was tied up in tissue paper, and when the covering was removed the branches flew out with their little burdens, making a pretty Christmas tree for the whole family.

A Surprise Scrapbook for an Invalid will add to her Christmas happiness. Take an ordinary "exercise" book and get as many small articles as there are pages in the book: such as a piece of embroidery with the materials for working it, a letter, some camera pictures, a handkerchief, a case of pins, a story from a magazine, and other small things. For a child select paper dolls of paper soldiers, puzzles, pictures, a game, etc. Fold each leaf over so as to conceal one of these gifts, seal it with one of the bright-colored Christmas seals, and mark the page to be opened on a certain day. In this way the Christmas pleasure may be made to last for many days.

A Useful Workbag is made with the sides open, so as to spread over the lap. If interrupted one can gather up the work in a moment. A yard of silk or silkoline, gathered at the ends and fastened to covered circles of pasteboard—which have loops attached to hang over one's arm—is all the material required.

Paper Napkins Make Pretty Wrappings for Gifts and may be found in multitude of designs. Besides, they do not cost much. Raffle, in color to match the design on the napkin, is pretty. Tie the parcel with, instead of ribbon. Your gifts done up this way will cost less than if paper and ribbon were purchased, yet will look very attractive.

Christmas Pies that Surprise the Recipients are made as follows: Home-made gifts, such as a collar, handkerchief, or other dainty little trifle, are placed in new tin pie-plates, covers of manila paper are pasted on, and the "crust" browned with touches of watercolor paint. When tied up with red ribbon and a bit of holly these "pies" make novel and pretty gifts.

Bags are Always Acceptable at Christmas and a set of bags to match the hangings of a particular room would make a pretty gift. They may be made to hold twine, corks, old linen, laundry dusters and countless other things. If one is bright at writing limericks, one pinned to each bag, describing the use for which it is designed, will add something to the gift.

A New Way to Save Money for Christmas which may be put in operation any time, is this: Have a box or barrel at hand and begin one day by putting in a cent; the second day put in two cents; the third three cents; and so on until the tenth day. Then begin over again at one cent. If this is kept up throughout the year it will be found to be a great help when the Christmas season arrives.

Plum Puddings May Appear to be Odd Christmas Gifts yet they were much appreciated in one community last year. They were nice little home-made puddings, "such as mother used to make." A dozen were made, put into baking-powder cans, and then boiled in a clothes-boller. The cans were only half full, and the covers were carefully fitted and sealed on. When done the puddings were removed from the tins, wrapped in white paraffin paper, then in tissue-paper, and tied with narrow red ribbon, to which a spray or holly was attached.

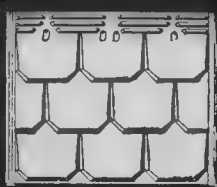
Making Gifts Nearly the Same for All Your Friends may be a new idea to you. It worked well last Christmas with one woman who, by an accident, was debarred from doing her Christmas shopping and making her usual preparations. In making up her Christmas lists she planned a set of clothes-hangers or a pair of shoe-trees for each man and boy. For each woman and girl she made a pretty apron. A bolt of sheer India linen and several pieces of lace and insertion were ordered, and the aprons were made in a number of different ways, although all were of the same material.

A Notebook in Which to Record the Gifts Sent to Friends will prevent one from sending the same sort of gift to a friend twice in succession. A book seven inches square is a good size. Divide the pages lengthwise into four columns. In the first column write the name, and mark the remaining columns for years. Under the year write the gift sent that person in, say, 1907; in the second column put down the gift sent in 1908. Thus you will be able to see at a glance to whom gifts were sent and exactly what was sent. Back pages of the book may be used to put down any new ideas for the coming year.

Using a Large Cornucopia to Hold Christmas Gifts is a pretty and novel idea. Make the cornucopia of pasteboard, covering it with crepe paper, or decorating it in any way you please. Have it as large as may be necessary to hold the family gifts—perhaps six feet from end to end. The small end should be large enough to hold parcels of good size. When all the presents have been confided to its keeping, place the lower end of the "horn of plenty" on a table, at an angle, securing it with wires. Tie the ribbons across the end to keep the presents inside until the time for distribution; then cut the ribbons, and the parcels will fall out upon the table, with a pretty effect.

A clergyman writes: "Preventives, those little Candy Cold Cure Tablets are working wonders in my parish." Preventives surely will check a cold, or the Grippe, in a very few hours. And Preventives are so safe and harmless. No Quinine, nothing harsh nor sickening. Fine for feverish restless children. Box of 48 at 25c. Sold by all druggists.

EASTLAKE



STEEL SHINGLES

FIRE, LIGHTNING, RUST
AND STORM PROOF

SIMCOE, ONT., April 9th, 1908.

"We have handled your 'Eastlake' Shingles for nearly a quarter of a century. They have been on the Court House, Free Library, and other public buildings this town for 18 years. We have used very large quantities during the past 25 years, and they have always given first-class satisfaction, and have never required any repairs."

(Signed) MADDEN BROS.,
Tinsmiths and Hardware Merchants.

Write for Booklet.

The Metallic Roofing Co.,
Limited, Manufacturers
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

Western Canada Factory
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WE ASK
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KING OF THE ROAD

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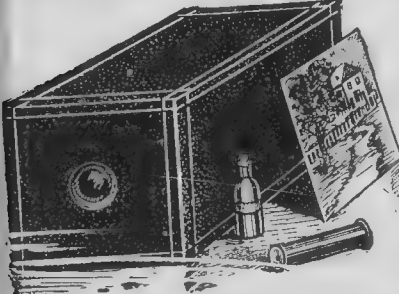
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we know you will be pleased with them. Besides being comfortable they are extremely serviceable, due to the fact that they are made right. Your dealer will get them for you if you insist—but be sure you do insist.

Sold and guaranteed by



R. J. WHITLA & Co.
LIMITED,
WINNIPEG.



We show here the slickest little practical camera that was ever gotten out. It will take pictures 11-8 by 11-8, regular ping pong size. We send with it a complete outfit, consisting of 1 package plates, 1 package developer, 1 package hypo, 1 package sensitized paper, 1 package card mounts, 1 sheet of ruby paper and full directions telling just how to operate it to make good pictures. Every boy and girl wants a camera. There is nothing that will interest them more. You can take pictures of landscapes, buildings, animals or your friends. The camera is solid, durable, and neat and covered with imitation leather. Parents should get one for the children as it will instruct as well as amuse them. It takes small pictures, but it takes them well. Price of camera and outfit by mail 35 cents post paid. Address

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LADIES

A safe, reliable and effectual MONTHLY medicine. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of \$1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO'Y.
Drawer "K" Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS



It is told that, ages ago, the hanging of stockings over the yuletide log in the big chimney place was originated in Scandinavia.

The story has it, that a maiden fair sat on Christmas eve beside the chimney-place, silently wishing for enough "sheen cloth" to fashion into her wedding gown. Her glances straying over the yule log placed for the great lighting at the full flow of the yuletide, the maiden sat, silently wishing, while the sun went out, and the sombreness of night filled the room.

Suddenly, down the chimney came a glimmering sprite of the forest, and while standing with all the grace of a court grandee, on the yule log, he softly sang:

"Wishing, wishing, in the yule log's name—
Keep wishing thy stockings full."
Answer will come o'er the yule log's flame—
Keep wishing thy stockings full.

The legend has it that when the maiden leaned forward the better to behold the sprite, he disappeared up the chimney as fantastically and uncannily as he had some down.

Although the maiden was aflutter with wonder and fear—she did not forget the admonition "to wish her stocking full." In the sombreness of the room, she took the slipper and stocking from her right and from her left foot. She hung the stockings on the chimney-place, over the yule log. Then—doubtlessly blushing furiously over her boldness—she fled from the room, hoping and wishing for enough "sheen cloth" to fashion into her wedding gown. She fled from the room, quite afraid of the forest sprite, still tremblingly trusting him to serve as "father to her wish," and fetch the cloth to the chimney-place before Christmas dawn.

In the very early Christmas dawn, the maiden fair returned to the chimney-place—and sure enough, both stockings were full of a silken fabric, quite enough to fashion into her wedding gown.

So, unto this day, the stockings are hung, on Christmas eve, where the most generous sprite of them all—the original Kris—may discover them in mute appeal ready for his gifts.



She sat beside the chimney place.

It must be told that the custom became more modest as generation succeeded generation, until only one stocking was hung for the "wishing full."

This traditional custom makes it quite good form for the selection of stockings as Christmas gifts—indeed, the selection is made as ordinarily as the selection in gloves. Both are as correct as a selection in handkerchiefs.

At no other time than during the holiday season, may a man give a box of stockings, or a pair of stockings in a holly box to his girl cousins and women-friends, to his aunts and girl-friends. By the same token, at no other time than during the holiday season, may a girl or woman give socks to other men than their fathers and uncles, and boy and men cousins.

This year, it is the vogue to embroider the initials, or the monogram, of the prospective recipient of the gift, upon the outside of the stocking or sock, just above the ankle.

A pair of black silk stockings is embroidered in pansies, in purple shades, and the monogram is done at the top of the leg. A pair of black silk socks is embroidered in black leaves over the instep, and the initials are done on the top, at the turn of the ankle.

It is quite modish to embroider white and pale hued silk stockings with black silk floss—and the style is as striking as Frenchy.

And the baby's stockings and socks!—never were they so daintily and variously woven and knitted and embroidered, as now. They are exquisitely packed in half dozens and pairs, in silk towels or tissue paper towels, in holly Christmas boxes.

Truly, the stocking has come into vivid popularity this year as a Christmas gift for women and girls, men and boys, and the babies. And it must be conceded this is a useful and pretty souvenir—and wonderfully easy "to think of" when one is distractedly trying to decide "what to give."

The hanging of the stocking!

With what gentle hands, and hearts throbbing sweet hope, millions of children hang the stocking on Christmas eve—and how lovingly the "ministering angels" in millions of homes fill the little stockings in answer to the children's faith in dear and generous Santa Claus.

It's a beautiful custom, this hanging of the stocking on Christmas eve—and a wonderful delight for the children.

No more charming charity can be done during the yuletide than filling the stocking for children who live in homes that Santa Claus seems "to forget." If you ever want to do this charming charity on a Christmas eve, buy a half dozen, or a dozen pairs of stockings—and fill one stocking of each pair with candy, nuts, an orange and an apple—or with any kind of gifts—and then attach the unfilled stockings, "the mates," to those you have filled—and there are gifts enough to make as many children happy with an answer from Santa Claus as you have purchased pairs of stockings.

A THERMOS BOTTLE FOR CHRISTMAS



Why Not a Thermos?

A most unique and useful Christmas Gift. A Thermos Bottle for baby, mother, father, wife, sweetheart or friend, will please them not only on account of its beauty, but will be a positive comfort.

The Thermos Bottle is a necessity in every home, and for traveling, etc., it is indispensable. Thermos is useful in a hundred different ways, and makes a beautiful gift, comes in black metal, nickel and silver, and are so covered with the finest leathers. You can get handsome leather cases, holding one, two or three bottles for use in travelling, and wicker baskets for use in Motoring.

THERMOS KEEPS LIQUIDS STEAMING HOT 24 HOURS WITHOUT FIRE.

THERMOS BOTTLE KEEPS LIQUIDS ICE COLD 72 HOURS WITHOUT ICE.

It will keep baby's milk hot and sweet 24 hours—no need for heating milk at all hours of the night.

For the traveler or the hunter, THERMOS is indispensable. Hot or cold drinks always ready at the temperature you want it. No preparation necessary.

The THERMOS BOTTLE lasts a lifetime—filled, cleaned and emptied the same as an ordinary bottle.

If your dealer cannot supply you send your order direct to us. We ship express prepaid on receipt of price.

Pints \$3.50. Quarts \$5.50.

Canadian Thermos Bottle Company Ltd.
13 St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

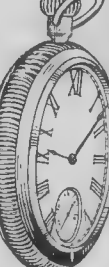
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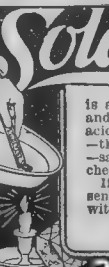
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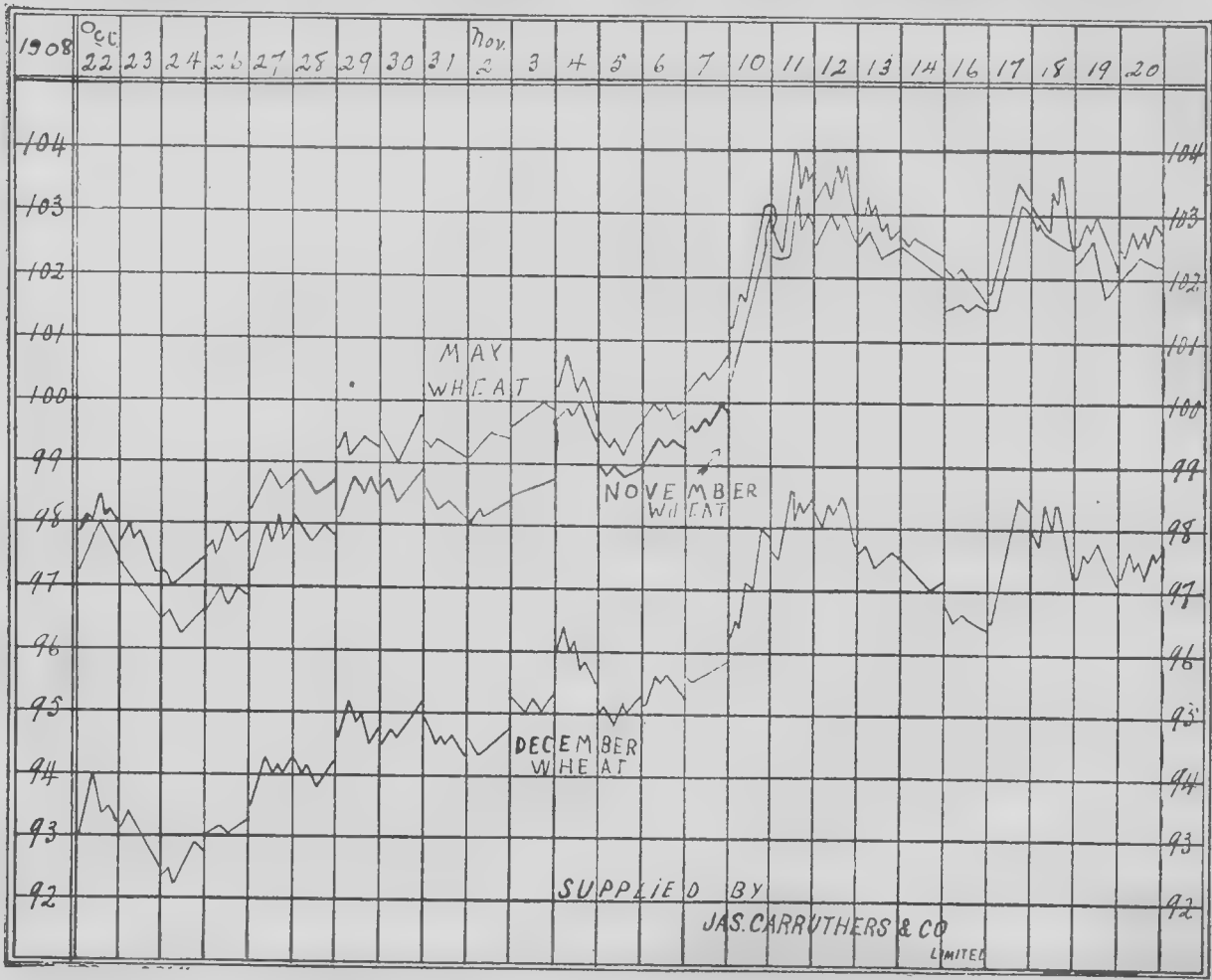
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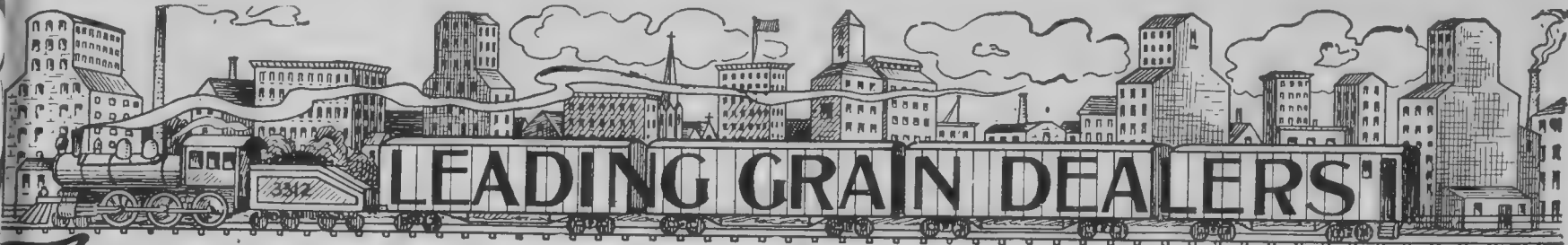
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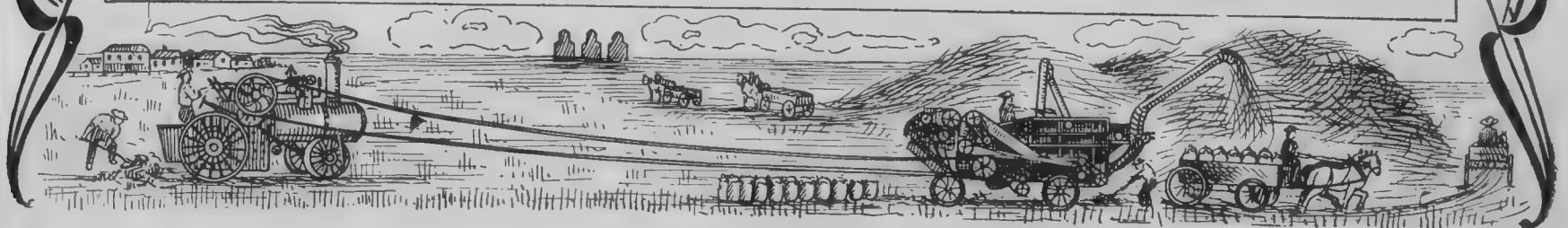
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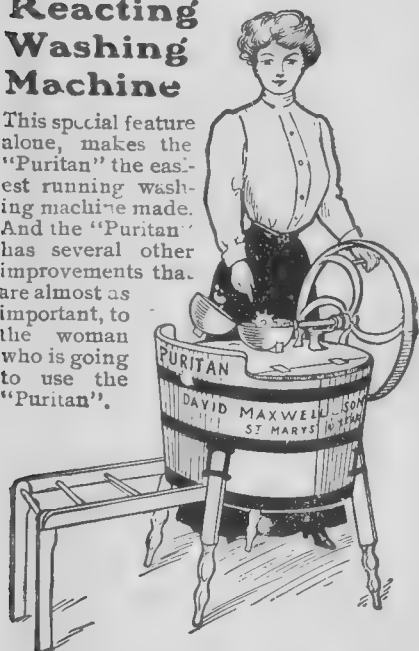
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With Directoire Suggestion.

Modified or suggested Directoire modes are by far the prettiest of the season and here are two gowns that are graceful and becoming in the extreme while they give evidence of the all prevailing influence. The one to the left is made of black net combined with jetted banding and jetted net bolero while it is worn over a slip of soft white mesaline. The black and white combination is always a smart one and is exceedingly fashionable this season. The bolero is one of the prettiest of the Directoire sort and combines with the sash of banding to give a distinctly chic effect. The guimpe is tucked to form the yoke and gathered at the lower edge to provide the necessary fullness but were the bolero extended to the waist line it could be fitted by means of darts. The circular skirt falls in becoming folds and the gown is altogether one of the prettiest possible for dinners and all occasions of half dress.

For the medium size will be required: For the bolero 1 1/4 yards 18 or 21 or 27, 3/4 yard 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7 yards 27, 4 1/2 yards 44 inches wide; for the guimpe 5 1/4 yards 21, 3 1/2 yards 44

can be of color to match the blouse or of the same material if such treatment is preferred.

For the medium size will be required: For the blouse 1 1/4 yards of material 24, 1 1/4 yards 32 or 3/4 yard 44 inches wide, with 3 yards 18 inches wide for the chemisette and the long sleeves; for the skirt 9 1/2 yards 24, 7 1/4 yards 32 or 4 1/4 yards 44 inches wide for satin or other material without figure or nap, but should there be figure or nap 12 yards 24, 10 1/2 yards 32 or 5 yards 44 inches wide will be needed. The blouse pattern 6170 is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure; the skirt pattern 6089 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The Fashionable Taupe.

Taupe colored broadcloth makes a very smart suit and this is worn with a blouse of tucked net, this blouse being made with sleeves and body portion in one. The skirt is a very new one, made with a wide front gore and two that are joined at the back and is effectively trimmed with buttons. The coat is jaunty and smart and can be made either in hip or half length as liked.



Two Patterns: Bolero 6161. Skirt, 5550. Two Patterns: Blouse, 6170. Skirt, 6089

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Before you buy a watch send your name and address and we will send you this beautiful watch and chain by express for examination. They are hunting case, beautifully engraved, solid gold filled, guaranteed by manufacturer, stem wind and stem set,

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Two Patterns: Coat—6149; skirt—615

in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure and the blouse pattern 6147 is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

Voile with Trimming of Satin.

Voile as a material for indoor gowns retains all its favor and is always pretty as well as durable. This gown is made of the material in one of the lovely new rose shades and is trimmed with satin and combined with chemisette and sleeves of ivory lace. The blouse is tucked after a novel and becoming fashion and can be made as illustrated, with the long sleeves match-



Two Patterns—Blouse; 6168. Skirt, 5866

inches wide, and the sash will require 2 3/4 yards of banding. A pattern of the bolero with the sash, 6161, is cut in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure; the skirt pattern 5550 is cut in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure and the guimpe pattern 6127 is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

The second gown is made from one of the new Directoire satins in a soft shade of old rose. The sleeves and trimming portions of the blouse are braided with soutache, while the guimpe portions are of ivory net. The blouse and the skirt combine to give the continuous lines of the semi-princesse gown but in reality are quite separate and the blouse is closed at the back while the skirt is closed at the left of the front. It is eight gored and is laid in a box plait at the front and the back. The blouse is made with a smoothly fitted lining and can be worn with a high waisted skirt such as the one illustrated or be finished with a draped girdle as liked. Its long sleeves also

The blouse is one of the prettiest of the season for striped materials and is eminently simple to make. It is quite plain, being absolutely without fullness, while it can be utilized for plain materials embroidered or trimmed in any way that may be liked, although the striped effect is especially to be desired. Broadcloth, cheviot, serge, all the suitings of the season are appropriate for the coat and skirt. For the blouse striped silk, batiste with stripes of insertion, striped flannel and striped madras, all suggest themselves, while fancy net, such as the one illustrated, is one of the smartest of all for wear with cloth suits. It can be in matching material or white as liked.

For the medium size will be required: For the coat 3 1/4 yards of material 44 or 2 3/4 yards 52 inches wide; for the blouse 3 3/4 yards 18, 3 1/2 yards 21 or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 4 yards either 44 or 52 inches wide will be needed. The coat pattern 6149 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; the skirt pattern 6157 is cut

ing the chemisette, giving a gulmpe effect, or with the sleeves matching the blouse as liked; also these sleeves can be made in three-quarter length. The skirt is circular in Empire style, that is, with the normal waist line at the front and the high waist line at the back. In this case one of the new Directoire sashes of satin is worn with the gown but the blouse can be finished with the girdle arranged over the lower is wanted. Cashmere, crepe de Chine, edge of the lining if something simpler messaline satin, all are materials that are thin enough to be tucked successfully and that are used for indoor gowns are appropriate for this one.

For the medium size will be required: For the blouse 1½ yards of material 27 or 1 yard 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards 18 or 1 yard 44 inches wide for the gulmpe portions; for the skirt 6½ yards 27, 4¾ yards 44, with 3¼ yards of satin for the bands, 2½ yards satin for the girdle and sash, 12 yards of banding for the entire gown.

The blouse pattern 6168 is cut in sizes from 32 to 44 inches bust measure; the skirt pattern 5866 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure and the girdle with sash 6132 is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large.

The Fashionable Stripe.

Striped suitings of all sorts are being much worn this season, but this costume is made of a novelty serge with trimming of velvet and buttons and is exceedingly chic and smart. The coat



Two Patterns—Coat, 6162. Skirt, 6154.

gives the short waisted effect at the front, which is so generally becoming, combined with the normal waist line at the back and includes the new narrow sleeves and the straight lines, while the plain gored skirt also is so cut as to give the fashionable slender effect. All suiting materials are appropriate, broadcloth for the more dressy models, and broadcloth this season is shown in fancy weaves as well as plain, serge, cheviot and the like, while very handsome costumes are made with coats of ribbed silk or satin and skirts of plain broadcloth and the model suits each and every one.

For the medium size will be required: For the coat 6 yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 44 or 2¾ yards 52 inches wide, with ¾ yard of velvet; for the skirt 6½ yards 27, 4¾ yards 44 or 3¾ yards 52 inches wide for serge or other material without figure or nap, but whenever the gores must all be cut one way, 8¼ yards 27, 4¾ yards 44 or 4 yards 52 inches wide will be needed.

The coat pattern 6162 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6154 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

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it makes you stop work in short order. Why don't you take GIN PILLS and stop the pain?

A lame, weak or aching back—sharp, shooting pains through the small of the back and hips—mean that there is something wrong with the Kidneys. The urine proves that there is trouble, too. Constant desires especially at night—high color—and sometimes hot, scalding pain—show that the Kidneys need help, and quickly.

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Send for a free sample box at once and try Gin Pills.

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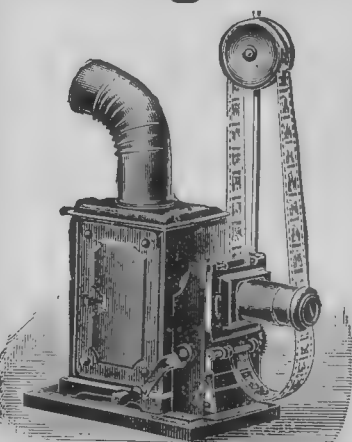
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In all that makes for permanent progress the year's business has been most satisfactory. A very large amount of new business has been written—proving the high opinion held of the Company's Policies. Yet there has been no shadow of attempt to show large results at the expense of other essentials. The same discrimination in choosing risks—the same determination to make the Great-West a sound Company for sound Policyholders—the same extreme care in investing the Company's funds, have been exercised. Never have the interest earnings on investments been more satisfactory—and it is on these that the premiums rates and profits to Policyholders are based.

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Work for Busy Fingers.

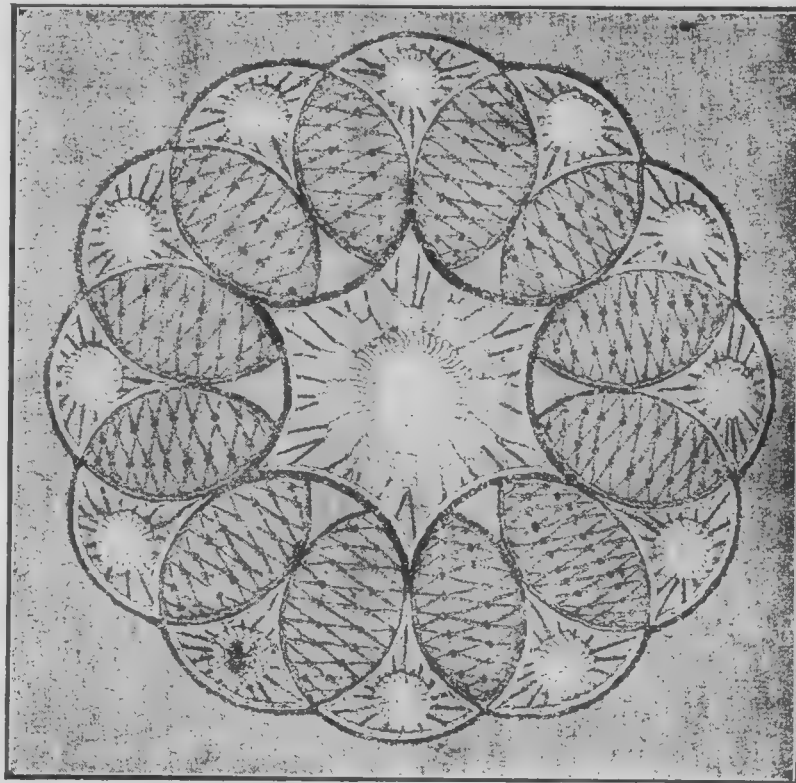
Pillow Top in Geometrical Design.

Anyone that does not like to put weeks of work on one pillow, or spend a fortune in money on one, will find this pillow appealing to them. It is very attractive and showy, and yet the material is only pink chambray and four spools of silk finish cotton. It does not take much genius to mark out the design either if you follow directions. Take a half yard square of the pink chambray, fold twice to find the perfect centre; over this lay a circle five inches

forth, and then 10 times on two threads. Make two extra rounds of outline stitch around the inside of the circle with black, then a round of deepest pink, and one last of the lightest.

Around the space with the small motifs, work with the two shades of pink in outline stitch. Around the outside of the whole design work once or twice with black.

The ruffle around this pillow may be either hemmed or a double ruffle. Black sateen may also be used and worked



Pillow Top in Geometrical Design.

in diameter and mark very faint with lead pencil. Around this circle mark out six circles same size; these circles barely touch each other. Make a little mark in the centre of each of the six, lay the circle from mark to mark and go around with pencil, excepting at the inside circle; leave this off; this makes the oval patterns. Rub out the faint circle.

With black silk-finish cotton taken double work with outline stitch over the whole design.

Next dark green taken double and passed from side to side to form diamonds on the oblong patterns stretched on an embroidery ring. Be very careful to make the stitches even and under the edge of the black outline. Work with same color a row of outline stitch close to the black. Where the threads cross work a little jewel of of black.

The centre and the outside spaces have little crochet motifs in two shades of pink. For the small ones chain 6, with lightest pink, work 12 roll stitches O. 10 into the first chain; fasten on next shade of pink, join and work two rolls same size in each roll below. Fasten off and sew into position, stuffing a little cotton in under to give relief. With black, work rays around the small as well as the large centre one.

The large motif is on the same order as the small ones. A foundation of singles is made in a circle until they count twenty, then a round of rolls but O. 20; next row, the next shade, sew on and stuff. Make 36 black threads around the centre, on every three threads weave twenty times back and

with one of the shades of pink or both. If the purse will allow it, rope silk used in place of the silk-finish cotton will, of course, be the richer.

Baby Sacque.

Four ounces of cream Saxony yarn and one yard of baby ribbon, either pink or blue, are the materials necessary.

The yoke of this sacque is rather unique; it is worked in rib stitch in eight points until the required depth, then an extension is worked over the shoulder for the long effect.

Chain 48 stitches for the neck. On this chain work eight scallops of seven doubles in every third stitch and fasten in every third with a single.

2nd Row.—Chain 1 and (on the scallops work 3 singles on 3 doubles, 2 singles in centre double for point, 2 singles on 3 doubles. Pass over the single); repeat over each scallop.

3rd Row.—Chain 1, a single on every single with 3 on the centre of each scallop.

Repeat the third row until there are thirteen rows in all. Now work the extensions from the point of second scallop to the point of third. Work back and forth with singles in ribs, missing a stitch at each end until worked to a point of one single. Work the corresponding scallops the same. Now you are ready for the sleeves. The extended point is the centre; fold through the centre and take ten stitches before and after the extension, and make ten chain from one to the other for under the arm. Now double crochet all around,



BABY'S SACQUE

one double in each double before and after the extension, and on the extension a double in each rib only; this is to draw it down over the shoulder. There should be 48 doubles in the sleeve. The 2nd row is a pattern row. Chain 3 and draw out two doubles, made around two doubles of first row. Repeat until 24 groups of two doubles. Repeat this row until the sleeve is ten rows long, then gather with singles and make the cuff as the first two rows of neck with two rows extra. The skirt is made like the sleeve, only in the indents it is decreased six or seven times the first two rows; after this it is plain until ten rows in length, when it is finished off with scollops of 5 doubles all around, except around neck; there they are 7 doubled and in same hole to make wheels.

The Latest Work Bag.

This ornamental bag is suitable to carry about knitting, crochet, or embroidery work. So many pretty brocaded silks come now, that it is not hard to choose a design for the bag. Two wooden duchess hoops 6x6 are used for the handles, and are put into the bag before the hem is made at each end. Procure a piece of silk twenty



The Latest Work Bag.

inches long, the usual width. Procure a piece of cotton-face satin the exact size of the outside for the lining; or it need not be lined. Close up the sides to within two inches of top; have the handles already in. Catch these sides to the handles, and finish each end with full ribbon bows made of ribbon four and a half inches wide. The same design may be carried out in a smaller bag using smaller hoops.

Needle Book with Crochet Top.

Two shades of green silk-finish cotton are used for the fancy wheel on top. To this is fastened three flannel circles scalloped with a pinking iron.

Wind ten times over forefinger with the lightest green, slip off and fasten the loops, chain 5 and work 30 roll stitches O. 20, in the ring, join on top of 5 chain.

With the dark green join and work 8 chain and treble between first two rolls;



Needle Book with crochet top.

(3 chain and treble between next two rolls), repeat until around. Join on fifth of 8 chain.

Fasten on the light green and in Afghan stitch take up ten loops on the needle through first two spaces; work these off in a point, decreasing a loop on each end until only a loop is left; then slip stitch down the side and repeat the same in every two spaces.

With the dark work a single on point, then 4 chain and two trebles, one on each side of points on indents, 4 chain and single on next point. On this round work scollops of six roll stitches O. 20, with 5 chain picots between.

Baby's Cap.

Two ounces Germantown yarn are required for a cap measuring fifteen inches face measure. Begin in the centre of the crown with 5 chain joined in a ring. Into the ring work 16 roll stitches O. 18. Join on top of 5 chain which you make before you make first roll.

2nd Round.—After this, star and dot stitch are used for every row; to make this stitch, at the beginning of a row chain 4, then take up a loop through three of the chain and a loop through three stitches on the centre, this makes 7 loops on the needle, take a loop through all the loops, chain 1 to fasten eye of star; now draw out the loop half an inch for the dot (yarn over and bring up a loop through eye of star), repeat this five times, now yarn over and draw through all the loops, 1 chain to fasten eye of dot. This finishes the first star and dot, and each round

must be started like it. To make the second and all other stars and dots: Take a loop through eye of dot, one through several threads beneath dot, one through upright stitch of star and three through three stitches of the centre; now bring loop through all, 1 chain to fasten star. Now make the dot as directed before. To make an increase with this stitch you simply work in a stitch on the centre that has been worked in before, do it when you take up the first loop of the three on the centre. In this row you make this increase with each star so you will have 16 stars and 16 dots. When making the last star join with an extra loop taken midway through first star; this makes an invisible joining, also join dot to top of 4 chain.

3d Round.—Turn on the wrong side. A single in the eye of dot (press dot toward right side and make single in



Baby's Cap.

eye of star, single into star, single in eye of dot), repeat this all around and join on first single.

4th Round.—Like 2d, but increase only every second star.

5th Round.—Like third round.

6th Round.—Like 2d, but increase only every third star.

7th Round.—Like 3d round.

This finishes crown, and now you work back and forth with 2d and 3d rows, leaving three dots lay for the neck, make four rows of the pattern and finish off with the singles. Work one row of the pattern around the neck.

Make a ruch around face and neck of scollops made of seven doubles fastened down with a single about every fourth single. Make the same kind of scollop standing backward into the same holes as the front ones. Finish off all around with 3 chain and slip stitch in each stitch of the scollops. Trim with ribbon bows and tie strings.

Block and Knot-Stitch Lace.

Make a chain of 30 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 13, fasten in next with 1 double, turn, chain 3 for a treble, 1 treble in each of 5 stitches of chain, turn, chain 3, a treble in each of 4 trebles and 1 in top of 3 chain, miss 4 stitches of foundation, a double treble in next, chain 6, miss 4, fasten in next, turn, chain 3, 5 trebles 5 stitches of chain, chain 3, turn 5 trebles to complete the block as before, miss 4, 1 double treble in next, chain 2, miss 2, 4 double trebles at end of row, turn.

2. Chain 4, 3 double trebles in 3 double trebles, chain 2, double trebles in double treble, chain 4, fasten in top of 1st block, chain 4, double treble in double treble, chain 4, fasten in top of next block, chain 4, double treble in lower corner of same block, turn.

3. Chain 9, fasten in top of block (in the double which caught the chain of last row), turn, chain 3, 5 trebles in 5 stitches, chain 3, turn, 5 trebles in 4 trebles and top of 3 chain, a double treble in next double treble, chain 6, fasten in top of next block, turn, make the block as previously directed, double treble in next double treble, chain 2, 4 double trebles in 3 double trebles and top of 4 chain, turn.

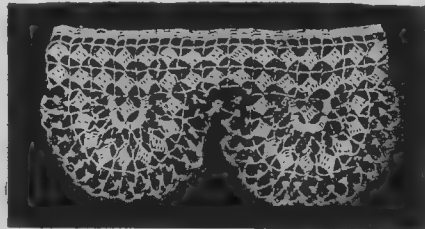
4. Like 2d row.

5. Like 3d row.

6. Like 2d row.

7. Like 3d row.

8. Like 2d row to scallop; after last double treble, chain 12, fasten in base of same, of lower point of last block, turn, chain 3, 5 trebles in 5 trebles, and finish the block as directed, a triple-treble in top of double at end of 6th row, chain 3, turn, fasten in top of block just made, chain 8, fasten in next corner of same, slip-stitch over 6 chain, to top of last double treble in insertion,



Block and Knot-stitch Lace.

turn, chain 3 for a treble, 6 trebles under chain, 10 under each of 8 chain and 7 under triple-treble.

9. * Make 2 knot-stitches, miss 4 trebles, fasten in next, repeat from * around scallop, making 9 groups of knot-stitches, chain 6, and finish insertion same as 3d row; turn.

10. Like 2d row to scallop; after last double treble, make 1 knot-stitch, fast-

en in knot of last row, repeat around scallop, 1 knot-stitch, fasten in corner of next block back, turn.

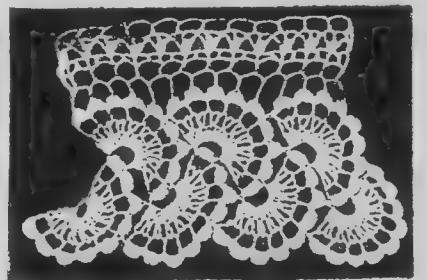
11. Chain 6, fasten in knot of last row, turn, make a block as directed, a double treble under knot-stitch, repeat from * around scallop, 9 blocks in all, and continue across insertion as in 3d row, putting a double treble in double treble, instead of the turning chain.

12. Like 2d row, continuing entirely around the scallop; join in top of double treble at end of 2d row, turn.

13. Make 2 knot-stitches, fasten in top of block, 2 knot-stitches, fasten in double treble; repeat around scallop, and finish like 3d row.

14. Like 2d row to scallop; 1 knot-stitch, fasten in knot of last row. * 2 knot-stitches, fasten in next knot, repeat around, 1 knot-stitch, fasten at end of 1st row, turn.

15. Make 1 knot-stitch, drawing the loop out long enough to prevent hoop-



Half-Wheel Lace.

ing of the scallop, fasten in knot of last row; repeat around, 1 knot-stitch, double treble in double treble, and finish like 3d row.

This is a very showy, lace-like pattern, and one that is rapidly worked after one gets the "run" of it. I have many yards of it. If a wider lace is wanted, repeat the double row of blocks in the insertion, making the selvage of 4 double trebles at the top.

What was Joan of Arc made of? Maid of Orleans.

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

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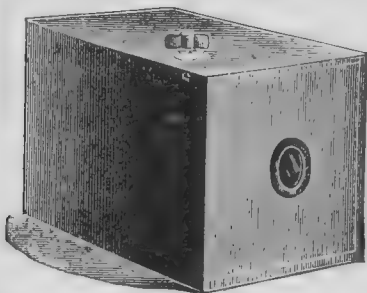
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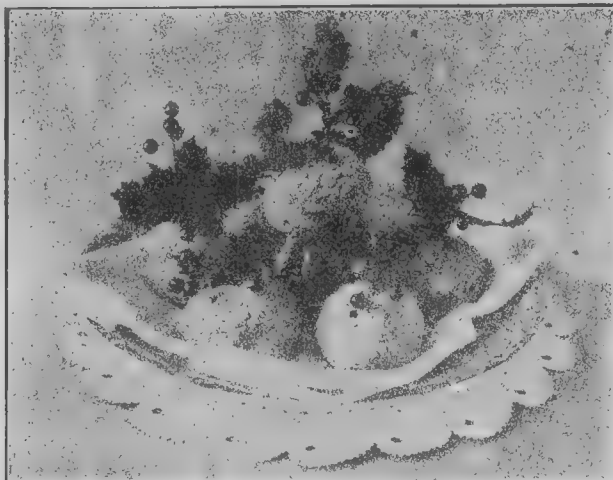
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FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



Plum Puddings

Attractive ways of serving the sub-
stantial dishes of the Christmas dinner
are always welcome as well as new re-
cipes by which they may be compound-
ed. For Christmas night lunch for the
children have the ice cream molded like
candles. The tiny wicks do not extend
over two inches into the cream and
should be brought to the table burning
—a very delightful surprise for the
children. Small cakes cut star shape
emphasize the Christmas idea of the
little one who came to be the light of
the world.

Roasted Pig.

For this piece of resistance the bread
stuffing should be seasoned with sage,
celery, butter, and pepper and salt;
then just moistened with water. When
roasting, a corn cob placed in the mouth
will keep it open so as to place a pol-

make it like thin cream. Slits are cut
into the crust and a hole made in the
centre; then beaten egg yolk is brushed
over the top and the pie is baked in a
hot oven until the crust is done. The
little scarlet feet and legs of the birds,
having been removed and cleaned, cut
the nails off and when the pie is ready
to put on the table these feet are ar-
ranged about the bunch of parsley in
the centre of the crust as illustrated.

Cheese Salad.

Take half a pound of rich Canadian
cheese and put through a meat mincer
with one-half thin slice of onion; whip
up with this enough boiled cream dress-
ing to just make it adhere, adding
chopped olives; then with butter ball
paddles roll into shape and press into
each one a tiny star cut from cooked

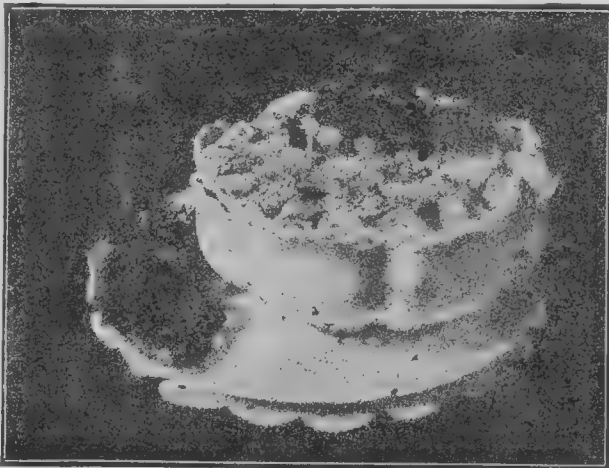


Banbury Tarts

scarlet candles on the top; then scarlet
candle holders (rose buds) are plac-
ed at the corners of the star, and sugar
roses placed on the sides. A wreath of
holly will add to its attractiveness.

Snowballs and Holly.

Cream three-quarters of a cupful of
butter, gradually adding two cupfuls of
sugar. When very light add alternately
one-half of a cupful of milk and three
cupfuls of sifted flour, sifted again with
two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir
in the stiffly-whipped whites of six eggs
and one-half of a teaspoonful almond
extract. Bake in small cups or round-
bottomed muffin pans, and when cool
dip into the following icing: Boil with-
out stirring one cupful of sugar with



English Pigeon Pie

ished apple or lemon in before sending
the pig to the table. A small sprig of
parsley should be placed in the eye
socket, and small bunches of the pars-
ley arranged about.

English Pigeon Pie.

The birds are split in two after they
are cleaned and stewed. Then these
halves are placed in a deep dish with
layers of thinly sliced onions, scraped
celery, minced parsley and a pinch of
dried marigold blossoms; then add but-
ter with salt and pepper sprinkled over.
A baking powder crust shortened with
beef kidney suet minced finely is rolled
out half an inch thick and placed over
the birds after the dish has been half
filled with the water in which the pig-
eons have been cooked, using flour to

beet. Arrange on a bed of lettuce and
set into the ice box to keep crisp until
ready to serve.

Banbury Tarts.

Roll short pie crust into a thin sheet
and cut into rounds; place a mixture of
raisins, currants, sugar, lemon juice
with rind, and cinnamon, cooked to a
marmalade, in the centre of each one,
then fold over, pinch the edges over
securely and pierce with a fork; and
brush with sweetened milk and bake.

Christmas Cake.

A spiced fruit cake is covered with
white icing and a star formed of tiny

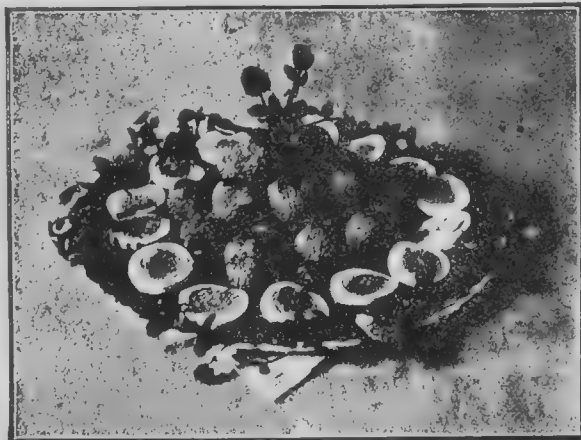


Roast Suckling Pig

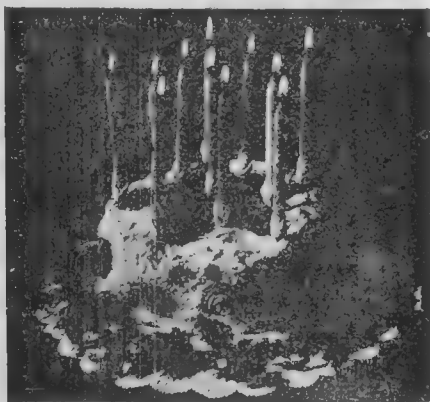
one-half cupful of water till the syrup
will spin a heavy thread, then pour over
the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs,
stir in two-thirds of a cupful of grated
cocoanut with one teaspoonful of van-
illa extract and beat till thick enough
to spread. Decorate with leaves and
stems of candied citron with tiny red
candies for the berries.

Individual Plum Puddings.

These are much more attractive than
the large pudding, and molds, known as
bambes, are used for their cooking.
They can be served heaped up onto a
dish and the sauce passed, or they can
be served separately on individual
dishes and a lump of sugar dipped in
brandy placed on each and then ignited.



Cheese Salad.



Christmas Cake.

Foods that Preserve Health.

Dietetics furnishes mankind with the nearest approach to the fountain of youth according to Dr. Cohen, a noted London physician, who has furnished a diet that people may eat after middle age to keep them from growing old too rapidly. His prescription, if meritorious, will perhaps prove a boon to women and may supersede many of the physical culture experiments, most of which have proved fallacious. The doctor says:

What man or woman, growing old, would not give a fortune for the renewal of youth?

With a little care they might have kept it for ten or a dozen years longer, but its value was not realized until too late.

Everyone has the power to hasten or retard the process of growing old. Nearly every one hastens it, and, at the same time, cuts off a considerable number of years from the natural span of life.

Through diet, especially, is the age of the body affected. Of course, one who frets and worries will age more rapidly than the person who takes life serenely, and a great many things, such as bad air, want of exercise, overwork will help on the wrinkles and stiff joints.

But in this connection food is more important than any other factor. And proper choice of food and mode of feeding will, indeed, prevent worry, lighten the cares of life, make work easier, and so prolong youth, indirectly as well as directly.

First, in order to delay the coming of old age we must prevent the deposit of fat by moderation in eating, more particularly moderation as regards sugars and fats.

Secondly, we must avoid the use of alcohol in all forms as much as possible, so that the arteries shall not become distended and lose their tone. Thirdly, we must eat sparingly in order to save the kidneys and liver.

These are the broad rules for preserving youth as far as food is concerned.

To obtain the best results it is desirable to commence the rational regulation of diet while youth remains. Up to the age of twenty-three or twenty-five in the case of men, and eighteen or twenty in women, the framework of the body is being formed, and the diet should be generous. After the thirtieth year has been passed, it is no longer necessary to eat to make more tissues, but only to preserve equilibrium of weight and strength. Yet at that time eating is a pleasure highly appreciated. Therefore most men and women eat too much, and this is the time of life when indiscretions in diet produce disease with especial frequency.

Among foods most likely to have the effect of keeping the body youthful are the following, which anyone past forty should use in preference to the heavier and richer articles, and which all city people will probably find most suitable from the age of twenty-eight or thirty onwards:

Mutton.—It is better than beef for sedentary people. The leg is the best, according to Dr. Burney Yeo. Young and tender fowl and game. Eggs lightly cooked, cooked in every form, or beaten up with milk and a little sherry.

Milk.—It is better always to boil it. It is as good in puddings, cocoa, coffee, etc., as alone.

Potted meats and game, if genuine and unadulterated, are nutritious and digestible.

Fish, particularly white fish, such as sole, whiting, cod, flounders, smelts, etc. Fish is better boiled than fried.

Stewed or baked fruits of every kind, and raw, well-ripened apples, pears, grapes, oranges, strawberries, etc.

What is to be drunk? If wine or beer be taken, they should be light; if spirits, it should be well diluted. No alcoholic drink should be taken except in very small amount.

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Before and After Using the Wonderful Foso Compound.



Before and After.

This is a typical American beauty, the handsomest of women, but what would she look like without her wonderful head of hair. Why don't you have hair like it? Foso will grow it for you. Get the Free \$1.00 package.

Dandruff is Easily Removed

By using Foso. Sometimes a single treatment will do it if thoroughly applied. All scalp diseases quickly yield to this treatment. A trial will speedily convince you.

No More Gray Hair

Foso Hair and Scalp Remedy brings your hair back to its natural color, gloss and vigor. It is not a dye, but a true hair food that destroys the cause of the trouble and assists nature to supply the pigment or coloring matter. Why look old before your time?

Food For Hair

Is as necessary as for the body. Hair, lacking proper nourishment, gets dry, brittle and dull in appearance. Life and gloss disappear when the food elements required are lacking, and the scalp is not able to supply the same. Foso invigorates and promotes what nature demands. Good hair is an index to good health.

Falling Hair is Sick Hair

Foso remedies it, makes hair healthy, stops falling hair promotes new growth on bald spots. Natural color restored, dandruff removed, inflammation stopped. All germs hidden under scale or dandruff, that are sapping the life of the hair, are destroyed and health and vigor renewed. Try it; it will delight you.

Baldheads Rejoice

When they try Foso. Thousands of men and women who had been bald for years now have a beautiful head of hair grown by the proper use of Foso, which is the great and famous treatment for all diseases of the hair and scalp. Foso also insures a luxuriant growth to eyebrows and eyelashes.

Why Comb Out Hairs

When you can keep them? When the scalp is put in a healthy condition, the roots nourished and scalp cleaned by using Foso, the hair will stop coming out and grow in thicker and glossy.

Healthy Hair is Moist; is Yours?

If the natural oil is lacking, your hair will become dry, harsh, brittle and split. Foso gets at the trouble by assisting nature to put in a healthy condition the parts that come into play in supplying the oil and properly distributing the same. Try it once; you'll use it all the time.

Free \$1 Package Coupon

Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 8487, Foso Bld., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full \$1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail prepaid free of charge or duty.

Give full address—write plainly.

Stewed celery, stewed onions, spinach, artichokes, and nearly all vegetables.

Grilled bacon.

Sound, pure bread. It is best when homemade.

Porridge of oatmeal, wheat, or maize, with milk, cream, or buttermilk.

Puddings of rice, tapioca, sago, arrowroot, macaroni, made with milk and eggs (not egg powders).

Vegetable purées of all kinds.

Tea, coffee, chocolate, are all good.

Tea and coffee, however, should be light and quickly made.

Hard water is probably an active agent in aging the body. It is said to produce calculus and may harden the arteries. With hardened arteries one cannot be young. Use soft water for drinking.

These are only some of the foods that may be used. It is a mistake to restrict the dietary too much. Moderation is the thing to keep always in mind.

With attention to food, air, exercise, and the hygiene of the mind, most people might be ten or twenty years younger than they really are. The great scientist, Dr. Metchnikoff, thinks we ought to live ten times as long as the period we take to develop. That is from 230 to 250 years. There is no reason, therefore, why we should not remain youthful until we pass seventy or even eighty. Some people accomplish it, and it is possible for a great number.

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CHRISTMAS PASTIMES.

Suggestions for Holiday Entertainments.

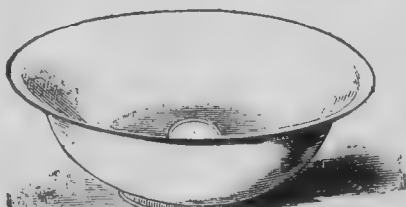
INTERESTING HOME EXPERIMENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The following experiments, chiefly chemical, are presented in the hope that they will prove both amusing and instructive at holiday gatherings and upon other occasions:

The Invisible Rendered Visible.—Place a coin in an empty basin, and let the basin be near the edge of the table. Ask one of the company to stand beside it, and to retire slowly backward until he



THE COIN INVISIBLE



THE COIN VISIBLE

or she can no longer see the coin. Then pour cold, clear water into the basin, and the person, who the moment before could not perceive the coin, now will see it quite plainly, though without moving a hair's breadth nearer.

Light from Sugar.—In a dark room, rub smartly one against the other a couple of lumps of white sugar, and light will be evolved. A similar effect is produced by rubbing two lumps of borate of soda one against the other.

Miniature Fire-Ships.—Procure a good-sized lump of camphor. Cut it up into pieces of the size of a hazel-nut, and having a large dish filled with cold water in readiness, lay the pieces on the surface, where they will float. Then ignite each one of them with a match, and they will burn furiously, swimming about all the time that the burning is in progress, until at last nothing remains but a thin shell, too wet to be consumed.

Purple Air.—Obtain an olive-oil flask, the glass of which must be colorless. In default of an oil-flask, a large test-tube may be employed. Put into it a small quantity of solid iodine (procureable at the chemist's and very cheap), then lightly stop the mouth of the flask or test-tube with some cotton-wool, but not hermetically, and hold it slantwise over the flame of a spirit lamp. The heat will soon dissolve the iodine, which will next turn into a most beautiful violet-colored vapor, completely filling the glass, and disappearing again when the glass gets cold.

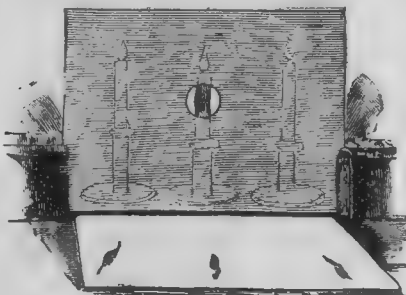
The Two Eggs.—Dissolve as much common table-salt in a pint of water as it will take up, so as to prepare a strong brine. With this brine half fill a tall glass. Then pour in pure water, very carefully. Pour it down the side, or put it in with the help of a spoon, so as to break the fall. The pure water will then float upon the top of the brine, yet no difference will be visible. Next, take another glass of exactly the same kind, and fill it with pure water. Now take a common egg, and put it into the vessel of pure water, when it will instantly sink to the bottom. Put another egg into the first glass, and it will not descend below the surface of the brine, seeming to be miraculously suspended in the middle. Of course, the two glass vessels should be considerably wider than the egg is long.

To Boil Water Without Fire.—Half fill a common oil-flask with water, and boil it for a few minutes over the flame of a spirit-lamp. While boiling, cork up the mouth of the flask as quickly as you can, and tie a bit of wet bladder over the cork, so as to exclude the air perfectly. The flask now being removed from the lamp, the boiling ceases. Pour some cold water upon the upper portion of the flask and the ebullition recommences. Apply hot water, and it stops. And thus you may go on as long as you please.

To Convert a Liquid into a Solid.—Dissolve about half a pound of sulphate of soda in a pint of boiling water, and after it has stood a few minutes to settle, pour it off into a clean glass vessel. Pour a little sweet oil upon the surface, and put it to stand where it can get cold, and where no one will touch it. When cold, put in a stick, and the fluid, previously clear, will at once become opaque, and begin to crystallize, until at length there is a solid crystalline mass.

Ice on Fire.—Make a hole in a block of ice with a hot poker. Pour out the water, and fill up the cavity with camphorated spirits of wine. Then ignite the spirit with a match, and the lump of ice will seem to be in flames.

The Magic Aperture.—Put several lighted candles upon the table, in a straight row and near together. Lay upon the table, in front of them, a large piece of smooth, white paper. Have ready a piece of pasteboard, large enough to conceal the candles, with a

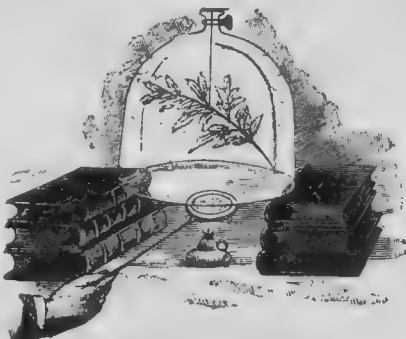


THE MAGIC APERTURE.

small hole cut in it above the middle. Place this so as to stand upon its edge between the row of candles and the sheet of paper in front, and there will be as many images of flames thrown through the hole and upon the paper as there are burning candles.

Green Fire.—Obtain some boracic acid, mix it well with a small quantity of spirits of wine, or alcohol, place the alcohol in a saucer upon a dish, and then ignite it with a match. The flame will be a beautiful green. To see the color to perfection, of course, the room should be somewhat darkened. A green flame may also be produced by using chloride of copper instead of boracic acid. And instead of mixing it with the alcohol, a small quantity may be imbedded in the wick of a candle.

A Beautiful Imitation of Hoar-Frost.—Obtain a large bell-glass, with a short neck and cork at the top, such as may be seen in the chemist's shops. Then procure a small quantity of benzoic acid, which exists in the shape of snowy crystals. Elevate the bell-glass upon a little stage made of books or pieces of wood, so as to allow a spirit-lamp to be introduced underneath, and a little evaporating dish to be held above the flame by means of a ring of wire with suitable handle. Place the benzoic



IMITATING HOAR-FROST.

acid in the evaporating dish, over the flame, and presently the acid will ascend in vapor and fill the bell, which must not be quite closed at the top. Before setting up the apparatus, introduce into the bell a small branch of foliage, which may be hung by a thread from the neck of the bell. The stiffer and more delicate this branch, the better. In a short time it will become covered with a soft, white deposit of the acid, very closely resembling hoar-frost. This makes an extremely pretty ornament for the parlor.

A CHRISTMAS RAINBOW.

Rainbows are rather out of season in December, but that did not affect the brilliancy of a Christmas rainbow in one household. It was painted on stout,

unbleached cotton sheeting, the inner part of the bow being cut out, the upper corners above the bow on each side being left square, to suspend it by. It spanned a large window at one end of the room.

Bags of colored silks, bright stuffs, cheesecloth and glazed cambric held the gifts, being suspended from the rainbow.

A NEW GAME OF AUTHORS.

The material required is twenty-four small cards, four imitation laurel wreaths, and four carefully wrapped doughnuts. The hostess appoints a judge, who explains that each of the twenty-four players is to receive a card, and that on each card is written either the name of an author or one of his works. Four of these cards make "book," as in the old-fashioned game. Each person who receives a card bearing an author's name is to find the three people with cards giving the names of his works. As soon as he collects the "book" the four are to present themselves to the judge. After this ex-



Santa Claus—the Judge.

planation pass a hat containing the cards and the game begins. When a player has presented themselves in group, each member of the first completed "book" is given a small laurel wreath. Each member of the last "book" to come in is given a consolation prize in the doughnut. The "books" are as follows:

1. Dickens.
2. David Copperfield.
3. Old Curiosity Shop.
4. Dombey and Son.
1. Sir Walter Scott.
2. The Talisman.
3. Ivanhoe.
4. Lady of the Lake.
1. E. P. Poe.
2. Without a home.
3. Barriers Burned Away.
4. From Jest to Earnest.
1. Tennyson.
2. Maud.
3. Enoch Arden.
4. The Princess.
1. George Elliot.
2. Middlemarch.
3. Adam Bede.
4. Daniel Deronda.
1. "Pansy."
2. Four Girls at Chautauqua.
3. Esther Reed.
4. Wise and Otherwise.

AN AUCTION SALE OF ORIGINAL PACKAGES.

'One of the most hilariously funny and enjoyable evening entertainments for the holiday or any other season is provided by what is known as "An Auction Sale of Original Packages." The hostess requests each of her lady guests to bring a sealed package which may contain something of small value or some ridiculous object. The composition of the packages should be left entirely to the ingenuity of the guests, and they should be pledged not to reveal their contents to anyone, their escorts included. After some preliminary amusement in the way of games, the hostess will select some gentleman to act as auctioneer, and the sale will commence. The packages are sold in their original sealed condition, and the company is therefore expected to bid upon them without knowing their contents. The fun becomes almost boisterous as the various packages are opened by the purchasers. If the sale is simply a feature of a social gathering, and therefore private, "toy money" or chips may be used; but this particular entertainment is very appropriate for a church sociable, where it is desired to raise funds. In such cases real money is used, and frequently no small sum is realized.

Reduced Rate
December Excursions
to Eastern Canada
and European Countries
via Canadian Northern Railway

Tickets on Sale December 1st to 31st
Three Months Limit
Choice of Routes. Stop over Privileges
Information from any Canadian Northern Railway Agent or Write
C. W. Cooper
Asst. General Passenger Agent
Can. Nor. Ry. Dept. D
Winnipeg, Man.

WE WILL SEE YOUR TRAIN ARRIVES ON TIME
 EVERYTHING WILL BE CONDUCTED TO YOUR SATISFACTION
 THE SERVICE ALL ROUND IS GOOD
 WE CAN ALSO HANDLE YOUR FREIGHT
 BEST OF EVERYTHING IN OUR DINERS. LONG HIGH WIDE BERTHS FOR PLEASANT DREAMS
 QUICK EXPRESS SERVICES FOR YOUR XMAS PRESENTS
 WE OFFER CHOICE OF ALL THE ROUTES OF COMFORT AT LOWEST FARES
 TICKETS FOR EVERYWHERE
 OUR EQUIPMENT IS THE HIGHEST STANDARD
 MOTOR POWER, MECHANICAL STAFF, HIGHEST STANDARD
 YOUR FARE WILL BE ACCOUNTED FOR TO REMEMBER THE BEST SERVICE
 THE ALBERTA EXPRESS, EDMONTON SASKATOON WINNIPEG SLEEPING AND DINING CARS

ARCH. DALEY

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

Some elocutionist has made a collection of more than two hundred "tongue-twisters," among which are the following:

"A growing gleam glowing green."
 "The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms."
 "Flesh of freshly dried flying fish."
 "Six thick thistle sticks."
 "Two toads tried to trot to Tedbury."
 "Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip."
 "Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared six sickly silky snakes."
 "She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish sauce shop welcoming him in."
 The first three are the gems of the collection. It is said to be impossible to repeat them rapidly.

SOMETHING WITH WHICH TO PUZZLE YOUR FRIENDS.

The following puzzle may easily be committed to memory and copied for the mystification of friends upon any suitable occasion:

Stand
 I
 took
 You
 To
 Throw
 Takings
 My

The answer is: "I understand you undertook to overthrow my undertakings."

CONUNDRUMS.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him sage.

Why does a man go into the law, remain in the law, and go out of the law? He goes into the law to get on, he remains in the law to get oner (honor), he retires from the law to get onest (honest).

What is that which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? Noise.

Why is a man who makes steel pens a wicked man? Because he makes men steel (steal) pens and then says they do write (right).

How many wives is a man lawfully entitled to? Sixteen: Four richer, four poorer, four better, four worse.

Why does a minister always say "dearly beloved brethren" and not refer to the sisters? Because the brethren embrace the sisters.

If a young lady fell into a well, why couldn't her brother help her out? Because, how could he be a brother and assist her (a sister) too?

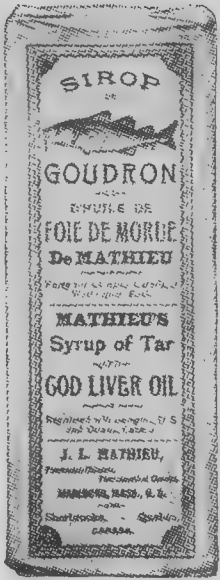
Why is music cheaper on Sunday than during the week? Because during the week you get it by the piece, and on Sunday you get it by the choir.

When does a ship tell a falsehood? When it lies at the wharf.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is rung for dinner.

What is the only organ without stops? A woman's organ of speech.

Why can you never expect a fisherman to be generous? Because his business makes him sell fish (selfish).



Instant Relief Permanent Cure For That Cough

—that is what Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil has done for thousands of sufferers every year. *It relieves the cough more quickly and cures it more thoroughly and permanently than anything else, because it is made from the most potent remedial agents known to the medical profession.*

Mathieu's Syrup is the only cough cure that acts as a tonic to the system—that builds up your vital energy as well as healing and strengthening the throat and lungs. Keep a bottle in the house read for an emergency. Give it to your children. They like it and it is harmless.

Large Bottle 35c.
Nervine Powders
25c.
From all Dealers

MATHIEU'S SYRUP of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

If feverish take Mathieu's Nervine Powders in conjunction with the Syrup.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Props., SHERBROOKE, P.Q.

C. F. Lightcap, Western Distributing Agent. 214 Princess St., Winnipeg.

A Number of Christmas Suggestions.



EACH year at this season numberless little fads seem to spring up—little Christmas gifts which are made by the dozen, and allotted, when the final rush comes, to any unsuspecting victim for whom nothing special has been planned and for whom, it would seem, "anything will do!"

One year it may be that the big cretonne bags hold sway, and there is the probability of being deluged with bags enough to last the rest of one's natural lifetime. A few years ago every one was madly making collar-and-cuff sets, all of the "cross-stitch" variety. And well I remember the time I asked for a glass test tube in a large drug store, to be told that the demand was greater than the supply, and all for the hat-pin holders that were being given for Christmas gifts that year!

Now the hat-pin holder and the cretonne bag and the collar-and-cuff

plaited pockets. It may be made in a heavy linen in white, brown or any color preferred. The white things are so dainty, and may be laundered so easily without any fear of fading, that it is always a temptation to keep everything white.

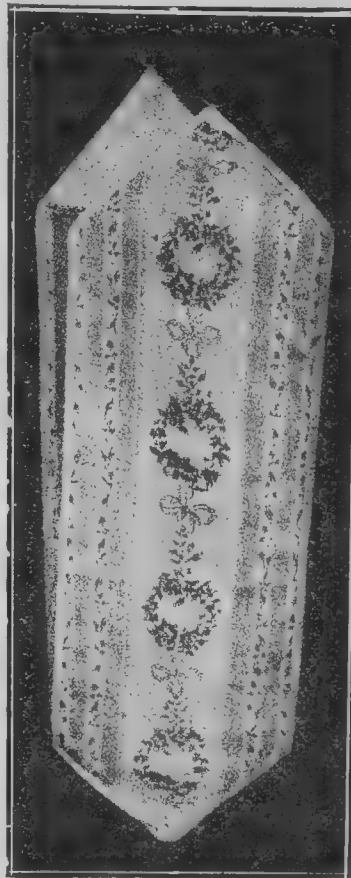


A white linen case with removable chamois lining is just the thing for a silver mirror.

A linen case with a removable lining is quite the thing to slip the silver hand mirror in when packing the suit case. The one shown in the illustration is made of white linen with hemstitched top, through which to run the white wash ribbon draw strings. A monogram or Old English initials embroidered in white gives the little personal touch that adds so much to the gift.

There are so few really useful things that can be made for the brother—or somebody else's brother—that you will be sure to welcome the idea of a case in which to put the shirts, and cuffs too, when traveling. This is made like a large envelope—a trifle larger than a folded shirt—and opening at the small end. A particularly smart one is of brown linen bound with a darker shade of brown silk tape, and a monogram embroidered in the dark brown on the flap, which buttons onto the envelope. One of blue denim bound and embroidered in white is also attractive.

For the party bag, or even a traveling bag, a useful adjunct is a cunning little embroidered linen case holding a powdered chamois (illustrated). Stitch together two circles of chamois (two inches in diameter)

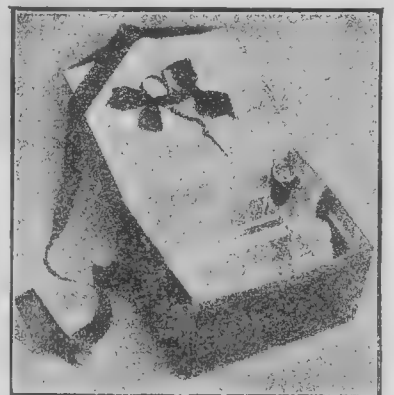


A "Machine Bag" of Cretonne Soon Becomes a Necessity to the Woman who Sews.

set may each be most attractive and most useful, but if you wish to make a number of them, do make each gift a little more personal by planning ahead to whom it shall be given. Choose perhaps what you know to be a favorite color, or if there is any excuse at all, embroider a monogram or initials; then the one who receives the gift will really know it was made for her. It is these little personal touches that give an added value to your gifts, and though they take a little more time and thought, it is really much more satisfactory to the giver.

Suggestions for gifts for the traveler are always welcome, for who does not enjoy a neatly packed trunk or suit-case with a "place for everything and everything in its place?"

A compact case for toilet articles is a necessity for anyone going away for however short a visit. Many of them are worse than useless, but the one illustrated is "tried and true." There are enough pockets for everything, and not too many, and it can be rolled up in very small compass, which means much in packing. The illustration shows the plan on which the case is made. Notice especially the box-



A work box of soft brown ooz leather is an unusually effective gift and will amply repay the careful work necessary to its fashioning. The lining should harmonize in color with the leather.

filled with powder, making a few little slits in the sides for the powder to sift through onto a third piece of chamois, which is used to apply the powder. When these are both caught together within the linen cover, embroidered or not, as you like, the pretty gift is complete.

Pongee is so soft and stands laundering so well that it is especially fitted to be used for a bag in which to hang one's hat while taking a long,

Christmas is Complete without our goods In Your Home

Cut Flowers **Plants**
ROSES CARNATIONS PALMS FERNS
LILY OF THE VALLEY AND
VIOLETS, etc. etc. FLOWERING PLANTS

St. Audraesburg Canaries, Gold Fish, etc.

Any of the above shipped anywhere safely.

Send for Prices.

The Rosery Florist

325 Portage Ave., WINNIPEG.

PHONE 194

NIGHTS 709

Beeman's 1909 Model "JUMBO" Grain Cleaner

Guaranteed Capacity on Wheat
100 Bushels Per Hour.

Sold on trial. If not the most rapid and perfect grain cleaner, can be returned.

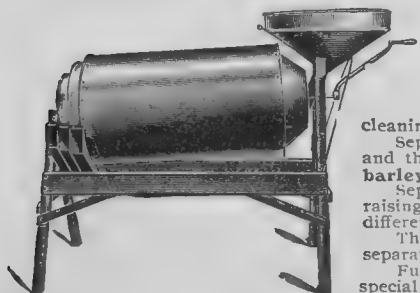
Just the machine for cleaning grain for market on account of its large capacity and perfect separation, and an absolute necessity in cleaning grain for seed.

Separates wild or tame oats from wheat or barley and the only machine that will successfully separate barley from wheat.

Separates frosted, shrunken or sprouted wheat raising the quality from one to three grades making a difference in price of from 10 to 30 cents per bushel.

The Jumbo clean all kinds of grain and seeds and separates perfectly all foul seed.

Furnished with bagger if desired. Write to-day for special offer. Agents wanted.

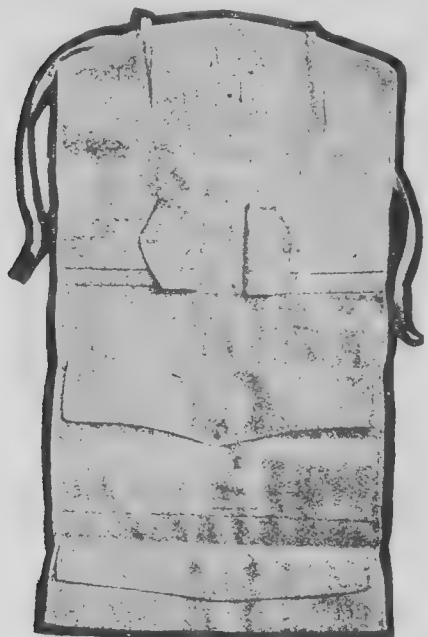


BEEMAN & CO.

127-129-131 Higgins Ave.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

dusty train ride. It takes up no room at all in the suit case when packed, and protects the hat wonderfully when in use. Made of the natural color pongee, with draw strings of brown silk cord, and perhaps three small ini-

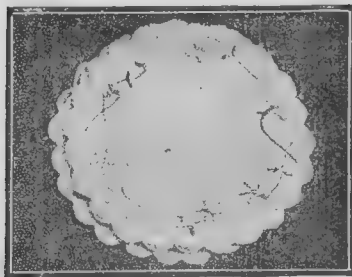


A compact case for toilet articles, with enough pockets for everything, and not too many.

tials in brown silk in one corner, it will be appreciated by any woman who travels.

There are all sorts of little bags for holding money, to be worn about one's neck for safe keeping, but one of the most sensible is an envelope of white linen with a bit of embroidery on the flap (illustrated). This is simply a strip of linen nine and one-half by five inches, hemstitched on the four sides, and then folded and sewed to make an envelope a little larger than a folded bill. To this is sewed a little piece of white silk tape twenty-eight inches long. Slipped inside of the linen case is one of chamois, which is to hold the bills. This white one is of course only appropriate for a woman, but worked out in brown would be very acceptable for a man.

A skirt hanger, which may be bought for a quarter, is wound with satin ribbon, with a little cluster of sachet bags hanging from the centre hook (illustrated). This special kind of a hanger is comparatively new in



An embroidered linen case, holding a powdered chamois—a pretty and ingenious device.

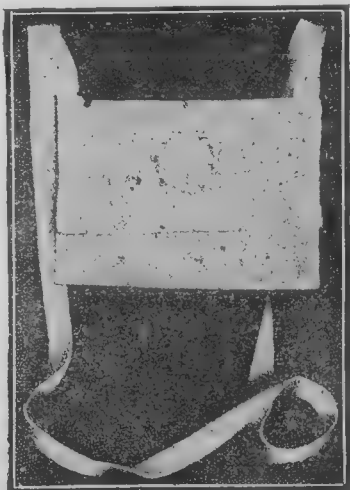
place on the Christmas list, for it keeps the skirts in perfect shape as nothing else will.

An odd little pen-wiper has for a top a little rose or pansy or any flower painted on heavy water-color paper and cut out. Then two or three chamois pieces are cut in the same shape and attached to the top with a knot of colored ribbon to harmonize with the flower.

If the six-year-old wishes to make something for big sister to use in her

room, let her hem a square of pretty silkoline for a dust cloth. It is soft and not the least bit "scratchy," and why shouldn't even a dust cloth be pretty as well as useful?

A yard of organdy edged with lace, with a slit in the middle just large enough to slip the hook of a coat hanger through (illustrated) is, most useful for covering any delicate waist when it hangs in the closet.



A sensible bag for carrying money when traveling. Inside the linen case is one of chamois

A longer one made of cretonne or denim, but sewed together at the sides, is really excellent for shielding a man's dress suit when not being worn.

For keeping the different sets of lingerie in their snowy piles in the

drawers of the dresser there is nothing prettier than the ribbon bands (illustrated), in any of the delicate shades. These bands are three-fourths



A dainty pincushion cover of dotted swiss easy to make and to launder.

of a yard long when finished. There is an extra piece of ribbon eleven inches long in the centre, which is shirred over an eight-inch piece of



A sensible hanger that will really keep skirts in shape. It is wound with satin ribbon and hung with a cluster of sachets.

elastic, so that the band may be stretched according to the amount to be enclosed. They are finished on the top with a pretty rosette of the ribbon, in two of the loops in which is sewn a bit of cotton and sachet powder. This is particularly attractive for a gift to a bride.



A cretonne "kitchen bag" for paper bags and strings, is a boon to the busy housekeeper

If there are any remnants of pretty wall paper—the one I have in mind has a design of wild roses on a cream background—a desk pad for blotting paper may be easily made. Cut heavy cardboard fourteen by ten inches, and cover with the wall paper, for the back of the pad. At both ends of the uncovered side fasten narrow strips of cardboard, covered with wall paper, in which to tuck the sheets of blotting paper.

Red Cross Gin



does not burn the stomach, because it is pure.

It is the only Gin which is aged for years in bonded warehouses under Government supervision.

HIGHEST IN HONORS

Baker's Cocoa



Registered,
U. S. Pat. Off.

50
HIGHEST
AWARDS
IN
EUROPE
AND
AMERICA

A medical writer says—"The use of a thoroughly reliable preparation of cocoa should be universally encouraged, and it is the consensus of opinion among medical men as well as laboratory workers that the breakfast cocoa manufactured by Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., not only meets the indications, but accomplishes even more than is claimed for it."

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.

Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

BRANCH HOUSE:

86 St. Peter Street, Montreal

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—CHRISTMAS ANAGRAM.

Find suitable words to fill the blanks in the following verse, and transpose the letters of these words into a familiar greeting:
As — and incense once were brought,
— each year with treasures
fraught,
Glad memories of the — and —,
Good words for each, and gifts for all.

No. 2.—TEN AGES.

The answer to each of the following sentences ends with the letters "age."

1. An age of slaughter.
2. An age to control.
3. An age of obeisance.
4. A proverbial age.
5. An age of mischief.
6. An age to soften.
7. An age of bravery.
8. A fierce age.
9. An age to bind with.
10. An age of treatment.

No. 3.—HIDDEN PROVERB.

One word is concealed in each sentence, and the five words make an old and familiar saying.

1. I am sending this puzzle to New York.
2. Some call Adam "a youngster."

No. 6.—WORD-SQUARE.



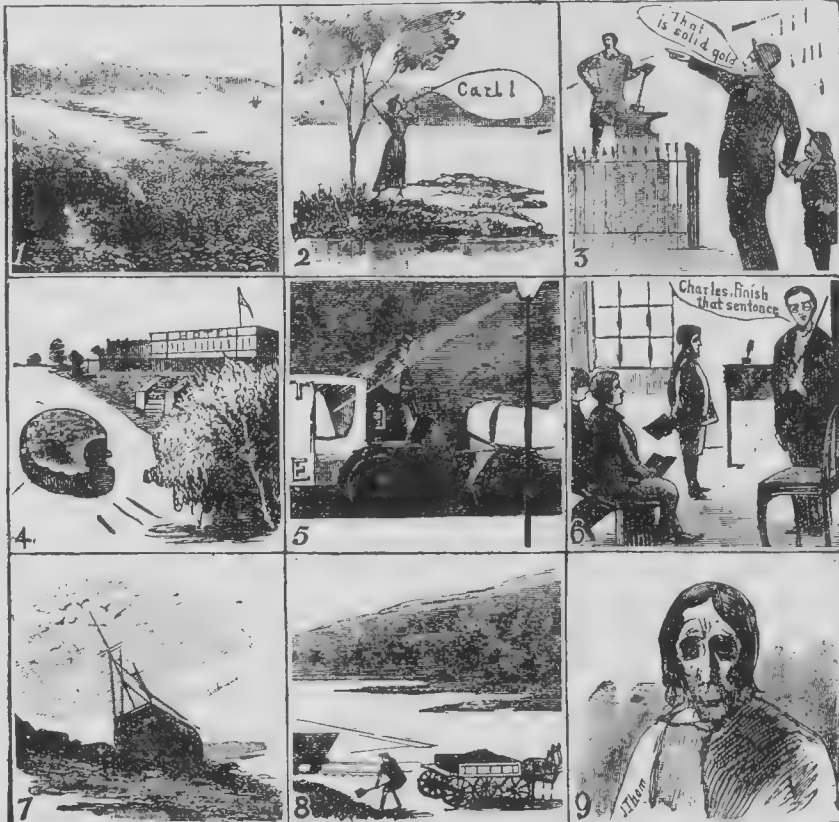
1. A wise Greek general, mentioned in Homer, and known as the "horse-tamer."
2. The mother of that Timothy who was said to have known the Scriptures from a child.
3. Birds with long, slender bills.
4. An animal of the cat kind, found in Mexico.
5. Puts back into place.

Answers to all the above puzzles will be given in the January number of The Western Home Monthly.

Answers to Puzzles in November Number.

- No. 1. Connected Word-Squares.—
UNDO LEAN
NEAT EASE
DADO ASIA
OTO EVEN EAP
VALE
ELLA

NO. 4.—NAMES OF AUTHORS



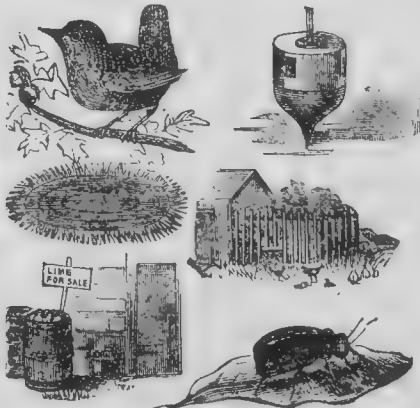
Each one of the nine pictures above represents the name of a well-known author.

3. Mabel I verily believe is ill.
4. Cora can draw fine pictures.
5. Willie plays while Arnold works.

No. 5.—RIDDLE.

My first within my whole now stands,
And may be reckoned,
If not removed by careless hands,
To be my second.

No. 6. TRANSPOSITIONS.



With the letters in the names of the first two objects, taken together, form the name of a city. With those in the names of the next two, the name of a river, and those in the names of the last two, the name of a country.

MEANEATROW
ERIE RIVE
AIMS OVAL
NEST WELT

No. 2. Transposition Puzzle.—Ten dial spire and Notice LE transposed give Presidential Election.

No. 3. A Dozen Pens.—1 Pennate. 2. Aspen. 3. Pentecost. 4. Happen. 5. Penguin. 6. Pennant. 7. Open 8. Penchant. 9. Penury. 10. Pensive. 11. Deepen. 12. Penalty.

No. 4. Picture Puzzle. — 1. Hares (hairs). 2. Lashes (eyelashes). 3. Pear (a pair). 4. Study. 5. The bench. 6. Lids (eyelids). 7. Notch (in the bench). 8. Sponge. 9. Ayes and noes. 10. Belt. 11. Inn steps (insteps). 12. Cover (of the book). 13. Choler (collar). 14. Crown (of the head). 15. Arms. 16. Band (of the sleeve). 17. Feet. 18. Cheek. 19. Pages. 20. Slate. 21. Hose. 22. Frame (of the slate). 23. Floor. 24. Chest (of the body).

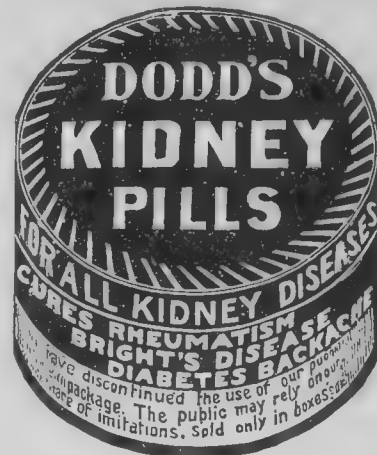
No. 5. Chow-Chow.—Piccalilli.

No. 6. Hidden Rivers.—1. Volga. 2. Elbe. 3. Obi. 4. Lena. 5. Nile. 6. Ottawa.

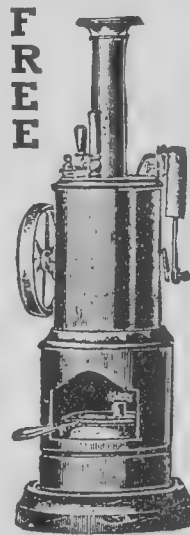
No. 7. Problem.—M-I-L-L.

No. 8. Old-Style Conundrum. — Because when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you will find it increases.

No. 9. Geographical Syncopations.—1. Williamstown, Williamston. 2. Johnstown, Johnston, Johnson. 3. Oso, Oso. 4. Oneida, Onida.



This Steam Engine



For Selling
Our
Postcards

Boys, here is a stationary Engine with sheet iron box, polished brass boiler and cylinder, has safety valve and whistle, double wick spirit burner and round base, that runs just like any big engine. It hisses, puffs and whistles, while the fly wheel revolves at a great speed, all complete, for selling only \$3.00 worth of Lovely Picture Post Cards. They just go like hot cakes. Send your name and address

and we will mail you the Post Cards to sell at only 6 for 10 cents. Write to-day. A postcard will do.

THE RELIABLE PREMIUM CO.

Dept. E1 Waterloo, Ont.

(References Molsons Bank)

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale. They are neat, strong light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

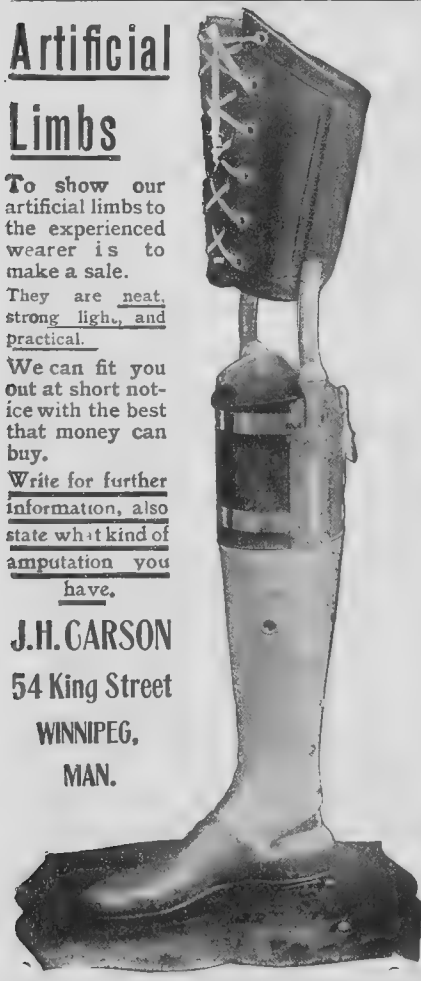
Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON

54 King Street

WINNIPEG,

MAN.



Write for

Our Calendar

Western
School of Telegraphy

WINNIPEG, MAN



The
Original
and
Only
Genuine

BEWARE
of
Imitations
sold
on the
Merits
of
MINARD'S
LINIMENT



1000-SHOT AIR RIFLE

Beautifully finished—loads automatically—magazine holds 1000 shots—working parts steel and brass—stock, polished black walnut, length of gun 36 inches, weight 3-lbs.

Any boy can get this rifle free by giving us a few hours of his time for one week. Write for particulars.

MARZETTI & CO., 208 St. James Chambers,
Toronto, Ont.

Marlin



12 Gauge Repeating Shotgun

The 12 gauge Marlin repeater is a gun of perfect proportions, and has one-third less parts than any other repeater. It handles quickly, works smoothly and shoots close and hard.

The Marlin solid top prevents powder and gases blowing back; the side ejection of shells allows instant repeat shots; the closed-in breechbolt keeps out all rain, snow and sleet, and the dirt, leaves, twigs and sand that clog up other repeaters.

All 12-gauge Marlin repeaters have double extractors that pull any shell, and the automatic recoil hangfire safety lock makes them the safest breech-loading guns built.



Marlin 12 gauge repeaters in three distinct models, many grades and styles, fully described in our 136-page catalog. Free for 3 stamps postage.

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72 Willow Street, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Macey SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



Books in order that their greatest value may be appreciated, must be arranged in a way that is at once convenient and pleasing to the eye.

This arrangement can best be obtained with the famous "MACEY" SECTIONAL BOOKCASE.

For variety of sections, artistic effects mechanical features, workmanship and finish.

The "MACEY" Leads the World

Ask your dealer. If your dealer cannot supply you with "The Macey" write direct to us and we will see that you get these goods.

Our "MACEY BOOKLET" sent free on request

CANADA FURNITURE
MANUFACTURERS
LIMITED

136 King East Toronto
261 Fort St., Winnipeg, Canada.
Sole Manufacturers for Canada.

Repeat it:—"Shilo's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Among the Flowers.

Some Hardy Plants for North Windows.

Ferns and Begonias, Chinese Primroses, Callas, Primula obconica, Asparagus (Sprengel), and Asparagus (plumosus nanus), will flourish finely in a large window which faces north-east. So will German Ivy (Senecio) and English Ivy, if you want some vines to train about the upper portion of the window. Plants having richly colored flowers would require more sunshine, but Begonias are most effective in such a location. We would advise the use of Pierson fern. This sort has a very heavy frond, in which the leaflets are subdivided in such a

growing in the ordinary living-room, finer ones, indeed, than we ever saw in any greenhouse or conservatory,—and on making inquiry as to the treatment given them, by which satisfactory results were secured, we were told that their owners grew them in a soil of leaf-mould or turfy matter and sand, gave them good drainage, watered very moderately, kept them somewhat back from the light, and let them alone! Meaning by that, that the plants were never experimented with after they were started. They were supposed to take care of themselves when kept moist—and moist only—at the roots. One of these plants grew



Maidenhair Fern.—Excellent for the winter window gardens.

manner that each become a miniature frond. In a window of this kind, Asparagus (plumosus nanus) can be grown to perfection, thus furnishing charming material for the decorations of the table. We really have no better plant for this purpose. Its dainty, delicate foliage, and exceedingly graceful habit of growth make it an ideal table plant. It is very ornamental in itself, but if a touch of bright color is desired, it can be supplied by trusting the stalks of a few Carnations, or a Rose or two, among the wealth of airy foliage with which the well-grown plant is liberally supplied. Give it a sandy loam, well drained. Shower it frequently to keep down red spiders. Grow it in six-inch pots until the plants become too large for table use, then separate them and make several plants out of each old one. In using them for table decoration, keep them on the table only a day or two at a time. Then return the plant that has been used to the window, and let another one take its place.

We have seen some really magnificent specimens of the Rex Begonias

on a large bracket on a wall at right angles with a window from which it got its light, and covered a space of at least three feet square with its beautifully variegated foliage. We asked its owner if it never lost its leaves. "Only the older ones," she told us. "They ripen and drop off from time to time, but there are always new ones coming to take their places. Really, I have never had a plant that got along with so little care. I am careful to see that it never gets really dry, and I never allow any water to get on its leaves. I throw a thin cloth over it when I sweep or dust, to keep it clean. I believe that it does so well because its roots are not allowed to have much water. I have noticed that plants that do not have good drainage are always losing their foliage, and I think a good deal of water brings on a diseased condition which seriously affects the plant. This plant of mine has leaves over a year old, and, as you see, they are healthy and perfect, and look as if they might last all the season."

Do not over water plants at this season of the year. Give just enough to keep the soil moist throughout.



Rex Begonias

YOUNG WOMEN



Young women are often great sufferers for want of proper advice at just the right time.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., has always issued to young girls a special invitation to write to her about their sickness. She is a mother, and fully understands.

In nine chances out of ten your case will be just the same as that of the young lady whose letter follows.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

is what you need to restore health.

Miss M. R. Morin, 335 Ontario St., Montreal, writes to Mrs. Pinkham.

"I was in very poor health and doctored for months, receiving very little benefit. I had lost all ambition, was nervous, and subject to dizzy spells and painful periods each month. "A friend suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as the proper medicine for me. I procured a bottle of this remedy and began taking, and before it was finished, I felt so much better that I continued its use and gave it a thorough test, with the result I am to-day well and a much healthier girl than I was three years ago. I have no more painful periods, dizziness or nervous troubles."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

A Delicious Confection

Boyd's CHOCOLATES

Are pure and wholesome—made from the best materials that money can buy—Put up in ½ lbs. 1 lbs. and 2 lbs. fancy boxes, and in bulk. Many delightful flavors. Manufactured in Western Canada's largest factory. For sale by confectionery and candy stores everywhere. Try a box.

The W. J. Boyd Candy Co.,
WINNIPEG.

Stovel's Indexed Pocket Maps

of Manitoba size 22 x 20; Saskatchewan 16 x 32; Alberta 16 x 32; printed in 5 colors; by mail 25 cents each. Address Map Dept., The Stovel Co., Winnipeg.

WHAT NEGLECT DID FOR HIM

Jas. E. Brant Suffered Torments from Kidney Diseases.

Then He used Dodd's Kidney Pills and Became a Well Man—His Experience a Lesson for You.

ATHABASCA LANDING, Alta., Dec. (Special).—That Kidney Disease, neglected in its earlier stages, leads to the most terrible suffering, if not death itself, and that the one sure cure for it in all stages is Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the experience of Mr. James E. Brant, a farmer residing near here.

Mr. Brant contracted Kidney Disease, when a young man, from a strain, and like hosts of others, neglected it, expecting it to go away itself.

But it kept gradually growing worse, till after thirty years of increasing suffering the climax came, and he found himself so crippled that at times he could not turn in bed, and for two weeks at a time it was impossible for him to rise from a chair without putting his hands on his knees.

He could not button his clothes. He was troubled with Lumbago, Gravel and Backache, and tried medicines for each and all of them without getting relief, till good luck turned him to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills started at the cause of his troubles and cured his Kidneys. With cured Kidneys his other troubles speedily disappeared, and to-day he is a well man.

If you cure your Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills you will never have Lumbago, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy or Bright's Disease.



Ridgways TEA

ABOVE ALL OTHERS, THE TEA OF SUPERLATIVE QUALITY. ASK Your Grocer for it.



Highland Park College
Des Moines, Iowa.

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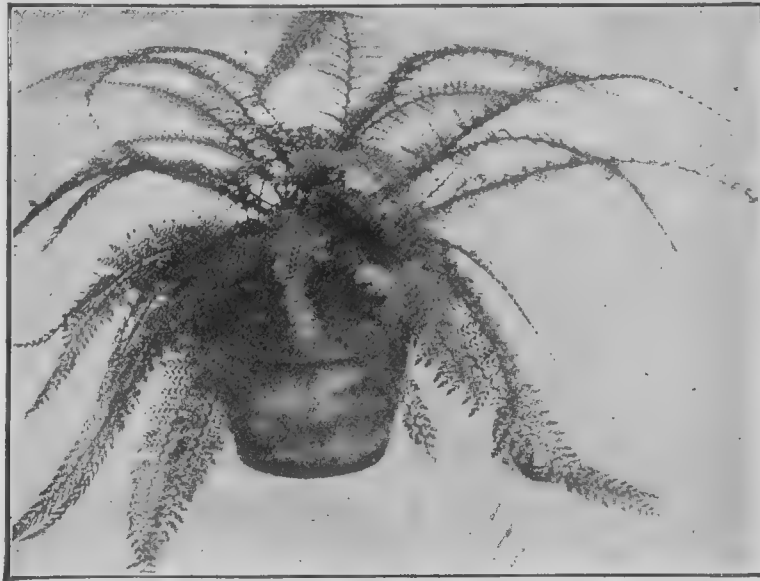
A Standard College that comes just a little nearer meeting the demands of modern education than any other College in the country.

THE FOLLOWING REGULAR COURSES MAINTAINED

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6 Electrical Engineering	16 Telegraphy
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Instructions given in all branches by correspondence. Board \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 per week. Tuition in College Normal and Commercial Courses, \$15.00 a quarter. All expenses three months \$48.40; six months \$91.11, nine months \$132.40. School all year. Enter any time. 2000 students annually. Catalog free. Mention course you are interested in and state whether you wish resident or correspondence work.

Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa.



Boston Fern.—A popular and hardy plant for decorative purposes

Let the surface take on a dry look before more water is applied. Evaporation takes place slowly, and few plants are growing actively enough to make use of a great deal of water. An over-supply has a tendency to sour the soil, thus bringing about a diseased condition of the roots.

And be very careful about the use of fertilizers. If a plant is not growing, it needs no fertilizer, for it is not in a condition to make use of it. Make this a rule, and never vary from it: To feed a dormant plant strong, rich food is to injure it just as surely as food of that sort will injure a stomach whose digestive organs are not in proper shape to assimilate it. If a plant has begun to grow, a weak application is in order. Let it increase in strength as the plant develops. Never use enough to force a rapid growth, for that means weakness from which there is almost sure to be reaction sooner or later.

Do not let the plants in the window-garden become one-sided, by being drawn toward the light. Turn them about, at least once a week, that all sides of them may have an equal chance at the sunshine. It is a good plan to arrange the smaller ones in front, near the glass, and the larger ones at the side and rear. This enables all of them to get the benefit of the light, as they would not if the larger ones were given places near the glass, with the smaller ones tucked into the shady places between.

Be sure that plants in hanging pots and baskets get all the water they need. Because they are near the ceiling, where the temperature is much higher than at the window-sill, they will dry out much more rapidly than ordinary plants. They are also exposed on all sides, and this accelerates evaporation. We have a method of keeping these plants well watered

which works well. We take a small tin can or cup and punch holes in the bottom of it. Make these small at first, until you know just how much water is needed. Fill these vessels and place them on the surface of the soil. Vines can be so trained as to hide them. Observe the effect carefully. You will know that larger holes are necessary. If not enough water passes through to keep the soil moist, you will know that larger holes are necessary. This matter can be regulated to a nicety, with a little experimenting. Fill the cup each morning. A treatment of this kind will allow any one to grow fine hanging plants.

Roman Hyacinths.—A correspondent asks about the Roman Hyacinth. Is it like the old Holland type?—Is it hardy enough to stand a northern winter in the open ground?

This Hyacinth is not like the ordinary Holland or Dutch Hyacinth. Its flowers are single, and are borne on shorter stalks than those of the ordinary sort, and are so loosely arranged along the stalk that they are far more graceful in effect. They come in white, pale pink, light blue and a soft yellow. They have the fragrance of the old varieties. Instead of producing one stalk only, they produce several from the same bulb. They are very tender and cannot be wintered out of doors. They are easily grown for the holiday trade. Being easily forced, they are admirably adapted for amateur culture.

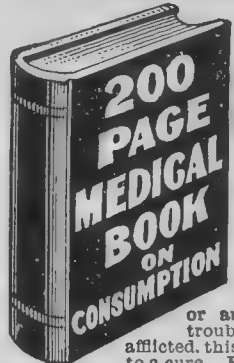
Be on the lookout for insects, which increase rapidly at this time of year. Provide yourself with a supply of sulpho-tobacco soap, and apply an infusion of it as soon as you discover an aphid. Prompt measures save a great deal of work. Look to the Dahlias, Cannas, and other roots stored in the cellar. If you find a tendency to decay, remove affected roots.

By Way of Variety

The farm girl heard a rattler's whir, and was a frightened lass.
The town girl then explained to her its genus and its class.
The town girl should have uttered screams, and not the country miss;
But episodes in life, it seems, oft terminate like this.

The boy with the bent pin fished away, but couldn't get a bite,
The man with hooks in fine array pulled fish in left and right.
The tale I tell contrary is to all set forms. I know;
But all I have to say is this: It sometimes happens so.

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma

or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 765 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

Makes Prize Butter

Who ever heard of Canada's prize butter makers using imported salt? They all rely on

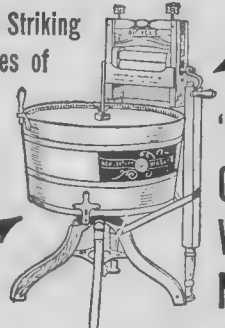
Windsor Salt

because they know that it dissolves quickly—works in easily—and gives a delightful flavor to the butter. Windsor Salt is pure—and costs no more than the cheap imported salts.

If you want the best butter, you must use the best salt. That means Windsor Salt.

188W

Three Striking Features of the



"New Century" Washing Machine

Ball Bearings insure easy running. Strong Spiral Springs reverse the motion, and really do half the work.

Wringer Stand is strong and rigid—and so attached that it is always in the right position.

Price \$9.50—delivered at any railway station in Ontario or Quebec.

Write for free booklet.

Dowsell Manufacturing Co. Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

35

Begin the New Year Right

by taking a course in Business or Stenography at

The Wheat City Business College
Brandon, Man.

The Wonderful Blood Of Man

**DIES AND IS BORN AGAIN WITH
EVERY BREATH OF THE LUNGS.**

Human blood contains red and white corpuscles. The little red soldiers carry food, strength and vitality to all parts of the body and the little white warriors fight the battles of the body.

When through poor eating, wrong digestion, disease or whatever the cause may be, the blood becomes filled with poisons and impurities the little red and white soldiers cannot do their work properly and hence they become a menace rather than an aid to the rest of the body.

20,000,000 corpuscles die with every breath of the lungs. To rid their ranks of enemies they throw them into the cells of the skin or down deep in the tissues and man has to suffer pimples, boils, blackheads and eruptions.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are scientifically prepared under the highest of expert supervision and give to the blood through its regular nourishing channels—the stomach and digestive canal—a purifying food and invigorator.

Calcium Sulphide is one ingredient—the greatest blood purifier known to chemistry; Quassia, Golden Seal and Eucalyptus are other component parts, each having a particular office for the elimination of impurity and the up-building of the blood.

The remarkable feature about Stuart's Calcium Wafers, is that they act so speedily and so efficiently that they tone up the whole system from the standpoint of perfect blood almost beyond conception.

Their peculiar charm lies in the method of manufacture, which ensures the fullest strength of the ingredients beyond all other manner of preparation. On does not purchase an untried blood cleanser in Stuart's Calcium Wafers, but a blood builder and purifier backed by thousands of men and women whose use of it is its greatest testimonial tribute. Ask your druggist. He sells them for 50c., or send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.



**WARMTH—FIT
COMFORT—WEAR**

The four essentials you demand in YOUR underwear. And these are the four features of

**Stanfield's
Unshrinkable
Underwear**

that will appeal to you. Absolutely unshrinkable. Every garment guaranteed. All sizes from 22 to 70 inches. 3 weights. 144

The Home Doctor.

Danger in "Home Remedies"

Miss Adele MacGill, who has given much of her time to settlement work in various cities, and whose writings have attracted much attention because of the thorough knowledge displayed, has recently prepared a paper entitled "Blindness and Death in the Home Medicine Case," which has had high commendation from responsible sources. The paper is as follows:

To the mother, comforting angel of the home, I have to-day a word of warning and advice. It concerns some of our little stock of household remedies and their dangerous adulteration with those deadly poisons, wood alcohol and formaldehyde.

These remedies have come down to us from our mothers and grandmothers, who have profited by their use and have had every confidence therein, so we take their virtues for granted, and seldom stop to consider their purity.

SUBSTITUTE WOOD ALCOHOL

In this day of commercialism and substitution, some ignorant and unscrupulous manufacturers have taken advantage of this fact, and for the pure grain alcohol, which is the basis of most of these spirits and extracts, have substituted its dangerous namesake "wood alcohol."

The reason for this is that wood alcohol is cheap, costing about 15 or 20 per cent. of the value of pure grain alcohol, and enables the seller to attract trade by offering pints, quarts or gallons at a very small price.

The danger of it is that wood alcohol is a poison which causes blindness and death. It is most distressing, is it not, to think that in some of our medicines we are buying that which will kill instead of cure? It is true, however, and has been proven by actual occurrence.

Dr. Frank Buller, of Montreal, and Dr. Casey Wood, of Chicago, both noted specialists, have found through investigation more than 175 cases of blindness and over 100 deaths for which wood alcohol has been directly responsible.

CONTAIN POISON

In an investigation recently made to determine the adulteration of commercial witch hazel, 70 samples were bought from as many leading drug and department stores in different cities and analysed by reliable chemists.

Out of the 70 samples obtained 52 were found to contain a large percentage of formaldehyde (poison) or wood alcohol (poison), or both, while the few remaining samples were weak and watery.

This is coming close home, my dear friends; and, realizing the danger to health which lurks in such substitution, we must be careful in the purchase of these old and reliable family remedies and be sure we get the original package, lotion or extract.

The distinguishing feature of wood alcohol poisoning is that it attacks the eye directly, and, even where death does not ensue, total blindness is invariably the consequence.

BLINDNESS MAY RESULT

Poisoning by wood alcohol may be caused both by its internal use and by absorption through the pores or a small break in the skin. Think of that and what it means. One of the children comes to you with a cut on his finger and you apply cheap witch hazel to prevent the soreness which follows.

Suppose the witch hazel contains wood alcohol or formaldehyde, and it is likely to do so, the poison is quickly taken up by the blood, and blindness or blood poison is sure to result.

Your husband calls for the bottle of witch hazel to ease his face after shaving, if the witch hazel is adulterated with wood alcohol or formaldehyde, think of the chance for poisoning by absorption through the freshly opened pores, or a slight cut left by the razor, and how often have facial eruptions and serious results followed and no realization or suspicion of the cause.

You have a headache and bathe your forehead with camphor, or put a cloth dampened with common extract of witch hazel across your eyes. If wood alcohol has taken the place of pure alcohol in these remedies, and a drop of it gets into the eyes, total blindness is almost sure to follow.

GREAT CHANCES TAKEN

There are a hundred and one ways in which we use these remedies and a hundred and one times we take chances of blood poisoning and blindness from the wood alcohol with which they are often adulterated.

Now the question is, What is to be done? These remedies in their pure state are helpful, necessary and almost indispensable in the home; and we have a right to expect them to be pure. The thing we must do is to be sure of their purity when we buy them.

When you go into a store to make a purchase of this kind call for the standard product of a well-known reputation, and accept no substitute, that you may be guaranteed that it is the pure grain alcohol, and not poison, which has been used in the manufacture of these articles.

It rests with you as a duty to be sure that you have the right product, and to tell others of the danger of using a cheap substitute; and as the public demands its rights, those who make or sell medicines which are not pure realize that they must make them pure. Always buy, even at a greater cost, a standardized article. — N. Y. Mail and Express.

Music as Medicine.

F. S. Kennedy says that much assistance is in many instances to be derived from the intelligent use of music, either vocal or instrumental, as a therapeutic adjunct. Melancholia, insomnia, hysteria, family affliction, business reverses, delirium, pain, fatigue, mental or physical, will all be helped by the beneficial influence of music, rightly used. As a post-operative measure it would have an undoubted influence for good in taking the patient's mind from his bodily distress.

So, also, could "painless dentistry" be relieved of some of its pain and distress by the quieting influence of music, which would, as has been amply demonstrated, produce a pleasant mental influence during the administration of nitrous oxide or other anesthetic. A German writer has recently stated (February 1904) that in a number of test cases in which music was provided during the administration of the anesthetic, there was an absence of distress and resistance on the part of the patient; also an absence or reduction of the post-operative nausea under the same circumstances.

To be advantageous the nature of the composition must be carefully selected with a view to the needs of the individual case, and the execution must be as nearly faultless as possible.—Medical Record.

The Toilet.

Lemon juice is one of the best, most effective and least expensive of the lotions for taking away freckles, tan and other discolorations. It is claimed that a paste made of magnesia and lemon juice applied to the hands, neck and face upon laying down for a half hour's rest will bleach the skin beautifully. For discolorations and stains on the fingers, a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of quite warm water is very effective. It is claimed that if three or four lemons are sliced into the bath water and left for half an hour, the bath will impart a delicious sense of freshness and cleanliness to the skin.

Celery and Rheumatism

If celery were eaten freely, it is claimed that sufferers from rheumatism would be very few. It is a mistaken idea that cold and damp produce the disease—they simply develop it. Acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause. If celery is eaten largely an alkaline blood is the result, and where this exists there can be neither rheumatism nor gout.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

INCURABLE HEART TROUBLE

**LOOKED FOR DEATH IN A SHORT
TIME.**

Entirely Cured by "Fruit-a-tives."

"Gentlemen.—The days of miracles are not all past and I feel that my complete recovery, from what seemed inevitable death, is practically a miracle. I suffered from severe Indigestion and Dyspepsia for nearly two years. I could not take food without fearful distress and I became almost a skeleton as the result of the suffering. I could not do any work and became so run down and weak that I could hardly walk. I was attended by two experienced doctors. They both pronounced my case heart failure and incurable, and I looked forward for death in a short time. I not only had the doctors but after they gave me up I tried many remedies and treatments but got no better.

At this time my son asked me to try "Fruit-a-tives," and from the outset of taking these wonderful tablets I was better and gradually this medicine completely cured me. I took a large number of boxes, perhaps a dozen, and now I am entirely cured and I have gained over thirty pounds in weight.

I am now so well that I have sold my farm and bought 200 acres more land. I make this statement voluntarily for the sake of humanity, and I am convinced that "Fruit-a-tives" is a wonderful remedy that will cure stomach trouble where doctors and everything else fail."

(Sgd) Henry Speers, J.P.

The doctors were all wrong. Mr. Speers had what we call "irritated heart." Indigestion and dyspepsia completely upset the stomach. Poisonous gases were formed which swelled the walls of the stomach and pressed against the heart.

"Fruit-a-tives" immediately strengthened the stomach, insured sound digestion and regulated the bowels. There were no poisons—no noxious gases remained in the system, and the heart was no longer irritated. Then the pain and fluttering stopped.

"Fruit-a-tives" is put up in two sizes 25c and 50c. If your dealer has not both, write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

**Benger's Food is
mixed with fresh
new milk when
used, is dainty
and delicious,
highly nutritive,
and most easily
digested. Infants
thrive on it, and
delicate or aged
persons enjoy it.**

*Benger's Food is sold in tins and
can be obtained through most
wholesale Druggists
and leading
Drug
Stores.*

**BENGER'S
FOOD**

RHEUMATISM.

DR. CLARK'S Rheumatism Cure A marvellous safe, sure cure for muscular, inflammatory and chronic Rheumatism and Gouty conditions. Cures when all other remedies fail. Sent direct charges prepaid, on receipt of one Dollar.

J. AUSTIN & Co., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

SEND \$1 Receive 5 Wool Cloth Remnants suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 10 years. Give names and we will cut pants free add 25c for P. stage. N. Southcott and Co, 15 Coote Block, London, Ont.

Quickly Cured

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

We want every man and woman suffering from the excruciating torture of piles to just send their name and address to us and get by return mail a free trial package of the most effective and positive cure ever known for this disease. Pyramid Pile Cure.

The way to prove what this great remedy will do in your own case, is to just fill out free coupon and send to us and you will get by return mail a free trial treatment of Pyramid Pile Cure.

Then after you have proven to yourself what it can do, you will go to the druggist and get a 50 cent box.

Don't undergo an operation. Operations are rarely a success and often lead to terrible consequences. Pyramid Pile Cure reduces all inflammation, makes congestion, irritation, itching, sores and ulcers disappear, and the piles simply quit.

For sale at all drug stores at 50 cents a box.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON

Fill out the blank lines below with your name and address, cut out coupon and mail to the PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY, 154 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall Mich. A trial package of the great Pyramid Pile Cure will then be sent you at once by mail, FREE, in plain wrapper.

Name

Street

City and State

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

The underclothing that never varies in quality, elasticity or softness. The perfect "fulling" (shrinking) process used gives "CEETEE" its uniform thickness and velvety softness.

Unlike ordinary underwear, one garment is never thicker than the other. Proper "fulling" takes time and costs money, and is only found in high-grade underwear like "CEETEE." The wool used is from the world famous Merino sheep of Australia, it is knitted to fit the form and will not shrink or loose its softness, no matter how often washed.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children, and want you to ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE" underclothing. It is fully guaranteed by us.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited 1125

GALT, ONT.

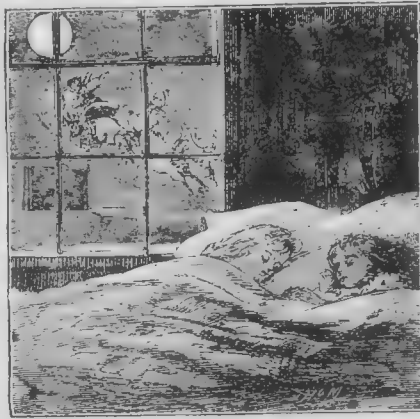
Established 1859.



Boys and Girls.

Santa Claus and His Men

A curious place is old Santa Claus' den, All stor'd full of treasures; where queer little men, No larger than drumsticks, yet active and bright, Are busily working from morning till night. These queer little fellows, these workmen so small, All answer with pleasure old Santa Claus' call. For "fifty more bon-bons, one hundred more toys! More names on my list of good girls and good boys!"



"Here merrily ho!" he gleefully cries; "My sled is all ready—make haste, the time flies! My reindeer are prancing and pawing the snow; Make haste there, make haste, we're impatient to go!"

Soon the bundles are packed with the greatest of care, Then off spring the reindeer, on! on! thro' the air, Till they drop at some home, where snug in their bed Sleep Cora and Mabel, or Willie and Fred.

When the children awake at dawn's early light, And steal from their beds, how they'll scream with delight On beholding their stockings, they hung on the wall, With treasures o'erflowing, and something for all.

Some New Christmas Sports

We are told that "playing with fire" is a dangerous sport, and so it is, under ordinary circumstances; but we are going to tell you one way in which it is not dangerous; on the contrary, it will give you amusement of an unusual kind at the Christmas season.

A salamander, you know, is a mythical creature that is supposed to live in fire; in other words, a creature that fire cannot destroy. Now, let us use that idea or belief in preparing our sport for Christmas. Write some appropriate quotations or predictions on small slips of paper, and, folding the latter closely, wrap them separately in tinfoil, which is made of lead, you know, and is not easily heated. These are the "salamanders" with which you are to have your sport.

Get a low, broad dish of heavy chinaware or earthenware, and place it on a table that has been cleared of everything else. Into the dish put your "salamanders," and over them



pour cold water until they are covered. Then pour a little alcohol down the inner side of the dish very carefully, so that it may spread over the surface of the water without mixing with it.

Then call your guests around the table, and apply a lighted match to the alcohol, which will instantly blaze up and make it appear as if the dish were all afire.

While it is burning, each member of the party must thrust his or her hand into the dish and snatch a "salamander" out of the flames. This "feat" will cause lots of fun, and timid ones will at first refuse to do it; but, really, if you thrust your hand in quickly, there will not be the slightest danger of getting burned, because the cold water underneath will protect you.

When each member of the party has snatched a "salamander," the little packages are opened, one at a time, and the slips are read aloud. If the quotations or predictions have been well prepared, this will give the guests their Christmas "fortunes."

Another good Christmas amusement is "skittles." For this the room should be well cleared of furniture, and a pole erected in the centre. It should be dressed with evergreens, and a cord should be attached to the top of sufficient length to reach nearly to the end of the room.

To the loose end of the cord a light weight ball should be attached, which, before the game begins should rest on the floor at the foot of the pole. Set up tenpins—large-size toy ones will do—at one end of the room, and each member of the company, in turn, throws the ball at the tenpins.

The ball will rebound to the pole, and no damage will be done to any one or anything if it be thrown low. To the player who makes the best score a Christmas gift should be awarded as a prize.

A topsy-turvy party is a splendid thing to have for Christmas time, and will do more to enliven your guests than any thing else you can devise. Everything must be done contrary to what you would do at any other time, and by the exercise of a little ingenuity you can arrange many ways of making fun.

An ordinary party is usually ended by a supper, or a repast of some kind, and that need not be omitted, but may be had as a surprise. To begin this topsy-turvy party you would offer your guests some very light refreshment immediately after they have entered and laid aside their wraps. This will, of course, surprise them; and the next thing is to have the smallest Christmas tree that you can get, which should be fastened to the ceiling upside down.

On the floor a number of packages should be laid, wrapped carefully, and tied with ribbon, under which you should stick a spray of holly. The packages should be numbered, even numbers for the girls and odd numbers for the boys, and corresponding numbers should be written on slips of paper and put into two hats, one for the boys and one for the girls, and each guest draws out one slip accordingly.

The next thing in this topsy-turvy party is to have some one enter the room dressed as Santa Claus, with an empty basket on his back, or in his hand, but instead of giving each person a present he must demand one from each person. Later on in the evening the guests play a game of forfeits, when they have a chance of getting back their gifts.

If you wish to carry the idea still further, you may play games in a way exactly contrary to the custom. For example, in the game of hide and seek, instead of having everybody but one person hide, and the one person seek them, let them be seated in a circle, and one person stand in the centre. This player thinks of an impossible place to hide, and says "I'm hiding," when the other players in turn try to guess the place he thought of. The player who guesses right takes the centre place as "It."

Other games may be changed around in a similar way.

Rheumatism simply driven from the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy. Don't waste time with common remedies. A test will surely tell. In tablet or liquid form. Sold by all druggists.

WOULD YOU KNOW YOUR FUTURE?

Do You Want To Know About Your Business, Health, Speculation, Marriage, Love Affairs, or How To Improve Your Condition Financially and Socially?

EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER WHO WRITES AT ONCE WILL RECEIVE A

FREE READING

FROM AMERICA'S RELIABLE ASTROLOGER.

For many years I have been advertising in American and foreign newspapers and magazines; perhaps your next-door neighbor knows me or has consulted me for advice. I have built up a reputation for giving honest, accurate and conscientious service to my patrons. They will tell you I am America's reliable Astrologer. I do not ask you to take my word for any statement made here, but I do ask for an opportunity to demonstrate my ability. Read what three of my patrons say about their horoscopes:

Newark, N.J.
"My marriage took place as you predicted, and I am the happiest woman in the world. I feel that you are the one really great Astrologer to whom the American people should turn for advice and counsel. Everything you predicted in my Horoscope came to pass as accurately as clock work."
BERTHA AXT.



Brandon, Can.
"My Horoscope is the best instrument of guidance that I have ever had put in my hands. I would not take a hundred dollars for the information you have given me, unless I was sure that I would get another one as accurate as this one." Yours Very truly,
A. Broad, Real Estate Agent.

Mountain Park, Okla.
"Dear Friend—By you giving me 'lucky dates' I have been able to dispose of some property, greatly to my advantage. Every line of my Horoscope was of value to me. I shall consult you again in the future. I wish others might understand what great assistance you could be in trouble of any kind." Most Sincerely,
MRS. ANNIE M. ROWLAND.



I have stacks of letters similar to the above. Many write that they cannot find words to express their thanks for the benefits derived from my advice. Many have followed my advice and gained wealth, happiness, love and popularity. I believe I can be of help to you. It costs you nothing to test my ability. I will send you a reading in which I will tell facts about yourself and your life that will cause you to marvel at the wonders of Astrology. My system has stood the test of time. People who consulted me years ago acknowledge that no other Astrologer is as accurate. If you wish a free reading, simply send me your name (whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) the date of your birth (state hour if possible), and I will send you the reading at once, and will also send you a copy of my interesting booklet, "Your Destiny Foretold." If you wish you can enclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage, etc. Address: Albert H. Postel, Room 1291, No. 126 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

Stovel's Atlas of Canada containing 19 maps and twenty pages of historical, statistical and general reference matter mailed to any address on receipt of price 25 cents. Address, Map Dept., The Stovel Co., Winnipeg.

The Tongue

And How It Tells The Story of Your Health.

The doctor says to you, "Let me see your tongue." when you go to him for advice and help. Why? Because the appearance of the tongue is a sign of the condition of the stomach. It is one of the few tales it can tell without talking. Very few have a really clean tongue nowadays, because few are in perfect health. In disease there is always a coating of some kind on the tongue. It looks like fur, and so it is called by that name. In health the tongue is of a pale red color, but in some diseases it becomes a bright red, and is spoken of as "a beefy tongue." Then, under other circumstances, it will be of a dull brown or a white color.

Commonly a furred tongue means that the stomach is out of order. The outside covering or skin of the tongue is of a piece with that of the stomach, and is called the "mucous membrane" and so it comes to pass that any inflammation or other disorder of the stomach is shown by the appearance of the tongue.

Now, we do not try to get rid of the snow on our doorstep by sweeping the dust out of the kitchen, because there is no connection between the two. But in order to get the fur off the tongue we **must** clear the dirt out of the stomach, and, very likely, out of the bowels too.

But let us think of these things in their proper order and relation. The **disease** is in the stomach, and the **sign** of it is on the tongue. The first is the cause and the latter the effect. But not the only effect by any means. For, with a badly coated tongue, you usually have a bad taste in the mouth, headache, dry skin, and other symptoms which prove the same thing, namely, that your food is not being digested, but is rotting in your stomach and sending out poisons into the blood, and so all over the body.

Now the right course of procedure is first to clean out the bowels with two or three successive doses of Mother Seigel's Operating Pills, and then to take Mother Seigel's Syrup to tone up and strengthen the stomach, and so set it working as it should. This may be accomplished in a week, or it may take longer. It depends upon how deeply seated the trouble is. But it is the right road back to health, and will lead you there if you persevere.

Mother Seigel's Syrup so acts upon the stomach, liver and bowels, that indigestion is impossible. A purely herbal remedy, containing no mineral drugs, it purifies the blood, strengthens the digestive organs and tones up the system generally.

There is no medicine on earth like Mother Seigel's Syrup for going to the bottom of these digestive complaints. And when the pills have driven that vile accumulation of deadly stuff out of the bowels, and the Syrup has got the stomach running like a new mill with plenty of power, then the bad feeling will pass away; and when you examine your tongue in the glass you will say, "Ah, now it looks right!"

Yes, it looks right because the stomach is right.

Woman and the Home.

RECREATIONS FOR WINTER.

How to Care For the Hair

I suggest that every neighborhood organize a club, something like this: a certain lady invites all her neighbors; the men may be included if they wish. All the ladies bring their work, no matter what it may be—mending, sewing, knitting, carpet rags, fancy work, etc. It is not necessary to have a constitution or bylaws. If they wish they may have someone read an article from some interesting paper or if there is one who can play or sing (nearly every home has an organ in these days), let them have some music. There need not be much for refreshments; coffee, sandwiches of some kind, cookies and one kind of cake or the latter may be left out. In this way the ladies can get acquainted and have a nice visit.

The next week they can meet with some other member or have the social every other week if every week is not convenient. No fee is necessary, only the outlay for refreshments. Then a debating society could be organized, both young and old to take part, meeting once a week. Select a subject for debate; have music, select reading and dialogues. As dialogues have to be practiced beforehand, this would give those who take part a chance to come together.

Surprise parties ought to be in order during the winter months. No need of presents, only refreshments and then have a surprise on all your neighbors. If there are a large number of young people in the neighborhood they can have surprise parties amongst themselves.

Then there are the little folks, who enjoy parties as well as the grown-ups. If two or three mothers have parties for their children it permits all the children coming together. No one would enjoy a surprise as much as grandpa and grandma who often think they are not as much appreciated as younger people. Show them that you appreciate them. Remember them at Christmas time.

A Tribute to Mother

The caress of a woman whom we love makes our cares lighter.

A good housekeeper brings her husband more wealth than a heiress.

The greater number of teachers, moralists and religionists of the world are women.

Sad, very sad! are such people whose happiness depends upon those who bow to them.

Compliment your wife often. Keep up the honeymoon. There are no sweethearts like married lovers.

Don't misjudge a serious face for a mean one; remember your fox always wears what seems to be a smile.

The past does not hold all the heroines the world has known. Every day sees some heroic deed nobly done by women.

Every woman has at some time in her life had the devotion and love of some man who was a willing slave to her caprices.

What a dear, unselfish, splendid creature is the good mother! Her eyes sparkle with a love for us that rivals all our sweethearts.

Woman is physically weaker than man. In patience, fortitude, moral courage and intuitions, match her, if you can, by the average man.

In the hollow of a mother's hands lies the destiny of her children. It is woman's province to love, cherish, encourage and guide her offspring.

Virtue, kindness, gentleness, firmness, intelligence, earnestness, faithfulness in industry are the weapons with which all women can win their way in the world.

The holiest, sweetest name on earth is that of mother. In sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, in poverty, in prosperity, in good or ill repute, the one never failing friend is mother.

Women have far more to do with the forming of the characters of the men and women of the nation than the men. It is the women who tend them in infancy, train them in youth, inspire and counsel them in manhood and womanhood, and right well have Canadian women borne their part.

The natural color of the hair should not be tampered with unless it is of particularly obnoxious color, and this is seldom the case.

Very ugly red hair may be darkened by washing frequently in black tea, but many shades of red are really beautiful and the red-haired girl has long ceased to be tortured by allusions to the color of her tresses.

The brown-haired girl who aspires to become a chemical blonde has doomed herself to slavery as well as to unkind remarks. It demands incessant treatment to hide the fast-growing hair close to the roots, and bleaches ruin the health and texture of the hair. There is immediate discord between the dark brows and lashes as well as complexion of the dusky maiden with the newly acquired "golden" hair, and no one is deceived. She who bleaches in haste repents at leisure.

Cleanliness of the scalp is absolutely necessary for hair health, but unless hair is very oily, once a month is often enough to wash it. Wash the hair brush every week with borax or cold water soap and dry in the sun. A dry brushing every night with a well-kept hair-brush will keep the hair beautiful and glossy.

The hair, after being brushed out thoroughly every night, should be braided loosely. To go to bed with the hair dressed as during the day is a slovenly habit and ruins the hair.

In shampooing the hair, borax and ammonia should be sedulously avoided, as they tend to dry up the natural oil and to turn the hair prematurely gray. Very oily hair may be occasionally washed in warm water in which is dissolved half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Afterwards rinse in water as cold as agreeable. Soda corrects the musty odor which clings to heavy hair in warm weather. Cold water acts as a tonic, quickens circulation, closes the pores and prevents taking cold.

Do not comb the hair after shampooing until it is thoroughly dry. Combing makes it straight and stringy. Fan and toss it about, sitting in the sunshine, if possible.

It is quite natural for the hair to fall gradually and imperceptibly and to be constantly replaced by a new growth. The average life of a hair is about eight years.

When the hair falls rapidly there is cause for anxiety. The hair itself is not diseased; it is the scalp that is at fault. It fails to provide nourishment for the hair.

General debility, dyspepsia, nervous derangement, worry, and any cause which impairs the vitality of the body will be evinced in the scalp. If the circulation of the scalp is poor, or if heated by frequent headaches from disordered stomach, the hair will become faded, dry, brittle and loosened at the root, as the weakened glands relax.

Massage with a good tonic every night will check the troubles, especially if care is taken with regard to the general health. An authority claims to have seen hair restored to a head which was perfectly bald, by massage alone.

A hair which is split at the ends has ceased to grow. All split hairs should be cut off for several inches to make them healthy. Many hair-dressers employ the method of singeing the ends to seal them up, claiming that it prevents the escape of the nutriment of the hair.

For falling hair, wash the scalp and dry thoroughly, then apply this tonic: Cologne, eight ounces; tincture or cantharides, one ounce; oil of English lavender, and oil of rosemary, one-half dram each. Apply to the scalp every night for a while, then less frequently. This is excellent to restore the hair when it falls out after a fever.

It isn't so difficult to strengthen a weak Stomach if one goes at it correctly. And this is true of the Heart and Kidneys. The old fashioned way of dosing the Stomach or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is surely wrong! Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. "Go to the weak or ailing nerves of these organs," said he. Each inside organ has its controlling or "inside nerve". When these nerves fall these organs must surely falter. This vital truth is leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. A few days test will surely tell! Sold by all druggists.



**APART
FROM THE
PAIN
COUNT THE
COST OF
BEING ILL**

You cannot afford to have indigestion, even if you can endure the pain and misery of it—the headache, the dizziness, the nausea, the agony after eating, the weakness, the despairing sense of depression it causes. It unfits you for work or play, and may thwart your chance of success in life. Help your stomach to do its best; to strengthen you and vitalise your blood. The sure way is to take Mother Seigel's Syrup when you feel unwell.

WHAT A MANITOBA POSTMASTER SAYS:

The Postmaster at Riding Mountain, Man., Mr. A. H. Scouten, says: "I hereby testify that I have used Mother Seigel's Syrup for some time with beneficial results, and consider there is no better medicine for dyspeptic people. As I have suffered for years and know what trouble is like I advise all similarly affected to use Mother Seigel's Syrup."

**MOTHER
SEIGEL'S
SYRUP**

60 Cents a Bottle. Sold everywhere.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARIAGGI, WINNIPEG

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Oyster a la Dumas.
Chestnut Soup.
Roast Turkey.
Browned Potatoes. Mashed Squash
Cranberry Sauce. Mixed Nuts Salted
Deviled Macaroni.
Champagne Frappe.
New Waldorf Salad.
Little Plum Pudding.
Ginger Glace. Cheese.
Coffee.

Oysters a la Dumas.—Serve the oysters either as cocktails or on plates with a teaspoonful of the following sauce over each: Chop a shallot, a teaspoonful of chives, a teaspoonful of parsley together and mix in a bowl with a tablespoonful of olive oil, two drops of tabasco, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire, a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, and the juice of half a lemon. Add a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of white pepper. Or the shallots may be cut up excessively fine and mixed simply with a little ground pepper, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and the juice of three lemons.

Chestnut Soup.—Peel and skin half a pound of large, sound chestnuts, cook them in broth until soft, and then press through a sieve. Add to this puree the yolks of two eggs beaten and a pint and a half of cold broth.

Creamed Squash.—Peel and divide a large squash into small pieces. Cook in well salted water and press through a sieve. Return the pulp to the saucepan, work in two or three ounces of butter, and a little warm cream, beating like mashed potato.

Deviled Macaroni.—Boil, blanch, drain and chop a half package of spaghetti or macaroni. Thicken one pint of cream or milk with a roux of flour and butter in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of each, and add to it one saltspoonful of cayenne pepper and a half teaspoonful of mustard. Add a tablespoonful of onion juice, a half tablespoonful of salt, pour over the macaroni in ramekins, sprinkle the top with crumbs and brown lightly in the oven. This is served as an entree and is made more attractive by substituting a chopped sweet pepper for the cayenne. Using cream instead of milk also makes it enough better to pay.

Champagne Sherbet.—Make a lemon and orange water ice—viz: Make a foundation of lemon ice and flavor with orange either by rubbing loaf sugar on the orange peel or cooking the grated orange peel with the sugar in the form of syrup and straining out afterward. When the ice is frozen add some champagne, and work it ten minutes longer. Leave it imbedded in ice and salt. When ready to serve have the sherbet glasses cold, whip the sherbet slightly and fill the glasses.

New Waldorf Salad.—Mix apples and celery in proportion of one-fourth celery to three-fourths apples and add one chopped red sweet pepper. Dress and serve as usual.

Individual Plum Pudding.—If the pudding is to be steamed use the small jars which have held extract of beef and steam for four hours. An easier way is to boil them in small baking powder cans or in moulds procured for the purpose. Use a shallow iron kettle and let the water come within two-thirds of the top of the cans, keeping the kettle closed tightly. They will only need to boil an hour and a quarter when made as small as this, and should be raised on a trivet or a few nails laid in the bottom of the kettle.

DAINTY DISHES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Boiled Icing.—Boil one cupful of granulated sugar with half a cupful of water until it ropes when dropped from a fork; pour this gradually over the stiffly-whipped whites of two eggs, beating hard. Add flavoring and use at once.

Cherry Barquettes.—Make some little cases of puff paste similar to tart cases. Stew some cherries or use the best canned fruit and put a tablespoonful in each little case. Cover with whipped cream flavored with vanilla or wine, and put a cherry or two on top for decoration.

Home-Made Macaroons.—Blanch four ounces of almonds and pound them to a paste with four spoonfuls of orange flower water, which can be bought at the druggist's. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and mix with the almonds, stirring in at the same time

one pound of finely sifted powdered sugar. Line your tins with a sheet of buttered or oiled paper and drop the paste on in little round cakes. Bake in a moderate oven.

Apple Cream.—Peel about one pound and a half of cooking apples, core and cut them up thin, put them in a saucepan with a little water and the grated rind of one lemon. Stew until soft, sweeten and rub through a wire sieve. Beat half a pint of cream until stiff, stir it into the apples and color with a few drops of cochineal and pile lightly in a glass dish. Scatter a few chopped nuts and little dabs of currant jelly over the top. Serve as cold as possible.

Java Cake.—Rub one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar together to a cream, add three eggs, one at a time, beating well after each one. Sift one and one-half pints of flour and mix through it one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, adding this to the previous mixture, and also one cupful of stoned raisins, half a cupful of chopped citron, half a cupful of milk, a little allspice and nutmeg, and one cupful of very strong coffee. Mix into a smooth batter and bake.

Card Cake.—Mix together one cupful of molasses, one whole egg and yolk of an extra one, four tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cupful of sour milk with one level teaspoonful of soda stirred in, two cupfuls of flour and a pinch of salt. Mix this well and roll out on a floured board, cutting in small shapes, and bake quickly. Frost with boiled icing to which one teaspoonful of cinnamon has been added. Cut from citron and candied cherries figures which represent the different suits of cards and place on top while the icing is soft.

Macaroon Charlotte.—One pint of rich cream, whites of four eggs, one cupful of powdered sugar and a small wine-glass of sherry wine. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, whip the cream and stir the eggs through it. Have ready some stale macaroons which have been rolled into fine crumbs. Beat these through the cream, adding the wine slowly while whipping. The bowl containing the cream should be set in a pan of crushed ice, as it will not properly whip unless very cold. Line the dish or mould to be used with macaroons, turn in the cream and decorate the top with candied cherries or anything which one fancies.

Banana Fluff (Frozen).—Cut seven bananas of medium size into slices, sprinkle them with lemon juice and shredded cocoanut, and stand the dish containing them on ice for an hour. Then put the fruit through a fruit press, or a keystone egg beater can be used if you have not the press. Season with a cupful of sugar minus one tablespoonful. Fold into this mixture the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs, and turn it into the freezer. As soon as the crank of the freezer begins to turn hard, open the can and add half a pint of cream that has been whipped stiff. Freeze until the consistency of mush is obtained. If desired this can be used in charlotte russe cases.

Orange Creams.—If you can get them, Tangerine oranges are the best for this recipe. Cut a small hole in the top of six small oranges, and with a small spoon scoop out the pulp, leaving the skins whole and clear. Take five or six more oranges and squeeze out the juice. Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in a little water and mix with it the juice of all and pulp of the first six oranges and four ounces of sugar. Strain, and when cold add one pint of cream. Pour this into the scooped out orange skins. Leave them on ice for a few hours. Then with a sharp-pointed knife cut around the middle of each, and carefully remove the top half of the skin which has the hole in it. The cream will have a slightly rough appearance like the inside of an orange. Garnish with some little strips of the thin yellow peel.

Tickling, tight Coughs, can be surely and quickly loosened with a prescription druggists are dispensing everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so very, very different from common cough medicines. No Opium, no Chloroform, absolutely nothing harsh or unsafe. The tender leaves of a harmless, lung healing mountainous shrub, give the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. These leaves have the power to calm the most distressing Cough and to soothe and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should, for safety's sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom be given to even the youngest babes. Test it yourself! and see. Sold by all druggists.



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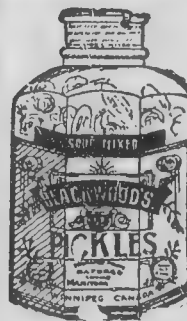
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—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to me and I will refund your money. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way I do business—always absolutely on the square and I have sold to thousands of people this way for the past five years. Remember, I use no sales, no harness, no lies, no fakes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

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About the Farm.

BANISH THE INDOLENT.

If you are a close observer of your poultry flock you have doubtless noticed that there is one class of hens that is always prompt to respond to the feed call; gorge themselves and then lie about waiting for the next meal time. They are seldom seen coming from the nest room loudly proclaiming the fact that they have just deposited a fresh egg in return for their owner's attentions.

Then there is another class which, though also prompt to feed, content themselves with a modest portion and then busily pursue the agile insects, darting hither and thither, seemingly never tired; their combs and wattles are bright red, their bearing wide awake and alert, every movement bespeaking energy and vitality. These are the hens that are a source of profit to their owner, and averaging an egg every other day, at times laying daily for a considerable space of time.

The observing breeder will readily perceive which class will profit him to select birds from to market. The indolent ones will be found fat enough to market at almost any time, and a breeder is better off without this class of birds in his yards. They devour more feed than the active layers, and in a short time practically "eat their heads off." They should be banished.

SHORT RATIONS

If new blood is needed in the flock, now is a good time to buy. At present you can have the pick of the surplus stock, but a little later it may be gone.

Do not put a domineering bird in with the others to fatten, as it will be a waste of time. Only those peacefully inclined should be housed together.

Cobwebs in the poultry house stamps the owner with idleness, but dust shows that the hens are busy.

Chickens are naturally thirsty, and good clean water should always be supplied. Provide good cleanable drinking fountains before the cold weather comes.

You can't expect hens to live on scraps and sloppy messes and pay their board in nice fresh eggs. You have to feed your hired man fairly well if you expect to get good work out of him.

Get after the lice now while it is yet warm weather. Clean the coops thoroughly and you will have less trouble later on.

If the nests are located in a darkened place in the coops, the practice of egg eating by the hens will not be as readily formed.

Air-slacked lime is a good thing to have under the poultry house. Scattered under the perches it forms an excellent deodorizer, but care should be taken that it is thoroughly air-slacked.

Dried blood and beef meal, which come from the slaughter houses in the large cities has been placed on the market as stimulating foods for laying hens. These have proved valuable and are inexpensive.

The breeder who wishes to make eggs a specialty should pay less attention to the market qualities of the breeds while those who wish to raise the best table birds for market should make eggs a secondary consideration and feed accordingly.

GROWING TURKEYS

As usual, turkeys are roosting very high about Thanksgiving time and at Christmas. They appear to know by instinct, that their presence is in demand on these festival occasions. The turkey eating habit now includes the laboring class or small wage earners, as well as the people who, regardless of cost, can supply their tables with luxuries that best suit their national tastes. Roast turkey is a popular delicacy and will continue such as long as the Canadian people maintain their identity.

In our opinion and experience turkeys are a profitable crop to grow on the farm—provided your neighbors do

not object to their company. Turkeys, like the Canadian Indian are peculiar in their habits of living—they cannot be educated to appreciate good home surroundings. In fact, they appear to thrive best when allowed to shift for themselves as soon as they see the light of day. For a number of years we marketed about 100 turkeys annually, which when sold at Thanksgiving time would average one dollar each, live weight. We wintered about a dozen hens that were at home with the pigs in their sleeping place. They nested in the grove which covered the hillside near the buildings. In the event of a brood hatching in the yards we allowed them to go with the others in the grove. They would remain under cover of the trees until grasshoppers made their appearance in the pastures, when the various families would congregate for the summer and live almost wholly on these lively but wholesome insects. The exercise and gamey food developed good frames to take on flesh later when corn was ripe. The mother birds would bring their broods to the hog house to roost when we began feeding new corn. This gave the young turks an opportunity to fill themselves both morning and evening, which covered their frames with flesh in a short time.

On one occasion we took the advice of a so-called "turkey expert" and shut the birds in a dark barn to fatten. We gave them good corn and tempting mash, with grain in large variety, but the turkeys longed for their accustomed freedom and pined away to skeletons in spite of their sumptuous fare. We were taught a lesson and the flock was turned out to fatten with the pigs. We believe many of our readers who live in the woods and on the prairie away from troublesome (?) neighbors could follow our example and make some easy money in growing turkeys. Remember confinement is death to turkeys young or old. The amateur is prone to kill them with kindness and sumptuous feeding. Give them liberty and watch them grow into dollars. — Ontario "Reader".

Crushed oyster shells and coarsely ground bone is the most useful form in which to furnish lime to the hens.

Weight and fat conditions count when the hen is wanted for the market but do not sell her as long as she is producing eggs in profitable numbers.

Scrap meat, which can be obtained at trifling cost from the butcher, makes an excellent ration for laying hens. It takes the place of insects which abounded during the summer.

The beginner in the poultry business should select fowls of standard weight and size, and be certain they are in good condition. A little expense at the start will be made up later on.

EARLY DAY METHODS.

The poultry business has long since identified itself with the rushing throng and forged ahead. What has been done? Let us look into the past. In Egypt we find people hatching eggs in the hot sand, and barrel-like oven or stove. Thermometers are not used. The attendants endeavor to keep the heat a trifle greater than that of their own skin. Artificial incubation is said to be older than the present Christian era. Eggs were hatched in countless numbers long before anything was recorded as to the existence of poultry itself, and while it does not seem worthy of consideration to quibble as to time and state of things that existed 4,000 years ago, at the same time it is not out of place to state that we are not even good imitators of artificial methods as applied by the early-day Egyptians, who managed ovens that would incubate thousands of eggs at a time, without thermometer or regulator. This mode of hatching continued for generations and it is only in late years that the inventive mind of man saw a chance of great improvement, and he has kept at it until today we have before us almost a perfect incubator.

What is the cause of this great interest manifested in poultry? The poultry press. We have the incubator about as near perfect as it can be made. Before long nearly all the poultry will be raised by the incubator.

tor, as the old hen is too slow for this age. We must have chickens by the thousands instead of dozens. The business will not be overdone. It don't look that way now, when the prices of poultry and eggs grow better each year.

The Chinese plan is considerably aided through the unusual strength and vitality of the fertility of the eggs, their small flocks of poultry that roam about their dooryards being of unusually strong and vigorous quality. The constitutional strength of these flocks produces eggs that will respond more readily to these artificial methods than might perhaps the eggs from less vigorous stock. On the other hand, the indomitable perseverance and continued activity of the Chinamen for full twenty-four hours a day, if necessary, to attend to the work leaves no stone unturned for success. Patient, industrious, untiring application, year after year, at this constant occupation lends its assistance to success. Everyone that starts out in the poultry business will not make a success of it. Just so in every other vocation in life. The wayside is strewn with wrecks. It has always been so and always will be so, yet that does not prove that all kinds of business are failures. The cause is in the man.

CROSSING THOROUGHBREDS

I have a flock of well bred Barred Plymouth Rock hens, but they do not lay as many eggs as I think they should. What breed shall I cross them with to get better layers?—Subscriber.

It is not a wise plan to cross thoroughbred birds of any kind, as there will be a loss in one way or another. If a cross is determined upon, you had better use a good Brown Leghorn male. The resultant stock will lay more eggs, but the table size characteristic of the Barred Rock will be greatly reduced, and you will have a flock that belongs to no distinct breed. The Barred Rock are noted as a general purpose fowl, and can be fed to lay plenty of eggs. If your birds do not lay well, perhaps they are over-fed and too fat. Cut down the amount of feed and give principally wheat and oats. Scatter it well and make the birds hunt for it. Feed the grain at night, and try a hot, soft food in the morning, allowing the fowls to hustle for themselves during the day. A little cut green bone is good, if convenient. A week or two of this feeding ought to bring results.

VARIATIONS IN TEST OF CREAM

One of the things which some owners of farm separators do not understand is the cause of variations in the richness of the cream. Most of them have learned that the cream screw of the separator may be so adjusted so as to increase or decrease the thickness of the cream, but they may have noticed that sometimes the test of their cream at the creamery will vary considerably from week to week, even when the cream screw has not been changed. The farmer does not understand this and is likely to conclude that the cream is not being accurately tested at the factory.

This is a matter which has caused considerable trouble in the past and may in the future, unless the owners of farm separators get a better understanding of the causes of variations in the test of cream when the cream screw adjustment is not changed.

Nearly all creamery butter makers are familiar with power cream separators, and they, together with the agents selling the separators to farmers, ought to instruct the buyer regarding the proper running and cleaning of separators. They should also give direction for taking care of the cream until it is delivered to the cream buyers.

Cream of nearly any thickness may be obtained from a hand separator, but under the ordinary farm conditions of running these machines, variations in the richness of the cream are caused by—

First—Changes in the temperature of the milk.

Second—Changes in speed of the separator bowl.

Third—A variation in the amount of milk run through the separator in a given time.

Fourth—The amount of skim milk or water used to flush the bowl when through separating.

Fifth—Changes in the richness of the milk, either from morning or

night's milk or from changes in the lactation period of the cows.

These five conditions will influence the test of the cream even though the cream screw is not changed. But, on the other hand, cream of uniform richness may be obtained from a separator by avoiding, so far as possible, variations in the conditions just mentioned.

A thin cream is obtained by running the separator below speed, by skimming hot milk or by crowding the separator, i.e., trying to force milk through the separator too fast, also by using too much skim milk or water to flush out the bowl when through skimming. A thick or rich cream will be obtained when the opposite course is adopted in running the separator.

BUTTER MADE AT HOME.

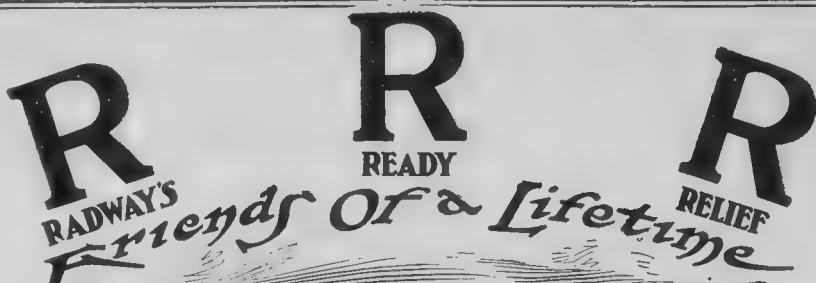
Time was when good butter was made in the farm homes. It was firm and yellow and sweet, with that peculiar aroma and flavor which suggest lush grasses, starred with buttercups and daisies. The farmer's wife brought it to town in rolls wrapped in damp white cloths or packed in small earthenware crocks. How good it looked and smelled and tasted! With hot biscuits and honey one had a feast for the gods.

Why do we get no more of that kind of butter? Has that makeup of farmers' wives died out with the old methods of farming, the one-horse plow, the hand rake and the sickle? For it is a fact that the consumer calls for creamery butter every time. Country butter is no longer in demand and if it is sold to a dealer it generally goes to the renovating factory before it is put on the market. It does seem as though butter could be now made on the farm which would secure a desirable market in all cities, with a special lot of customers, because so much enlightenment on the subject of caring for milk and cream has been gained through the columns of farm papers. There are some essentials in the making of good butter which can be secured by anyone who takes a little pains. These are, the immediate placing of the milk when drawn from the cow in some well-ventilated place where no vegetables or fruit or anything else is kept which could possibly impart a flavor or odor to it. If provided with a separator the cream should be separated at once; if not, the milk should be placed in shallow pans and the cream should always be cooled to about 50 degrees F. The process of buttermaking is familiar to all. Care must be taken to work out every drop of buttermilk, and to work the salt thoroughly through the butter, then form it into neat rolls and send it to market packed in such a dainty manner that it will appeal to the eye as well as the taste of the buyer. The one great lesson to be impressed on the mind of the home buttermaker (as well as the man at the creamery), is cleanliness. Be clean in your milking, yourself, your buckets, strainers, pans and crocks. Keep your cows and barns clean. Keep your milkhouse free from cobwebs, dust, damp and mold. On your cleanliness depends your success in buttermaking.

With good butter, and it is a rarer article than many suppose, at twenty-six cents and going higher, it would certainly pay some of our farmers' wives and daughters to take up the almost forgotten art and give us once more some of the delicious home-made butter such as we old folks remember, and which ought to be still better at present from the cream of our well-bred, high priced dairy cows.



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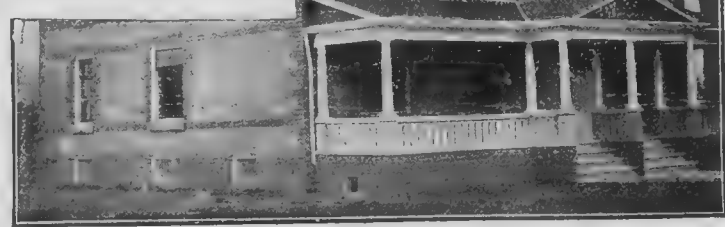
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In Lighter Vein.

Lovers' Lane.

It goes beneath a checkered arch
Of leaf and sunlight, oak and larch;
Athwart a mead of meadow-sweet,
A field of lily-bordered wheat;
Through groves of bridal birch it turns,
And mossy hollows, deep in ferns;
Then up a hill and down a glen,
From Nowhere out and back again;
And many feet have worn it plain—
That errant way of Lovers' Lane.

There, unafraid, the wood-folk play;
There wanton briars dip and sway
To catch and keep whatever comes
And make much work for clumsy thumb
Of loosing tress and lacing shoe—
Such tasks as lovers love to do.
Of tales there told with eye or tongue
I need not tell—if ye were young—
Nor yet of castles reared in Spain
By architects of Lovers' Lane.

If Lovers' Lane ye wander through,
That roadway's rule is "two by two."
Although the path is wondrous straight;
For here's a hedge, and there's a gate,
A brook, a stile, a quaking moss,
The strong must help the weak to cross.
Then, deep in shade ere set of sun,
Its dells are never safe for one—
Still (must the sorry truth be known?)
In Lovers' Lane I walk alone!

Literal, but Truthful.

Two gentlemen were traveling in one of the hill countries of Kentucky not long ago, bound on an exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The hogs lay where they had fallen, the thin claybank mule grazed round and round in a great circle, to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak?" said one traveler to the other.

"Try him," said his companion.

"How do you do?" said the Northerner.

"Howdy?" remarked the Southerner, languidly.

"Pleasant country."

"Fur them that likes it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The Southerner spat pensively in the dust.

"Not yit," he said.

The Luncheon of a Poet.

Eugene Field, sad of countenance and ready of tongue, once strayed into a New York restaurant and seated himself for luncheon. A voluble waiter came to Field and said, "Coffee, tea-chocolate, ham-an' eggs-beefsteak-mutton-chop-fish-balls-hash'n-beans," and much more to the same purpose.

Field looked at him long and solemnly, and at last replied:

"Oh, friend, I want none of these things. All I want is an orange and a few kind words."

He Found His Creed.

An Episcopal rector traveling in the South met a native, also, by his own profession, an Episcopalian.

"Who confirmed you?" asked the rector.

"Nobody. What's that?"

"But didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man; "and I'll tell you how it is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin'. While I was there I went to church, and I heard 'em say they had left undone them things they'd oughter done, and done them things they hadn't oughter done, and I said to myself, 'That's jest my fix, too.' I found out that was an Episcopal Church, and so I've been an Episcopalian ever since."

How She Got It.

A little girl was sent by her mother to the grocery store with a jug for a quart of vinegar.

"But, mamma," said the little one,

"I can't say that word."

"But you must try," said the mother,

"for I must have vinegar and there's no one else to send."

So the little girl went with the jug, and as she reached the counter of the store she pulled the cork out of the jug with a pop, swung the jug on the counter with a thud, and said to the astonished clerk:

"There! Smell of that and give me a quart!"

More Than Enough.

An eight-year-old boy went to a church picnic, and, being a favorite with the ladies, had been liberally supplied with good things to eat. Later in the day one of the ladies noticed the boy sitting near a stream with a woe-begone expression on his face and his hands clasped over his stomach.

"Why, what's the matter, Willie?" she kindly asked. Haven't you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, yes'm," said the boy. "I've had enough. I feel as though I don't want all I've got."

Willie's Reasoning.

Willie—"Papa, if I was twins would you buy the other boy a banana, too?"

Papa—"Certainly, my son."

Willie—"Well, papa, you surely ain't going to cheat me out of another banana just 'cause I'm all in one piece?"

They Were Both Charged.

A little girl, brushing her hair, found that it "crackled," and asked her mother why it did.

"Why, dear, you have electricity in your hair," explained the mother.

"Isn't that funny?" commented the little one. "I have electricity in my hair, and Grandmother has gas in her stomach."

Ready to Accommodate Her.

Attorney-General Moody was once riding on the platform of a Boston street car, standing next to the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A Boston lady came to the door of the car, and, as it stopped, started toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the men standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor.

He was ignored as only a born-and-bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate.

"You must get off the other side," said the conductor.

"I wish to get off on this side," came the answer in tones that congealed that official into momentary silence. Before he could explain or expostulate Mr. Moody came to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked quietly. "The lady wishes to climb over the gate."

The Baptists Sifted Him.

An old colored man first joined the Episcopal Church, then the Methodist, and next the Baptist, where he remained. Questioned as to the reason for his church travels he responded:

"Well, suh, hit's this way: de 'Piscopals is gemmen, suh, but I couldn't keep up wid de answerin' back in dey church. De Methodis, dey always holdin' inquiry meetin', and I don't like too much inquirin' into. But de Baptis, suh, dey jes' dip and are don wid hit."

Yes, it was True.

"Is it true that you threw something at Mike that caused the swelling over his eye?" the 'Squire inquired of a little wiry Irishwoman who appeared one day, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Yis, sor, I did!" said the woman, catching her breath, "but I never mint to hurt him, an' well he knows it! We'd just come home from me cousin's weddin', an' I was feelin' kinder soft to Mike, an' I up an' axed him if he loved me as much as he did the day we was married; an'—an'—yer, anner, he was so slow answerin' me that I up wid the mop an' fung it at him! If we poor women don't have love our hearts jist breaks inside uv us!"

Not What He Expected.

In a certain school district one of the trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he visited a school with the examining inspectors he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building caught fire.

Knowing this little peculiarity the master had coached his pupils as to the answer which they should give. When the visitor called, however, he simply said to them: "You boys and girls have listened so attentively to your master's remarks that I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech?"

To the consternation of the master a hundred voices shouted in unison: "Form a line and march downstairs."

A Popular Store.

The salesman in a large department store wore a troubled look. "You must be severely tried," said the man standing by. "There are all sorts and conditions of people in the world."

"Yes, there are," said the salesman,

"and they're all here, too!"

An Endless Wash.

In one of the lesser Indian hill wars an English detachment took an Afghan prisoner. The Afghan was very dirty. Accordingly two privates were deputed to strip and wash him.

The privates dragged the man to a stream of running water, undressed him, plunged him in, and set upon him lustily with stiff brushes and large cakes of white soap.

After a long time one of the privates came back to make a report. He saluted his officer and said disconsolately:

"It's no use, sir. It's no use."

"No use?" said the officer. "What do you mean? Haven't you washed that Afghan yet?"

"It's no use, sir," the private repeated. "We've washed him for two hours, but it's no use."

"How do you mean it's no use?" said the officer angrily.

"Why, sir," said the private, "after rubbin' him and scrubbin' him till our arms ached, I'll be hanged if we didn't come to another suit of clothes."

His Last Request.

Judge (to prisoner just condemned to death)—"You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be granted."
Prisoner (a barber)—"I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the District Attorney."

Wouldn't Have Been Strange.

Two women were strangers to each other at a reception. After a few moments' desultory talk the first said rather querulously:
"I don't know what's the matter with that tall, blonde gentleman over there. He was so attentive a while ago, but he won't look at me now."
"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."

Bishop Ryan's Retort.

Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, is as famous as he is eloquent as a divine, and many are the stories told of his quick repartee. When Wayne MacVeagh, former attorney-general of the United States, was counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad he called upon the archbishop in company with Mr. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania system:
"Your grace," said Mr. MacVeagh, "Mr. Roberts, who always travels with his counsel, will undoubtedly get you passes over all the railroads in the United States if in return you will get him a pass to paradise."
"I would do so gladly," flashed the archbishop, "if it were not for separating him from his counsel."

Hughes' Little Joke.

Governor Hughes, of New York, is represented as deficient in sense of humor; dry, some one has described him, as his law books. Once, however, he is alleged to have attempted a pun. It was during his campaign for the governorship. In a small town up-state he spoke from a platform in front of a grocery store which was conducted by a man named Odell. In the window was a large sign: "We sell the Tom Platt cigar."
His attention being called to the coincidence, Candidate Hughes remarked: "Guess I'll have to watch my smoke."
Everybody laughed, and then wondered why.

A Favorite Bryan Story.

Here is a story which William Jennings Bryan tells:
There was once a funeral out in Nebraska, and the preacher who had been asked to deliver the funeral oration was a stranger in town and didn't know the departed sister very well. After he had said all that he could, he suggested that any one who could add a few words about the dear departed would be heard gladly.
Three or four arose in turn and paid tribute to the memory of the woman who had passed beyond. Then there was a pause. Finally, one old brother arose and said:
"Well, if we're all through speaking about the departed sister, I will now make a few brief remarks on the tariff."

The Week Was Too Long.

A very-much-desired social young man was being invited to dinner where he did not particularly wish to dine.
"Won't you dine with us on Monday evening?" sweetly asked his would-be hostess.
"I am very sorry," politely said the young man, "but I fear I cannot make it for Monday evening."
"Then let us say Tuesday evening," suggested the lady.
"That is quite impossible. I have —" was the reply.
"That is too bad," rejoined the hostess-to-be. "But Wednesday evening?"
"I am to go out of town," replied the young man.
"What a popular young man," gayly said the lady. "But surely you can give us Thursday evening?"
"Oh, well," said the young man, "suppose we make it Monday evening."

Took the Wrong House.

On one of the Southern railroads there is a station-building that is commonly known by travelers as the smallest railroad station in America. It is of this station that the story is told that an old farmer was expecting a chicken-house to arrive there, and he sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. Arriving there the man saw the house, loaded it on to his wagon and started for home. On the way he met a man in uniform with the words "Station Agent" on his cap.
"Say, hold on. What have you got on that wagon?" he asked.
"My chicken-house, of course," was the reply.
"Chicken-house be jiggered!" exploded the official. "That's the station!"

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You need not pay one cent in advance or on deposit. When cured you pay me the usual price of the Belt—in some cases as low as \$5. If not cured or satisfied, return the belt and the transaction is closed. You yourself will be the judge. Discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way.

There is no deception about this offer. It is a straightforward business proposition. From my vast experience in treating this trouble I have gained a knowledge which enables me to locate the cause almost invariably when the symptoms are described, and to apply the current so as to reach the seat of the trouble and restore health to the afflicted part.

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VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

The sperm whale can remain below the surface for about 20 minutes at a time. Then it comes to the surface and breathes 50 or 60 times, taking about ten minutes to do so.

Wages are low in France and living expenses high. Common laborers receive from 40 to 50 cents a day, and dressmakers and milliners 40 cents. High-grade mechanics get from \$1 to \$1.20 a day.

Contrary to the general belief, the Sahara is not a barren and worthless waste. Some time ago there were 9,000,000 sheep in the Algerian Sahara alone, besides 2,000,000 goats and 260,000 camels. On the oases there are 1,500,000 date palms.

The manufacture of tobacco in this country is largely for domestic use. There was produced in the United States in 1905, \$198,186,372 worth of cigars, of which only \$59,653 were exported. About an eighth of the cigarettes produced are shipped out of the country.

According to the rate of growth, the average time taken for each finger-nail to grow its full length is about four and a half months, and at this rate a man 70 years old would have renewed his nails 186 times. Taking the length of each nail as half an inch, he would have grown 7 feet 9 inches of nail on each finger, and on all his fingers and thumbs an aggregate length of 77½ feet.

Sicily boasts the largest tree in the world. It is known as "The Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses," and is situated at the foot of Mt. Etna. It has five enormous branches, each as large as an ordinary tree, issuing from a trunk which is 212 feet in circumference. A large hollow in the trunk is capacious enough to contain a flock of sheep. Its name originated in the story that Queen Joan of Aragon with her nobility and their retinues once took refuge from a violent storm under its spreading branches.

The United States Weather Bureau says an average of 800 people are killed by lightning in the United States each year. This is about one person in each 10,000 of population. The region of greatest danger from lightning strokes does not coincide with the zone of greatest thunderstorm frequency, but

includes a lesser or greater part of many States east of the Mississippi River, where there are five deaths to each 10,000 square miles. Three to five deaths in 10,000 is the rule in the zone, including St. Louis, Chicago, Memphis, St. Paul, Des Moines, Atlanta and Norfolk.

England has surrendered 524 square miles of her territory to the waves within the last thousand years. More recently the advance of the waters has been much more rapid, averaging for the last 40 years 1,523 acres a year. The ravages of the sea in 1903 were almost unprecedented. Many historical towns, such as Ravensburgh, where Henry IV. landed in 1339, have been submerged. Off the Yorkshire coast there are 12 submerged towns and villages. Between Flamborough Head and Kilnsea an area equal to that of London has been devoured since the Roman invasion.

Great Britain's growing dependence upon foreign nations for food is strikingly illustrated by the statistics issued by the Board of Agriculture. Twenty years ago the foreign food bill for a year reached a total approximately of \$500,000,000. In 1906 it amounted to \$1,000,000,000, an increase greater than is accountable by the growth of population. Detailed tables compared the imports of food per head in 1886 and 1906. The most notable is wheat, the figures for which stand at 146 pounds and 239 pounds, respectively. Butter and its substitutes stand at 7½ and 13½ pounds, respectively, and, above all, meat at 20½ and 47½ pounds.

Mars possesses about one-half the earth's diameter and one-seventh its volume. It is some 140,000,000 miles from the sun and consequently at a mean distance of nearly 50,000,000 miles from us. It receives less than one-half the sunlight and heat the square foot that we do; has an atmosphere less dense than ours, and possesses water and ice. The planet exhibits two ice caps at its poles and orange and greenish tints between these poles. Those peculiar lines of markings—the "canals"—concerning which there has arisen much discussion, form a sort of faint, inexplicable network over the surface of ruddy Mars.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

THE CRANBERRY CHASE MYSTERY.

Continued from Page 24, November number.

according to Mrs. Waters, really believed him guilty. But the handkerchief which had been produced so dramatically in the Police Court Wilcox had picked up in his meadow. Thurgood was in the habit of crossing the meadow as a near cut to one of his poaching grounds, mooring the boat under some willows which overhung the river at this spot. There were a few spots of blood on the handkerchief, which Thurgood accounted to me for by explaining that he had torn his hand a few days before in getting through the bramble hedge, and had wound the handkerchief round it. He didn't miss it till he was unmooring the boat. Wilcox had threatened Thurgood for trespass, and, having found the handkerchief, was watching for him when he passed in his boat.

"The murder of Robins, however, might never have come out but for the nervousness of Mrs. Waters. When she found that I was making inquiries, her conscience woke up, and she communicated her fears to Wilcox.

"Inquiries meant Robins. And forthwith she invented the typewritten letter. Thurgood might or might not be guilty. Mrs. Waters saw what she thought an excellent chance to account for the disappearance of Robins—and took it.

"Yes, you may reckon there was a sensation in Northwood when the couple were arrested. But the murder at the Chase remained as great a puzzle as ever, till about a fortnight before the Assizes, and then an arrest I made in London cleared

it up quickly. A letter discovered on the prisoner threatened to put him away for 'that job down in Staffordshire.'

"The writer was a woman. She was found. And then it turned out that she had been in service at Cranberry Chase up to a few months before the tragedy, when Mrs. Harding had discharged her. It was from her the man had heard of the silver, and learned the ways of the house.

"This is the tale he told me: 'I was still in the neighborhood, and, finding Thurgood was the man the cops had fixed on for the job, it 'curred to me that if I could do a plant it might keep 'em barking up the wrong tree long enough for the real scent to cool off 'fore they discovered their mistake. So I went to the alehouse, and contrived to smuggle the silver spoon and the memorandum book into the drawer of the kitchen press. There were a dozen men drinking in the place at the time, which made it all the more easy,' he explained. 'I whacked my beer down on top o' the press, leaned my back agin the drawer, faced the room, and in five minutes got me op'toonity.'

"'I didn't mean to put it on to him,' he said, 's'elp me, I didn't! If course, I was thinkin' fust o' meself, I don't deny. But I reckoned as he cud prove a halibi, and so 'ud git off.' 'Well,' said Inspector Ford, as he bit a fresh cigar, 'of course, after that Thurgood didn't have long to wait for his liberty, nor I for my step. I was acting-inspector before Christmas.'

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I will never be without them in my home for God knows if it had not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not have been alive now.

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TEMPERANCE TALK.

We reproduce below the policy on temperance reform as recommended by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

No doubt this will be of interest not only to our Presbyterian readers, but to those of other churches, and indeed to many of no church who are interested in the Temperance Question. This policy has been very widely and carefully considered, and seven Presbyterian Synods out of the eight, and the General Assembly, have endorsed it with almost absolute unanimity.

The General Assembly's Resolution.

"The Assembly would reaffirm the deliverance of former assemblies that nothing short of the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicants for beverage purposes can satisfy as one goal in temperance reform, and would recommend our people in those provinces where there is no immediate prospect of carrying and enforcing prohibition, to unite with others in working towards this end, by: (a) The curtailment of the traffic by local veto; (b) The abolition of the bar-room and the public treating system associated therewith, and (c) the prohibition of the residue of the traffic, with this proviso, that where in cities or towns the said sale is demanded by a majority of the qualified municipal electors, such sale shall be conducted under such conditions as will eliminate the element of private gain." [Winnipeg Assembly, 1908.]

Observe—(1) That in this resolution and throughout this leaflet by "bar-room" is meant all sale of liquor for consumption on the premises.

(2) That by "sale in shops" is meant all sale, so far as the province can control it, for consumption off the premises.

(3) That by "prohibition" is meant prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, so far as this can be done by the various Provincial Legislative Assemblies.

(4) That by "local veto" is meant prohibition within municipalities or districts by by-laws which they have been given the power by Legislative Assemblies to pass on the Local Option plan, or by the Scott Act, or other no-license law.

The Import of the Resolution. — It sets Prohibition clearly before the public as the goal in temperance reform, so far as the control of the traffic is concerned. Nothing short of this can satisfy.

It advises Provincial Prohibition as soon as public opinion in any province is strong enough to compel the Legislature to enact such a law and provide for its effective enforcement.

Until public opinion is strong enough to make the enactment and enforcement of Prohibition possible, the Assembly advises patient, persistent effort by local veto campaigns as the most effective method of creating opinion favorable to Prohibition and of limiting the traffic to ever narrower bounds. In this way, in a comparatively short time, it will be confined to the large cities and a few other centres where special conditions exist.

The Assembly advises, the traffic having been sufficiently limited to make this possible and yet not sufficiently to secure and enforce complete Provincial Prohibition, that by Legislative enactment:

(a) All bar-rooms be abolished where still remaining, putting an end to all drinking in the premises where sold, and the entire treating system which is admittedly responsible for a large proportion of the drinking now practised, and

(b) At the same time the licensed shops, wholesale and retail, be suppressed also, but that,

(c) Cities and towns be allowed, by the Local Option method the right, should a sufficient majority of the qualified resident municipal electors so declare, to have a limited number of shops authorized to sell liquor for consumption off the premises, provided the said sale is conducted "under such conditions as will eliminate the element of private gain."

Such by-laws would of course be in force only for a brief period—a year or two or three as might be determined—unless re-submitted and carried again by the required majority.

To What Does This Commit the Church?—Not to any form of public ownership or operation or control of intoxicating beverages as against Prohibition. It is a temporary expedient to meet a practical difficulty, namely, the making of prohibition effective in a large centre if the law is forced upon it by an outside vote, a majority of its own electors being opposed to such a measure. It commits the Church, therefore, simply to giving such centres, under restrictions and safeguards,

the right of saying whether they will accept Prohibition or insist on having the sale of liquor in their midst. It does not concede to such centres the right of having liquor sold under license for private gain, under any circumstances, but only under such conditions as will eliminate private gain.

When such by-laws are submitted to a vote of the people, the Church is free to work and vote against the by-law, and in favor of the general prohibitory law, and therefore at no stage in the process is the Church put in the position of favoring the traffic in intoxicants in any form.

Not the Gothenburg System.—Some temperance people have feared that this was a proposal to try the Gothenburg or Disinterested Company System of Sweden or Norway. No one who knows what this system is would entertain such a fear. The Swedish and Norwegian systems provide for bar-room sale. Under the Assembly's proposal there will be no bar-rooms. The Swedish and Norwegian system allows absolutely free sale of beer, ale, porter, wine, etc., and controls only distilled and strong liquors, and not all of these latter, as there are a number of privileged licenses beyond the control of the "Companies."

Not the South Carolina Dispensary System.—There was a State-wide system substituted for Prohibition. The Assembly's is a temporary expedient in certain exceptional communities to prepare the way for complete Prohibition. There is made the salaries of vendors dependent upon the amount of their sales, and hence did not eliminate private gain at all. Their system was framed by the enemies of Prohibition, and therefore left full of loopholes and weaknesses. The Assembly proposes that the Temperance people themselves, with irresistible temperance sentiment behind them, the result of long years through educational work, should frame and carefully safeguard the proposed legislation against such a possibility.

Can "Private Gain" Be Eliminated?—There are those who think this would be difficult, if not impossible. It would doubtless not be easy. Nothing is easy in controlling the drink traffic. But it is possible. Salaries must be absolutely independent of sales. Vendors must be put under heavy bonds. All sales, wholesale and retail, must be registered and open to inspection. The books must be officially audited. The entire business, as now, must be under espionage. The service of special detectives will then, as now, be necessary. Liquors must be frequently analysed. With these and other precautions there can be no doubt about the possibility of securing the elimination of private gain.

Will There Be Danger of "Public Gain" Being Substituted?—Was not this the case in Sweden? Yes, it was so in Sweden, but not in Norway, and simply because in Sweden and not in Norway the profits went largely into the municipal treasury to reduce taxes. In Norway this has been avoided by making the profits go into the State treasury and prohibiting their application to the reduction of taxes, and using them for benevolent or non-tax-receiving objects. There can be no danger of "public gain" entrenching the traffic if proper safeguards against this are in the legislation, and these will easily be obtained with strong, educated public opinion behind the law as the Assembly's plan ensures.

How Would the Business Be Managed?—It might be managed (1) by the Government itself, (2) by each Municipality, (3) by a Provincial Commission, or (4) by Disinterested Companies. There will be a difference of opinion as to which is to be preferred. The writer favors a Provincial Commission composed of men whose ability and integrity are above question, giving their services gratuitously as License Commissioners now do. On the Assembly's plan, ensuring as it does strong public opinion behind such a law, temperance people would be sure of getting the right sort of men appointed. The Commission would appoint the vendors and control the business in detail. Others would prefer that the Government, which is always directly

responsible to the people, should manage it. Others think the "Company" System the best. One might be best in one Province and another in another Province. That thoroughly satisfactory restrictions and safeguards be provided in the Statute is perhaps more important than the matter of management.

Important Ends Secured by Such a Plan.—(1) It recognizes and provides for the serious, practical difficulty of making prohibition effective when it goes into force in a large city, if a majority of its citizens are against the law and it is forced upon them by the rural vote.

(2) It will secure the largest possible measure of strict observance of the law.

(3) It precludes the possibility or reduces to a minimum the danger of a reaction against a prohibitory law not enforced and made effective. One of the most outstanding and uncompromising prohibition leaders in Canada said recently in the hearing of the writer that "if he could by his vote bring prohibition into force at once in Toronto, he would hesitate and probably would not do it, in the present state of opinion, unless some such plan as that suggested by the Presbyterian General Assembly were adopted, lest the liquor men should succeed in thoroughly discrediting Prohibition, secure its repeal by a reaction of sentiment, and give the cause of prohibition a set-back for a long period of years."

Such a statement from such a source may well impress—profoundly impress—all temperance reformers.

(4) It will eliminate "The Trade" from politics, or reduce its influence to the smallest dimensions. The chief source of the influence of the liquor traffic in politics is not its final resources, but its army of men engaged in the retail trade throughout the country. Every bar-room is a political committee-room, and every bar-owner and bar-tender a political agent, usually unscrupulous and corrupt, exerting a powerful influence because able to control a considerable number of votes, and every one of them inspired by the motive of private gain, his craft and property being at stake. This political octopus ceases to exist with the abolition of bar-rooms and the elimination of private gain from the residual shops.

(5) There are large sections of the public not heretofore actively identified with temperance reform, which will support such a policy and be a source of added strength to the temperance cause. These include a large number of our own Presbyterian men, many Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists, and a still larger number of Anglicans, a host of Roman Catholics, and the majority of the organized labor men. To unite in the temperance movement these hosts is surely worth while and warrants us in being confident of victory.

Supplementary Dominion Legislation.—In addition to the Provincial Legislation outlined in this leaflet, it will be necessary to obtain Legislation from the Dominion Parliament affecting international and inter-provincial trade in intoxicating liquors and the manufacture of the same, so as to protect territory bought under Local Veto, the Scott Act, or Provincial Prohibition, against being supplied with liquor from outside to such extent as to nullify the intention of the Provincial or local Legislation. Only the Dominion Parliament has jurisdiction over the manufacture or importation of intoxicants, and it would seem not only fair and reasonable, but essential, that the Dominion should co-operate with the Provinces so as to give effect in this matter to the will of the people of the said Provinces or localities, as expressed in legislation up to the limit of their powers.



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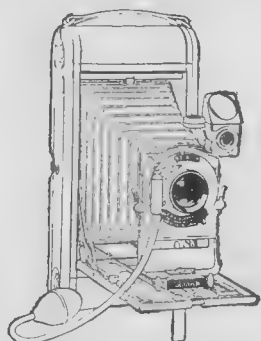
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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, rebuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge.

KELOWNA FRUIT LANDS

Ready to Plant 10 & 20 acre lots

Within Four Miles of the City of
Kelowna (Population 1,200)
in the Famous Okanagan
Valley.

Our Fruit Lands are free from timber, rock and scrub—already plowed. No mountain side, but in the centre of a beautiful valley—and a prosperous settlement. Main roads run around the property.

The Land will easily pay for itself the first year. Some results this year:

¼ acre Strawberries.....\$ 626.00
1 acre Tomatoes.....1000.00
4 acres Onions, 75 tons.....2550.00
¼ acre Crab Apples yielded...10 tons
Prices—\$150 to \$200 per acre—
Terms, ¼ Cash.

Balance in three annual payments.
If interested, write for illustrated
booklet.

CENTRAL OKANAGAN LAND
AND ORCHARD CO., LTD.
KELOWNA, B. C.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

"My Dad 'an Me."

Seems like everything I want to do. My dad, he jes' don't want me to; Say football's dang'rous, and that he Can't see why I should always be A-thinkin' of my bat and ball. An' runnin' when the fellers call. Dad says hill-dill an' pris'n's base Is foolishness, an' that ter chase An' tear around an' climb an' yell Has jes' got ter be broke up a spell. He got ter work, dad says, at ten, An' that's the way to train up men. Things have changed some since those days, 'Cept dad's ideas, an' they just stays, An' so somehow we can't agree, My dad an' me.

Bob Hunter's dad, he takes him out Through woods an' fields an' all about. An' shows him how ter shoot an' fish, An' how ter swim. By gol, I wish That dad would take me that a-way Jes' kind o' chummin' fer a day. Bob Hunter, he jes' knows a pile His dad has showed him; guess you'd smile Ter hear him tell o' birds and things; Why tip-ups teeter an' the robin sings, Jes' where to find the ole muskrat, An' lots of queer things more'n that. Bob Hunter's father, he knows boys. But dad, he don't; won't stand their noise.

I guess that's why we can't agree, My dad an' me.

Bob's father, he jes' jumps right in; Plays ball an' slams 'em in like sin, An' laughs at us when we get mad, An' jokes us till we wish we had. Jus' held our tempers same as he, When we smash back. He says that we

Are bound to get knocked when we're men

An' laughin' now at bumps, why when We all grow up we won't mind much What he calls the equalizin' touch Of Nature; Bob's dad says. Wish mine Would fool an' talk that way; it's fine. Yer git ter know yer dad, and he knows you.

An' ain't forgot he was young, too. But dad don't, so we don't agree.

Puzzling the Judge.

If legal phrases are sometimes puzzling to the untutored mind, certain colloquial expressions may be equally puzzling the legal mind.

At an examination before a famous judge, a witness exclaimed, "I was up to him."

"Up to him," said his lordship. "What do you mean by being up to him?"

"Mean, my lord? Why, I mean I was down upon him."

"Up to him and down upon him," said his lordship. "What does this fellow mean?"

"Why, I mean my lord, that as deep as he thought himself, I stogged him."

When his lordship still insisted that he did not understand what was meant, the witness exclaimed:—

"Law, what a flat you must be!"

"If he had only said 'on to him,' said the judge later, "I should have tumbled to him."

A carpenter in a Scotch village, to oblige the local undertaker, who was ill, went to screw down a coffin lid. The sick man's wife gave him full and particular instructions respecting the task. "Weel," she asked when he returned, "hoo did ye get on?" "Fine," was the reply. "But there was hauf a sovereign in the corp's hand. What was that for?" "Oh," said the lady, "that's a custom some folks hae. He's supposed to gie that to the ferryman wha rows him o'er the river o' death." "Do you tell me that? It's a queer world. But I'm sayin', misses." "Yes?" "I'm feared yon chap will hae to swim."

There is a representative in Congress from the West who is exceedingly thin. Being a very good-natured man this representative always takes in good part any joking reference to his slenderness; indeed, he is not averse to a jest himself in that connection, as is illustrated by an incident that occurred in a street-car in Washington. It appears that just as the car was rounding a curve a burly citizen lurched forward and sat in the congress-

man's lap. He recovered himself quickly, and began a profuse apology, when he was interrupted by the statesman's cheery "That's all right. But," added the Congressman, plaintively, "I wish, my friend, that you'd tell me whether you thought I was painted on the seat."

Inspector—"Now, children, what is it that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?"

Small Girl—"Please, sir, it's father when mother has been giving him a talking to."

So Jim has retired from bachelor life, And married a widow. Why not?

Do tell me about it; I'm anxious to know

What sort of a wife he has got. She's worth twenty thousand, you say.

I declare,

That's a stroke of good fortune for Jim.

Worth twenty— What's that? Say it over once more.

"She's worth twenty thousand of him."

Poor Bunny.

Jack has a pet rabbit. One day at school the teacher gave a talk on natural history which greatly interested the young hopeful. When he returned home he scampered to the rabbits' pen. His mother, hearing some loud talk proceeding from that direction, went out to see what the trouble was. She discovered Jack, with very red cheeks, pulling his pet's ears and giving him sundry little reminders in the way of slaps and "toe-ings." "Three plus two are how many?" he demanded, giving the rabbit a shake. "Say it—three plus two, how many?"

"Why, Jack," expostulated mamma quite severely, "how can you abuse your pet in such a way?"

Disappointed tears welled into the little fellow's eyes. "He isn't any good, mamma, not one bit. Teacher said rabbits multiply very fast, but this stupid thing can't even add!"

It was at a religious gathering in one of the rural districts of Tennessee during the Civil War. No rain had descended for many weeks, and everything was about burned up. A good preacher, whose heart and soul was in the cause of the South, made a prayer, closing with an appeal for rain, saying "We need a refreshing shower, Lord. Send the blessed rain and revive drooping vegetation. We don't want one of those light, drizzly-drazzly rains, but a regular ground-soaker and trash-lifter, but not heavy enough, good Lord, to raise the Cumberland River so that the Yankee gunboats can come in and take Nashville."

Why He Was Tired.

A man alighted from a train, and after walking laboriously up the short flight of stairs which led to the waiting-room, stopping a few times on the way to rest, he looked round for a place to sit down. His wan, thin face, heavy eyes, and general appearance of weakness and dejection attracted attention, and a kind old gentleman accosted the stranger and asked if he could be of any assistance.

"No-o, thanks," the young man drawled out; "I'll get along if I take my time about it."

"Are you ill?"

"No-o, I'm not ill. But I feel as if I were completely done up."

"Been in an accident?"

"No-o. I'm just tired; that's all. Thanks; you may call a hansom for me, if you will. Don't believe I could ever walk out to the tramway. I don't mind if you carry my bag. I'm so tired."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing much; I'm just returning from my holidays. I'll be all right in a week or two."

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An
Equal For COUGHS,
COLDS, And All Affections
Of The
THROAT and LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admonition to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not Sold as a Cure for Consumption

but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe. So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Woods." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

PILES Cured at Home BY NEW ABSORPTION TREATMENT

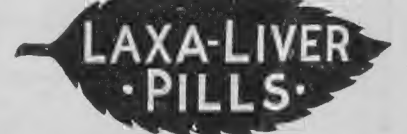
If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 86, Windsor, Ont.

LIVER COMPLAINT

The chief office of the liver is the secretion of bile, which is the natural regulator of the bowels.

Whenever the liver becomes deranged, and the bile ducts clogged, liver complaint is produced, and is manifested by the presence of constipation, pain under the right shoulder, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, slimy-coated tongue and headache, heartburn, jaundice, sour stomach, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc.

Liver Complaint may be cured by avoiding the above mentioned causes, keeping the bowels free, and arousing the sluggish liver with that grand liver regulator,



LIVER COMPLAINT.

Mr. Geo. Fawcett, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "Having suffered with liver complaint for years and tried all sorts of remedies, I was advised to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I must say, that after taking two vials of them, I feel quite a new man, and can strongly recommend them to anyone."

Price 25 cents per vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Chase & Sanborn's
HIGH GRADE COFFEE



The best part of breakfast, to most people, is their cup of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Perfect berries, careful selection, expert blending, insure the rich color and delightful flavor of this best coffee.

94



Is the bread NOW in your home inviting? Do you like it? If not, you can have it so by using.

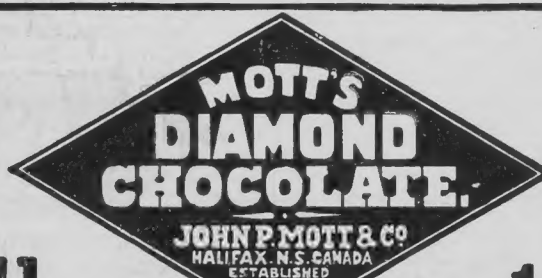
Anchor Brand Flour

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ALWAYS
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 ASK FOR
EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

Sold and used everywhere in Canada.



1 lb. makes 1 qt.
of delicious Chocolate
 JOHN P. MOTT & CO., HALIFAX, CANADA.

Hints for the Housewife.

If women would remember the physics lessons on the lever, and regard them not as theories, but as practical hints, there would be less suffering with strains and sprains brought on by the unwise and unnecessary lifting we do about the house. Keep a strong stick and a block of wood to serve as a lever and fulcrum—a broomstick and a small end of a six-by-six studding fill the place for me. With this simple apparatus I can raise a trunk or box to unrope it or to hold it up while some one else cleans under it, can pry open a paint-stuck window, or do any of a dozen things that most people waste their strength upon, not to mention the permanent injuries frequently incurred in the foolhardy efforts at lifting.

By turning the garden hose to a fine spray, and with it sprinkling the clothes on the line, folding them at once neatly, and packing into the basket ready to be ironed, I save one handling of the week's wash and fully half the time that would be used.

On the two posts supporting the clothes line I have wooden boxes, with tight-fitting hinged lids, nailed at a convenient height, in which I keep my clothes pins. Until you try the same plan you will not realize the number of steps this saves.

A Good Household Paste

A good paste is always in demand for a variety of uses in the household. I have always found my paste highly satisfactory. To two cupfuls of winter-wheat flour add one cupful of cold water, two teaspoonfuls of powdered alum, and one teaspoonful of sassafras oil. Mix with the hands until perfectly smooth, then add two cupfuls of boiling water stirring all the time. Put on the stove, and stir until the entire mixture boils. Then put in a glass jar or some vessel, and keep covered when not in use. This makes about one quart of paste and will keep indefinitely.

"Erect Upon Two Legs"

Hanging side by side on my front hall hat rack are two home-made conveniences we could not well afford to do without—the shoe duster and the rubber horn. The duster is made of gray flannel—the remains of a worn-out lounge blanket—cut into narrow strips and mounted on the handle of an old feather duster. It is very useful for flicking the street dust from our shoes. The rubber horn consists of a stick about three feet long, the lower end of which is cut to the shape of a shoe horn. By the aid of this long-handled arrangement one can draw on one's rubbers while standing comfortably erect.

Stitch in Time Saves Ironing

When making a washable plaited skirt, mark with a thread on the under side of hem where the perforation of pattern for each plait comes. Every time it is laundered it is an easy matter to iron each plait into its exact place.

Sit While Working

A friend who is far from strong, and who does her own housework, accomplishes wonders in her kitchen with ease and apparently without fatigue. On inquiring the secret of this, I learned that she attributes most of her comfort in doing housework to the use of the high chair used by her little boy when two years old. It is in shape like an ordinary light dining-room chair, differing only in having a considerably higher seat. She draws it to the sink when washing dishes, sits in it when ironing or making up laundry, and even using it beside the stove when working there. The point she makes in its favor is the height of the seat, which raises her almost to the level of standing.

Thread Twisted and Knotted

When my thread twisted and knotted as I sewed, a friend asked if I had ever tried stretching the cotton before beginning to use it. She took from the spool the usual needleful, and holding each end firmly, stretched the cotton as tightly as possible two or three times. I threaded and used it without a single snarl, and have never had trouble since.

Here is a Good Scheme

Instead of running to a pile of magazines to hunt for recipes for cleaning sinks, destroying ants, removing ink stains, etc., if every housekeeper would cut out such recipes when she reads them, and have a neat little scrap book suspended on the wall of the kitchen, and paste such recipes in them, much time would be saved, as well as labor.

Scraps

Egg Stains—to remove egg stains from silver, rub the stained part briskly with salt, then wash in warm soapsuds.

To Whiten Clothes, put one teaspoon-

ful of borax in the last rinse water. Powder the borax, so that it will dissolve easily.

For Settling Coffee—When eggs are high, one may be economical in this way: Break an egg in a jelly glass, fill it with granulated sugar, mix, then cover closely. Use one half teaspoonful to a pot of coffee. This keeps any length of time.

Apple Jelly—When making apple jelly, try putting a drop of oil of cinnamon in it. It improves the flavor.

Sunshine Rolls

Put two cupfuls of cooked squash through a sieve, add one cupful of sugar and three-fourths of a cupful of butter. Mix well. Add one cupful of soft yeast, and flour to make a stiff batter. Let rise over night. In the morning add one small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two teaspoonfuls of warm water. Make into a large loaf. When light mix into rolls. Cover the tops with melted butter, and dip into granulated sugar. Bake when sufficiently light.

These rolls are a beautiful golden color, and as attractive in appearance as they are toothsome.

Cottage Cheese With Mayonnaise—At a luncheon recently, cottage cheese with a dressing of two parts mayonnaise to one part whipped cream was attractively served in a salad dish with a border of nasturtium leaves, with two or three bright blossoms in the centre.

The Care of Linoleum

Never try to lay linoleum when it is cold. It should be left for at least twenty-four hours in a warm room, that the heat may thoroughly penetrate to the centre of the roll, or it will crack and peel off when unrolled.

The floor should be scrubbed, and before it is entirely dry the linoleum should be unrolled slowly and carefully, then cut and laid in place. The slight dampness will not injure the linoleum, but will cause it to stretch. In a couple of days it can be tacked down, no wrinkles then appearing, as would be the result were it tacked as soon as laid. Every wrinkle will sooner or later crack.

If you can obtain it, use skim milk to wet the cloth with which you wipe the linoleum. It tends to preserve the gloss and coloring. Kerosene is also good for this.

Once in a while in wet weather it is necessary to give a good scrubbing with plenty of warm water and soap.

At least once a year the linoleum, after being thoroughly cleaned, should be given a light coat of some kind of varnish. If the work is done in the evening, it will be dry the next morning.

An Easy Way to Fumigate

Where there has been sickness, and especially any contagious disease, fumigation is absolutely necessary. The best preparation for this purpose is formaldehyde, burning which produces a gas (formaline), in which no germ can live. One large formaldehyde candle (it may be had at almost any drug store for fifty cents) will fumigate a room sixteen by eighteen. Open wardrobe doors, bureau drawers, etc., and throw the bedding loosely around. Then secure all openings, so the gas cannot escape. Cut strips of newspaper about two inches wide, dip into hot water, and stick on the edges and cracks of the windows. The heat makes the paper stick, and it does not disfigure the varnish in the least, peeling off perfectly after it dries. Stuff newspapers up the chimney of the open fireplace or grate, or if there is a stove, up the pipes. Then light the candle according to directions on the box, and leave the room. As quickly as possible paste up the keyhole from the outside, and the cracks of the door. After four hours the room may be aired, but it is best to let it remain closed twelve hours.

This gas does not tarnish metals or change the color of clothing, and an airing will remove the slight odor.

Kartoffel Salad

One dozen small potatoes (cold); one fourth pound of bacon; two onions; a small piece of bacon (for frying); parsley; French dressing (oil, vinegar, pepper, salt, chopped parsley and a very little mustard). Cut the one-fourth pound of bacon into small dice, and fry not too brown, mixing both the bacon and fat with the salad. Serve with hot buttered crackers sprinkled with paprika.

Trial is Inexpensive.—To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism or any ailment arising from derangement of the digestive system, a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with them. The trial will be inexpensive and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is their action that many cures can certainly be traced to their use where other pills have proved ineffective.

Free Silver Plated Spoons For Xmas Gifts

Among our many Handsome Premiums given in exchange for Golden West Soap Wrappers, is a handsomely designed teaspoon. No trouble to save the wrappers and exchange them for one of these spoons or more if you wish.

Good Silver Plate, Orient Pattern, Table Silverware

Plated with Pure Silver on Heavy Deposit of Nickel, Good Weight and Full Size.

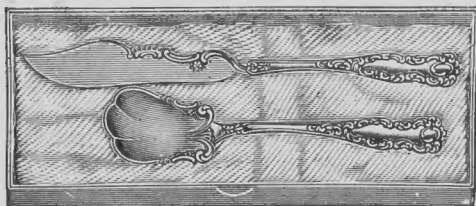


- No. 120**—Teaspoons. One half-dozen free for 60 wrappers or 15 wrappers and 25c. Single teaspoon free for 12 wrappers.
- No. 121**—Dessert Spoon or Fork. One half-dozen free for 80 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 35c. Single Dessert Spoon or Fork free for 18 wrappers.
- No. 122**—Table Spoon, Knife or Fork. One half-dozen free for 100 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 40c. Single Table Spoon, Knife or Fork free for 24 wrappers. Add for delivery: Teaspoons, 2c. each; Dessert and Table Spoons, Knives or Forks, 3c. each.

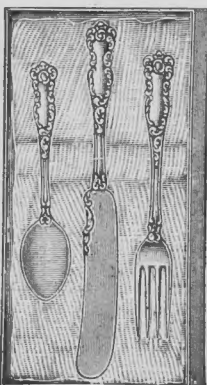
Handsome Table Requisites



- No. 138**—Oxford Cold Meat Fork, best steel and best silver plating. Free for 100 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 60 cents. Postpaid.



- No. 139**—Oxford Butter Knife and Sugar Shell, in case, best value. Free for 150 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 70 cents. Postpaid.



- No. 140**—Oxford Child's three-piece set, heavy plating, exceptional value. Free for 160 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 75 cents. Postpaid.

While you get the Spoons and other Premiums Free, do not forget that the Golden West Soap is made in the West, and is the best in the West.

Start to save your wrappers to-day—don't delay. Here are a few of our premium offers:

Value of
GOLDEN WEST WRAPPERS
as applied to the different brands we manufacture:

LAUNDRY SOAP AND SPECIALTIES

Golden West Laundry Soap—	1 carton equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums				
Golden West Washing Powder..	1	6	"	"	"
Golden West Powdered Ammonia	1	2	"	"	"
Golden West Lye.....	1 tin	2	"	"	"
Bristo Scouring Soap.....	1 cake	2	"	"	"

TOILET SOAPS

Heather Bouquet.....	each cake equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums				
Golden West Toilet		2	"	"	"
Weir's Buttermilk		2	"	"	"
No. 77 Baby's Bath.....		2	"	"	"
"Herron's" Floating Castile		2	"	"	"
No. 3725 Hard Water.....		2	"	"	"
Golden West Glycerine and					
Pine Tar.....		1	"	"	"
Weir's Pine Tar.....		2	"	"	"
Uncle Tom's Tar.....		2	"	"	"

Our Big Catalogue of Premiums Mailed Free on Application.

(CUT THIS OUT.)

STANDARD SOAP CO. LIMITED, Calgary, Alta.

This Coupon is accepted by us as of equal value to Six wrappers when accompanied by other wrappers.



This attractive silver plate teaspoon free for both ends of a 25c carton of Golden West Soap or Golden West Washing Powder. Enclose 2c. stamp and address,

Dept. H. M. STANDARD SOAP CO., LIMITED, Calgary.

Handsome and Artistic Clocks

These goods are made by the largest and best manufacturers of clocks in America and are sold under guarantee.

They are ornate and beautiful in design and like Golden West Soap will prove a source of comfort in the home.

No. 55—Mantle Clock. Height 22 3/4 inches; width 15 inches; dial 6 inches; case, oak or dark wood; 8-day half-hour strike.

For 400 wrappers or for 50 wrappers and \$1.75.

Our big catalogue of Premiums shows many more handsome clocks and is free. Write for it.



Address—

Premium Department H. M.

STANDARD SOAP CO. Ltd., Calgary, Alta.

If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any of our lines RETURN the box and Contents to your Grocer who is hereby authorized to refund your money.

ROYAL CROWN SOAP

SAVE THE WRAPPERS FOR PREMIUMS.

SEND FOR OUR LIST,
MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

My honest opinion
of Royal Crown Soap
is that it is the
best I ever used.
It takes the dirt
out of the clothes
better than any
other soap. It
is splendid for the
hands and face.
Miss Laddie Johnston

I have been using
your Royal Crown
Soap for some
months, and find
it the best I
have ever had
in this country.
I use six boxes
of it every month
and find yours
the most economical
and much softer
on the hands
than any other.
Mrs. Scott.

Last Summer
I bought a box
of Royal Crown
Soap, and I
here testify
that it is a
superior article
in value, and
I do not intend
buying any
other while
I can get it.
Mrs. J. S. Leger



FOR HARD WATER

MADE FROM A SPECIAL FORMULA FOR THE HARD WATER OF THIS COUNTRY

FROM A TEST (6 Bars of Royal Crown Soap will do more
work than 8 Bars of Ordinary Soap.)

Made only by **THE ROYAL CROWN LIMITED, WINNIPEG.**
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.